# Collier's

AUGUST 7, 1948

TEN CENTS

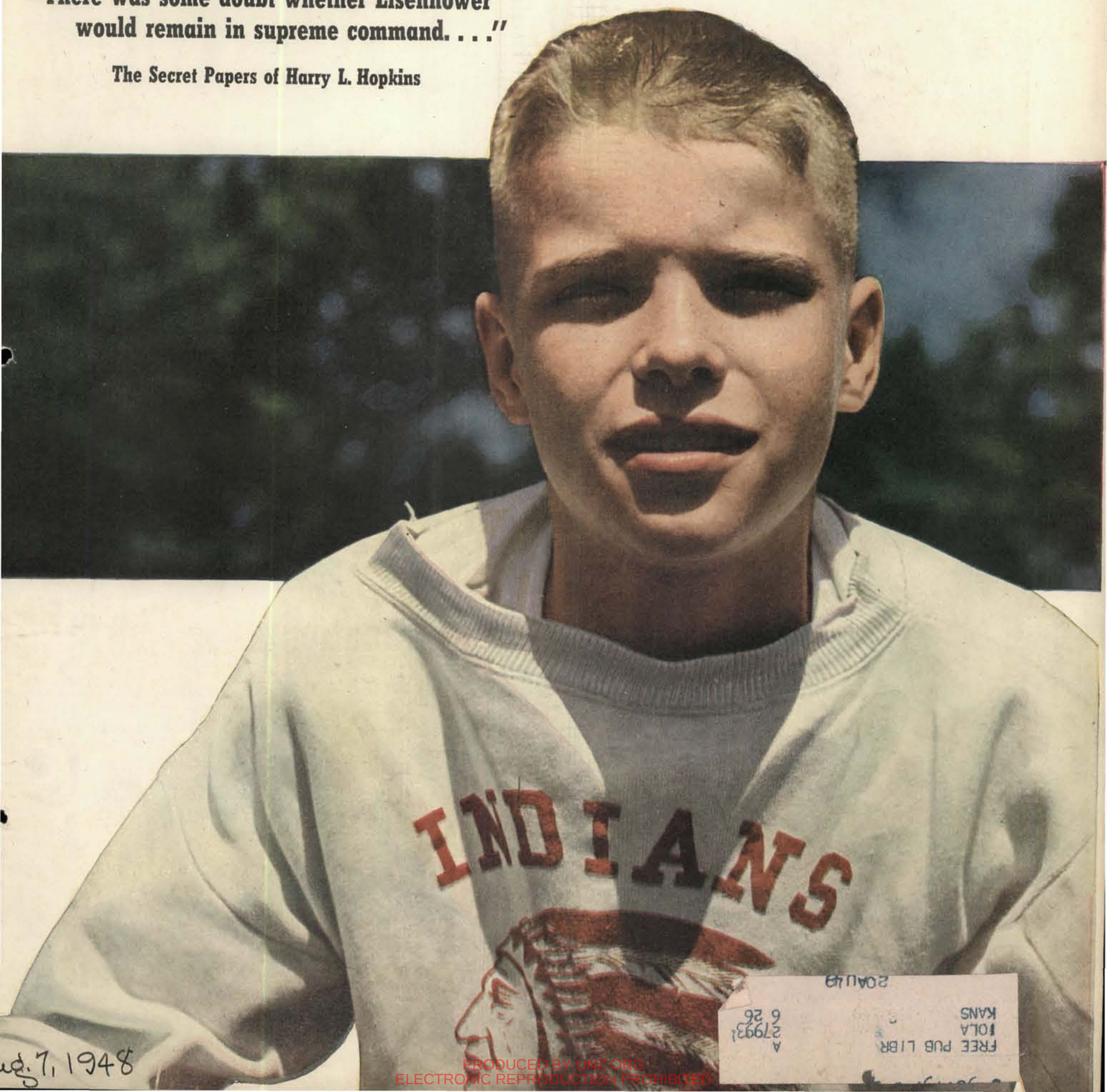


IOLA,
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS


## PHILADELPHIA: CORRUPT AND NOT CONTENTED

"There was some doubt whether Eisenhower would remain in supreme command. . . ."

The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins





20AUG49
FREE PUB LIBR
IOLA
KANS
A
27993
6 26

ug. 7, 1948

PRODUCED BY UMZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*A Friend in Deed...*

# The Key to a Happy Vacation

**made with Nickel, the Friendly Metal that never lets you down**

Many doors...doors to happiness...to home...to security...are opened by a good turn from a good friend of yours.

It's *"Your Unseen Friend,"* Nickel...the Nickel in the tough Nickel Silver keys you carry in your pocket.

For, whether you use them every day or only once a year...your friend Nickel keeps them strong, bright and ready. Ready to unlock your weather-beaten cabin door with the same quick friendly "click!" that lets you into your home at night. Ready to open the dusty chest in the cellar as easily as your safety deposit box.

Yes, when there's Nickel in your keys, it gives you extra assurance that they won't corrode, stick or break.

All around you, even on your vacation, Nickel is serving you every day...in the sturdy, rustproof Nickel Silver reel and Monel line on which you haul in your first trout...in the shining Stainless Steel pan in which you cook it...in the portable radio that plays as you eat.

But, because the Nickel is often combined with other metals, it's usually hidden from your eyes. That's why Nickel is called *"Your Unseen Friend."*

*The interesting story of Nickel, from ancient discovery to modern-day use, is told in an illustrated 60-page booklet, "The Romance of Nickel." Write for your free copy today. Address Dept. 86X.*

* * *

**THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.**
*New York 5, N. Y.*

EMBLEM OF SERVICE
INCO TRADE MARK **Nickel**
**...Your Unseen Friend**

© 1948, T.I.N. Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# "It's fun to be a Model Mother!" says Taffy Wood

**And she's a natural . . . with a "model" smile that owes so much to her Ipana dental routine!**

JUST A YOUNG Riverdale, N. Y. mother? Yes—but a famous fashion model, too!

That's green-eyed Taffy Wood, whose heart-shaped face and sparkling smile have made her a favorite with top-flight fashion photographers.

Taffy is terrific in close-ups (not an easy job—you can't fool a camera at close range!) and she loves to do fashion shows. Like all successful models, she knows how important a "model" smile is to her career.

No wonder, then, that Taffy takes no chances with her precious smile! Even at her busiest (and she has two lively youngsters to take care of!) she never misses her prized Ipana dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

Taffy's is the routine of so many successful models. Get started toward a "model" smile yourself—get a tube of Ipana today.

**Making fashion headlines** is the new Sally Victor hat that Taffy models . . . with its soft green veiling and white lilac clusters. Equally beguiling is Taffy's sunny smile . . . the smile she keeps so bright with Ipana Tooth Paste. How wise of Taffy! For more dentists recommend and use Ipana than any other tooth paste, a recent nationwide survey shows.

**Daughter of a tennis champ,** Taffy gets 6-year-old Melinda off to a good start on the courts. Off to a good start, too, when it comes to sound dental care. For Mommy knows that firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth. If *your* gums flash a warning tinge of "pink," *see your dentist.* Let him decide whether yours is a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."

**Follow your dentist's advice** about gum massage. Correct massage is so important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, according to a recently completed national survey! *Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty.*

**P. S.** For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle (pictured above). 1,000 dentists helped design it!

## IPANA TOOTH PASTE

*Products of Bristol-Myers*

## for your Smile of Beauty

**You don't have to coax** to get Melinda and Sheila out for a ride. No coaxing needed, either, when it comes to brushing their teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste! The whole family goes for its lively, refreshing flavor. Try Ipana—*you'll* love the way it leaves your mouth so much fresher, your breath so much cleaner, every time you use it!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You don't have to take along your console to get "LIVING ROOM TONE" in a fast moving car GET a...

Motorola AUTO RADIO

AND WHEN YOU ORDER YOUR NEW CAR be sure to specify a CUSTOM BUILT Motorola—the auto radio specifically engineered for each make of new car.

MOTOROLA INC., Chicago 51, Illinois



# COLLIER'S

August 7, 1948

ALBERT E. WINGER, *President* THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Publisher*

WALTER DAVENPORT, *Editor*

OSCAR DYSTEL, *Managing Editor* KENNETH LITTAUER, *Fiction Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director*

*Associate Editors:* HERBERT ASBURY KNOX BURGER HELEN P. BUTLER RUTH CARSON JOHN CONNER KYLE CRICHTON MACLENNAN FARRELL RUTH FOWLER F. A. JACOBSON ROSANNE MAGDOL JIM MARSHALL FRANK D. MORRIS FREDERICK R. NEELY BARBARA BANKS LEONARD A. PARIS JOHN C. PELLEW AMY PORTER COLLIE SMALL JOSEPH UMHOEFER LESTER VELIE NAOME WALSH JAMES N. YOUNG *Humor:* GURNEY WILLIAMS *Sports:* BILL FAY *Europe:* W. B. COURTNEY GWYN BARKER EDWARD P. MORGAN *Washington:* JAMES C. DERIEUX FRANK GERVASI WILLIAM HILLMAN


## THIS WEEK

### FICTION


AN AFFAIR OF STATE — By PAT FRANK — 11
*Serial Story. The first of four parts.*

THE HIGH COST OF COLLETTE — By IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN — 16
*The kind of appeal Collette had didn't appeal to Dexter's wife.*

BUT NOT NECESSARILY SWEET — By JAY WILSON — 19
*Another girl's man is better than no man at all.*

GOOD MORNING — By MARK HAGER — 24
*The Short Short Story.*

MRS. O'BRIEN HOLDS THAT TIGER — By JOE MC CARTHY — 28
*A man who has to get his mother to do his courting, shouldn't.*

MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MURDER — By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN — 30
*Serial Story. Conclusion.*


### ARTICLES


PHILADELPHIA: CORRUPT AND NOT CONTENTED — By DICKSON HARTWELL — 14
*Machine politics have long blighted the City of Brotherly Love.*

BENDIX BATS FOR RUTH — By KYLE CRICHTON — 18
*A new screen role for the star of radio's Life of Riley.*

JUDGE GOLDSBOROUGH TAKES THE STAND — By BILL DAVIDSON — 20
*Portrait of one of the most colorful and human American jurists.*

A SUCKER DON'T WANNA BE TOLD — By ROBERT SYLVESTER — 22
*How race-track touts victimize bettors who want a "sure thing."*

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS
XI. CLIMAX AT CASABLANCA — By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD — 25
*A detailed and revealing report on the historic conference.*

●

THE WEEK'S MAIL — From OUR READERS — 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD — By FRELING FOSTER — 6

THE WEEK'S WORK — By TED SHANE — 8

COLLIER'S SPORTS: THE OLSENS' BIG SPLASH — By BILL FAY — 27

EDITORIALS
*COLLIER'S BELIEVES: The U.S. Record Isn't So Bad • The Market Is Still a Gamble • Praise Usually Does It* — 74

COVER—Y.M.C.A. BOY — By *JERRY COOKE*


## THE WEEK'S MAIL

### WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: I want to congratulate you on the very fine short short story in the June 26th issue, What Would You Do? by Russell V. Ritchey.

I think this sort of hypothetical situation, which could conceivably happen, is very helpful in the effort to make the people of our country understand the dangers of aggressor nations . . . and practicably take steps to defend the country adequately. . . . STYLES BRIDGES, U.S. Senate, Washington, D. C.

. . . What Would You Do? is one of the most compelling arguments for national defense I have ever seen. I wish everybody could read it.
GEORGE E. ALLEN, Washington, D. C.

. . . A loud razz to you for that phony short short. It belonged in the back, under the head, Collier's Believes.

Get back to formularized slices-of-life—boy-meets-girl. When I want a scare I read Weird Tales.
HERB WILLIG, Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . Russell V. Ritchey has scared the very living daylights out of me because of what I love, yet awakens the realization of my negligence by what I think. Still scared.
MRS. FRANCES B. CYRUS, Louisa, Ky.

. . . All my roots are here in America. I know no other way of life and want no other. But this story is, I believe, a hideous distortion of reality in a time when folks everywhere want peace. . . .
G. J. SEGAL, Cleveland, Ohio

. . . Always, I have been of the opinion that the government made a great mistake selling surplus war materials. Now that opinion is stronger than ever.
MILDRED P. MARCHAK, Rochester, N. Y.

. . . If I believed this story, I would have to believe that Americans are idiots, our generals crazy, and half our people traitors. And when did U.S.S.R. get atom bombs? S. KAYE, New York, N. Y.

. . . One thing is sure: Mr. Ritchey did not have in mind the President who said, "The only thing to fear is fear itself."
JANE KELLER, Santa Ana, Cal.

. . . 1. We have two hours in which to act. 2. We have planes with speed faster than

*(Continued on page 73)*


Vol. 122, No. 6. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $4.00; two years $6.00; three years $8.00 in the United States and Possessions, also Canada, Labrador, Newfoundland and Philippine Islands. In Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Parsguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela, one year $5.00; two years $8.00; three years $11.00. Other countries: one year $8.00; two years $14.00; three years $20.00. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.



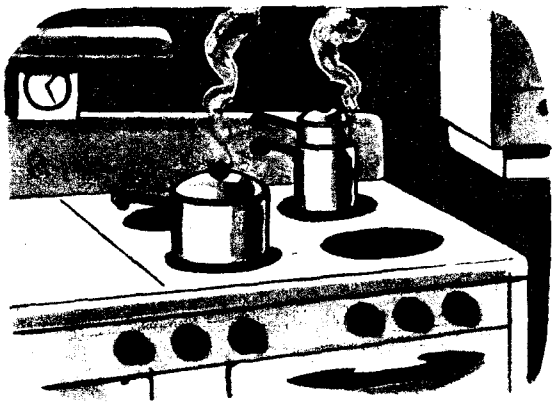
COPYRIGHT, 1948, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

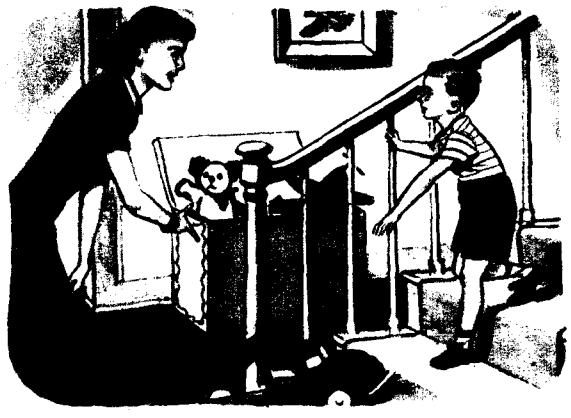
# HOW SAFE ARE YOUR CHILDREN?

In the past 35 years, the death rate from disease among children 1 to 14 years of age has been reduced more than 80%. Today, *accidents*, in the home and out, are the leading cause of death in childhood. In addition, thousands of children are temporarily or permanently crippled by accidents each year.

Fortunately, many accidents can be prevented. Parents can do most to guard their children's health and happiness by removing possible causes of accidents, and by establishing common-sense rules of safety.



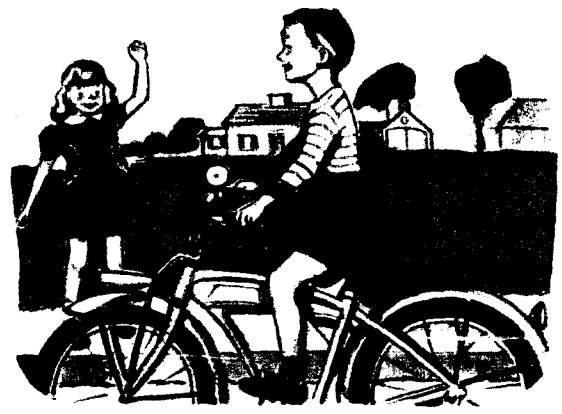
**1. Burns cause** most fatal home accidents. So it's wise for parents to turn the handles of pots on a stove so they can't be reached, to keep matches in a safe place, and to place a sturdy screen around a fireplace or unguarded heater.



**2. Falls head** the list of serious nonfatal accidents. Parents can help prevent falls by providing a storage place for toys, so that they won't be left on the stairs, or on the floor. Windows should be guarded, and stairs and halls well lighted.

**3. Check your home** for other ways to make it accident-proof. Try to keep poisons, knives, and scissors where young children can't reach them. Guns and ammunition should be locked away. Electric cords should always be in a safe condition.

**4. Safety in the streets is extremely important. Children should learn to cross only at crossings, to obey traffic lights,** to look both ways before stepping into the street, and to face traffic if they have to walk on a road.



**5. Bicycle riding can be much safer if children know and obey such rules as keeping to the right** and signaling for turns. Parents should be sure the bicycle has good brakes, a warning bell, a front light and rear reflector.

**6. Drowning accounts for many accidental deaths. That's why a grownup should be present** whenever children are playing in or near the water. During the winter, parents should regularly check ice conditions where children skate.

Parents can also be helpful in protecting their children by setting a good example and by showing them safe ways to work and play. If, in spite of all your precautions, your child seems to have more than his share of accidents, it may be a good idea to consult your family doctor. Sometimes accidents may be caused by physical or mental conditions which he can help correct.

To learn more about protecting your child, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Help Your Child to Safety."

COPYRIGHT 1948—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**

*(A MUTUAL COMPANY)*

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me the free booklet, 98-C, "Help Your Child to Safety."

Name_____

Street_____

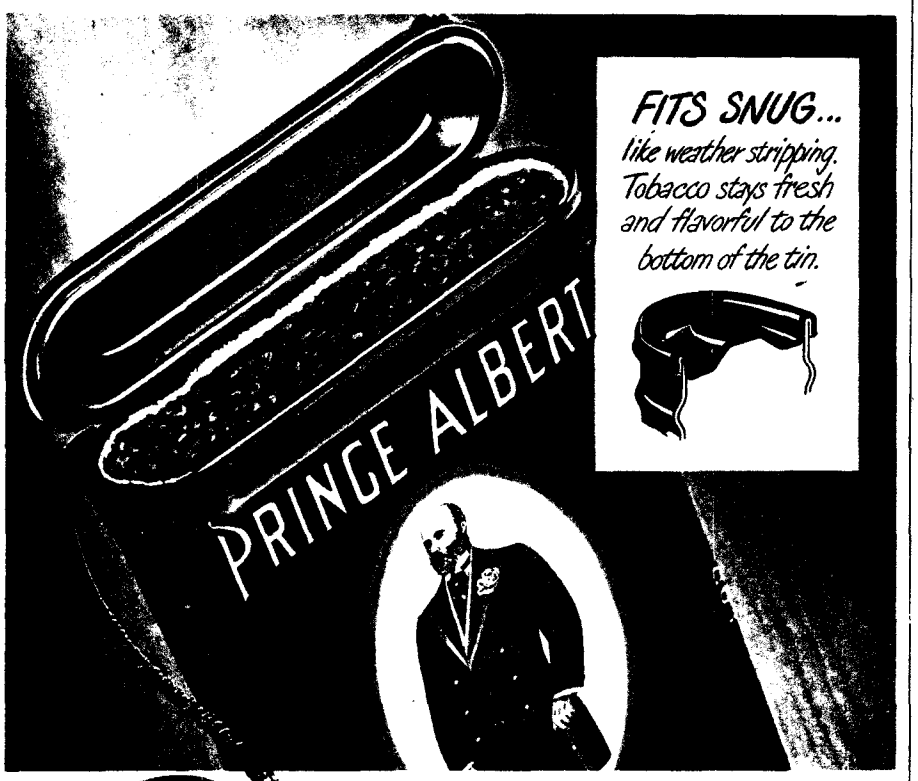
City_____

State_____

**TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW PRINCE ALBERT
stays FRESHER longer with
NEW HUMIDOR TOP!




LOCKS OUT THE AIR... LOCKS IN THE FRESHNESS AND FLAVOR!

● Prince Albert's new HUMIDOR TOP keeps that rich-tasting, mild, crimp cut tobacco flavor-fresh right down to the last pipeful!

Try Prince Albert in the new HUMIDOR TOP pocket tin. Whether you smoke this choice tobacco in a pipe, or roll your own cigarettes—you'll find P.A. delightfully easy on the tongue. It's specially treated to insure against tongue bite! You'll see why it's America's largest-selling smoking tobacco!

The National Joy Smoke...

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.


**BY FRELING FOSTER**

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

*Among* the world's half-dozen miniature public railroads, the busiest and best equipped is the Romney, Hythe & Dymchurch of England. Fourteen miles in length, its gauge is 15 inches and its nine steam locomotives and 56 coaches are five feet high by 16 feet long, or about one quarter the size of standard rolling stock. Although each coach seats but eight passengers, the road has carried as many as 5,000 in a single day.

*Of the* some 110 species of mammals known to have become extinct since the beginning of the Christian Era, at least 70 have died out within the past 100 years. Furthermore, 600 other species of mammals are now vanishing and will disappear unless measures are taken to preserve them.

*In British* history, no swindler ever approached the record of Whitaker Wright who, starting in London in 1889, floated 42 companies, most of which were purported to be engaged in gold mining in Australia. By making members of the nobility large stockholders and directors and by duping them and the public with faked financial statements, Wright built a vast and profitable empire—on paper. When it collapsed in 1903, its total capitalization of $110,775,000 was found to be 91 per cent water; and Wright, upon being convicted of fraud and given a sentence of seven years, swallowed poisoned pills and died in the courtroom.

*Sand hogs,* the men who dig tunnels or do other work under compressed air, command exceptionally short hours and high wages, yet there are only about 1,500 of them in the United States. Depending on the pressure of the air, their work ranges from two three-hour shifts to two 30-minute shifts a day; and their wages range from $19 to $26 a day.—*By Reese Wade, Independence, Mo.*

*The* largest spectacular electric sign in existence, erected on a building between 44th and 45th streets on Broadway in New York, features a real waterfall 27 feet high and 130 feet wide. Behind it, 23 giant pumps return the water from the base to the top at the same rate it falls—600,000 gallons an hour.

*Few* figures in history became famous in as strange a way as Augustin, the minstrel who is commemorated by statues and festivities in his native Austria and immortalized by the song, Ach, Du Lieber Augustin. One night in Vienna nearly four centuries ago, the gentleman became highly intoxicated in a tavern and, upon leaving through an alley door, stumbled over and fell asleep among several bodies of plague victims. Awakening at dawn and finding himself being buried with them in a cemetery trench, he fled from the scene and thereafter was celebrated for his "resurrection from the dead."

*A weaver* in Paris several years ago made an "antique" tapestry so skillfully that it defied detection by experts and sold for a record price. The fraud would probably have remained a secret had it not been disclosed some months later by the weaver's assistant to avenge himself on his employer. Woven of a special thread, the tapestry had been worn away by being dragged behind an automobile, given a musty odor by a certain smoke, faded with ultraviolet rays and even ingrained with centuries-old dust collected from the rafters of a church.—*By Harry A. Kidston, Centreville, Nova Scotia.*

*The* International Peace Conference, held at The Hague in 1899, was the first meeting of the principal nations called to discuss and adopt means of maintaining world peace. Proposed and promoted by Czar Nicholas II of Russia, it was attended by delegates of 27 countries. Its chief accomplishment was the creation of the Hague Tribunal for the settlement of international disputes.

*To win* the large Negro vote that elected him military governor of Louisiana in 1868, Henry Clay Warmoth made an incredible campaign promise. If put in office, Henry pledged, he would invent a machine that would pump out black blood and replace it with white blood in all colored people.

**Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission**



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# news about NYLON

**NYLON IS STRONG!** Here's the fisherman's new delight—nylon fly lines; nylon-strong, even when wet, yet smooth, light and resilient. Fact, too: they're fast-drying (no need for line racks), and are not weakened by rot or mildew.

**NYLON IS LIGHT!** Light, airy, lovely is a nylon tulle capelet. Moonbeam-sheer—but surprisingly strong! It's a nylon-nice accessory with amazing resistance to wrinkling and crushing. Even a summer shower won't steal its fresh look.

**Du Pont makes the nylon fibers used in the products shown. The manufacturers of these products use nylon because products made with nylon can have these outstanding properties:**

- √ STRENGTH
- √ ELASTICITY
- √ LIGHTNESS
- √ TOUGHNESS
- √ EASY WASHING
- √ RESILIENCE
- √ LONG WEAR
- √ FAST DRYING
- √ RESISTANCE TO MOTHS AND PERSPIRATION
- √ CAN BE "SET" TO HOLD SHAPE

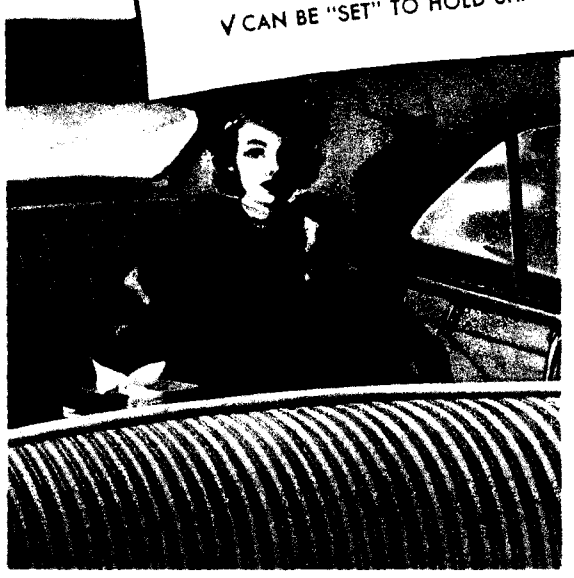
DU PONT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

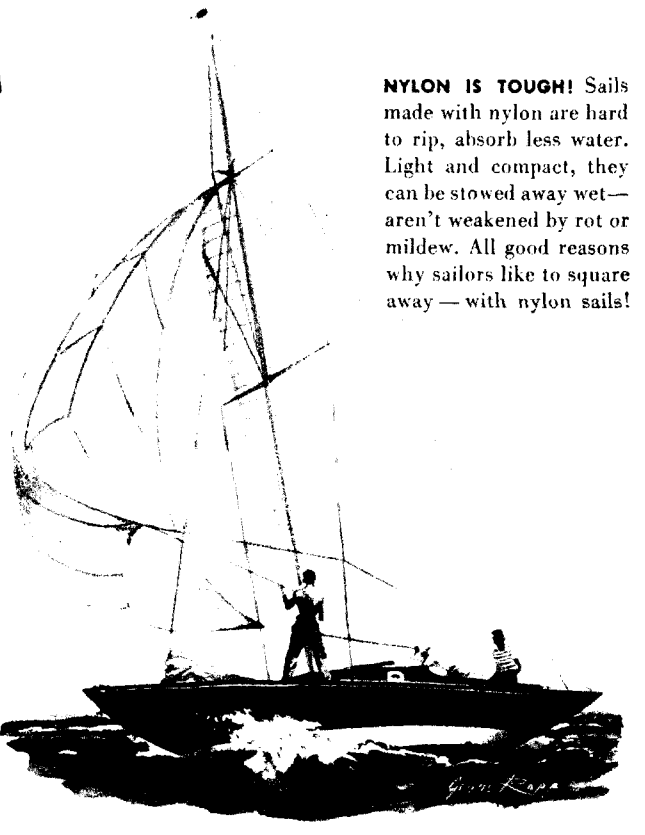
**TO MANUFACTURERS:** Are there textile fibers in your product? Then you'll want to read "Nylon Textile Fibers in Industry." Write for it now!

**NEW! FREE** book for women, teachers, students—"About Du Pont Nylon." Write to Nylon Division, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Wilmington 98, Del.



**NYLON IS LONG-WEARING!** Sturdy nylon car upholstery is always a good traveler. Nylon's toughness takes wear and tear mile after mile. Keeps its good looks because nylon fibers are smooth—slow to soil, clean readily, stay fresh.

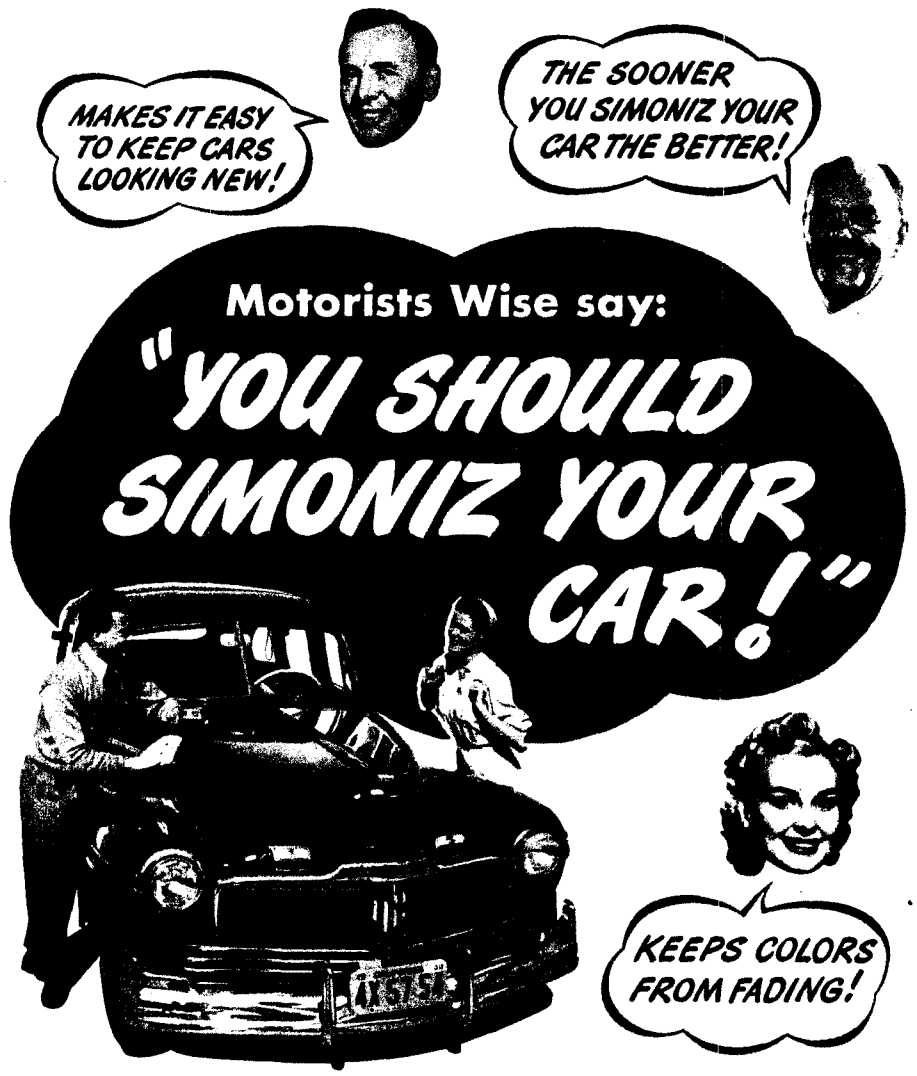
**NYLON IS EASY TO WASH!** Sweet to sleep in are long-wearing, lovely pajamas made with nylon. Wash like a breeze, dry quick as a nap. Because nylon can be "set," the p.j.'s hold their shape—keep fresh and new-looking longer.



**NYLON IS TOUGH!** Sails made with nylon are hard to rip, absorb less water. Light and compact, they can be stowed away wet—aren't weakened by rot or mildew. All good reasons why sailors like to square away—with nylon sails!

FOR NYLON . . . FOR RAYON . . . FOR FIBERS TO COME . . . LOOK TO DU PONT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


MAKES IT EASY TO KEEP CARS LOOKING NEW!
THE SOONER YOU SIMONIZ YOUR CAR THE BETTER!
Motorists Wise say:
"YOU SHOULD SIMONIZ YOUR CAR!"
KEEPS COLORS FROM FADING!

**Gives longer lasting beauty and protection!**

Now it is easier than ever to Simoniz your car. Yes, you can do a really professional job in half the time. You don't need buffers or other mechanical equipment. Just a few pieces of cloth and the inexpensive Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. So why be satisfied with a here-today-gone-tomorrow polishing? Give your car the deluxe Simoniz beauty treatment and everyone will admire its breathtaking beauty!

In no time at all you can make the finish sparkle like new again with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener. It's easy to use, safe and outshines them all. You can use Liquid Simoniz Kleener for a quickie "slick-up" and also before applying Simoniz. The Paste Kleener is for exceptionally dull cars. Then to get the ultimate in beauty that lasts and lasts, apply the world famous Simoniz. *Simoniz protects the finish, makes it last* longer and keeps the colors from fading. That's why Simoniz and Simoniz Kleeners are better by far for any car. Always insist on these famous products.

**THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILL.**

**MOTORISTS WISE**

**SIMONIZ**

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**MAKES THE FINISH LAST LONGER**


# THE WEEK'S WORK

**Mr. Adam's Pat Frank**

THE *tip that Collier's send* down someone with a powerful nose to learn what's rotten in Philadelphia came in from a citizen with a conscience. Bird dog Dickson Hartwell was dispatched forthwith. He found plenty (Philadelphia: Corrupt and Not Contented, p. 14). "When I went to Pennsylvania twenty years ago," Hartwell says, "Philadelphia was a pretty quiet town. Now some of the cops accept a pay-off casually. I watched a slew of them get *folding money after a sporting event.* They didn't even have the decency to be furtive about it. This is not the patrolman's fault, however. If he arrests a gambler he may get into trouble."

Hartwell was also impressed by the intensity with which Philadelphia's new political boss, Sheriff Austin Meehan (whom you'll meet in Hartwell's article) works. When Meehan isn't listening to the problems of the citizenry, his phone rings from morning *to midnight*—Saturday nights it's later—with incessant requests for favors. Says Hartwell: "Meehan will see anybody. He isn't interested in money. He has eight kids and loves them dearly. He's just the kind of guy who can clean up the town—and he'd better. I can smell it from here."

ALTHOUGH he was educated by the Jesuits at Boston College across the Charles River from Harvard, Joe McCarthy confesses that his Mrs. O'Brien Holds That Tiger (p. 28) —all about a boardinghouseful of Harvard Law students—isn't entirely imaginative. Joe's draft board met in the basement of the Phillips Brooks House in Hahvahd Yahd and it was from there McCarthy reported for induction at 6:30 A.M., February 21, '41. "I spent the next year in the field artillery as a hinny chiropodist. I cleaned the feet of mules."

**Hartwell, Cleanup Man**

But such are the vagaries of Army life, McCarthy was elevated to Yank, the Army weekly, winding up 3½ years later as its managing editor, and a master sergeant to boot. On his discharge, McCarthy was drafted by Hearst as article editor for Cosmopolitan. He recently resigned to write, a craft he'd once tampered with on a Boston paper. "This story is the first piece of fiction I've ever written," announces Sergeant Joe, modestly adding, "as any fool can see."

Incidentally, when the yarn came in from McCarthy, it fell into the hands of Knox Burger, one of our fiction editors, and an old comrade-in-arms of the ex-mule skinner. "I had the exquisite pleasure of asking my erstwhile boss to make some slight revisions," says Burger. "He'd done as much for me when he edited my stuff for Yank."

THE new serial: Pat Frank was foreign correspondent in Budapest during the terrible inflation of '45, when he got to thinking about how a Little Man's personal problems can affect the foreign policy of a great nation. Last October, after two years of contemplation on the theme, and a trip back to central Europe for further material, Pat got to work on An Affair of State, which begins pulsing away on p. 11.

"I found it hard to get Affair started," Pat says. "I guess I was scared. After a guy's first novel is an unexpected success, the second book is like hitting 00 twice in a row in roulette."

That first book, it is hereby explained, was Mr. Adam, a delightful, Frank discussion of the problem of the only virile man left in an atom-wrecked world. It sold around 1,250,000 copies in this country, and found its way into eight European languages. "It was never published in Russia, and was banned in Spain," says Mr. Frank. "I think this significant."

Otherwise Mr. F. leads the Suburbs-to-Dream-Place life. He's forty-one, married to a former newspaper gal, has a boy and girl, and an old house on the lower Hudson which he says will still be standing when all the houses built last year are forgotten.

"When I am not battling my acre of lawn along with its allies: the children, weeds, dogs and insects," says this atom-conscious man, "I travel around. I like to go to peculiar places like Oonadatta, Australia; and Merauke, Dutch New Guinea.

**This week's cover:** Good Scout. The towheaded lad in the Indian sweat shirt is Wallace Dobler, thirteen, of Flint, Michigan. Now a high school frosh, Wally plays football and baseball, is a Y.M.C.A. Indian Guide. Photographer Jerry Cooke caught Wally's exuberant All-Americanism. . . .

TED SHANE



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# in Reliability

AC Spark Plugs are engineered to the equipment specifications of car and truck manufacturers—which explains why more than 50% of new cars and trucks leave the factory equipped with AC plugs. AC's give *you* wider Heat Range per plug—greater freedom from oil and oxide coatings—the utmost in spark plug reliability.

AC SERVICE SPARK PLUG

**FIRST IN SERVICE, TOO**

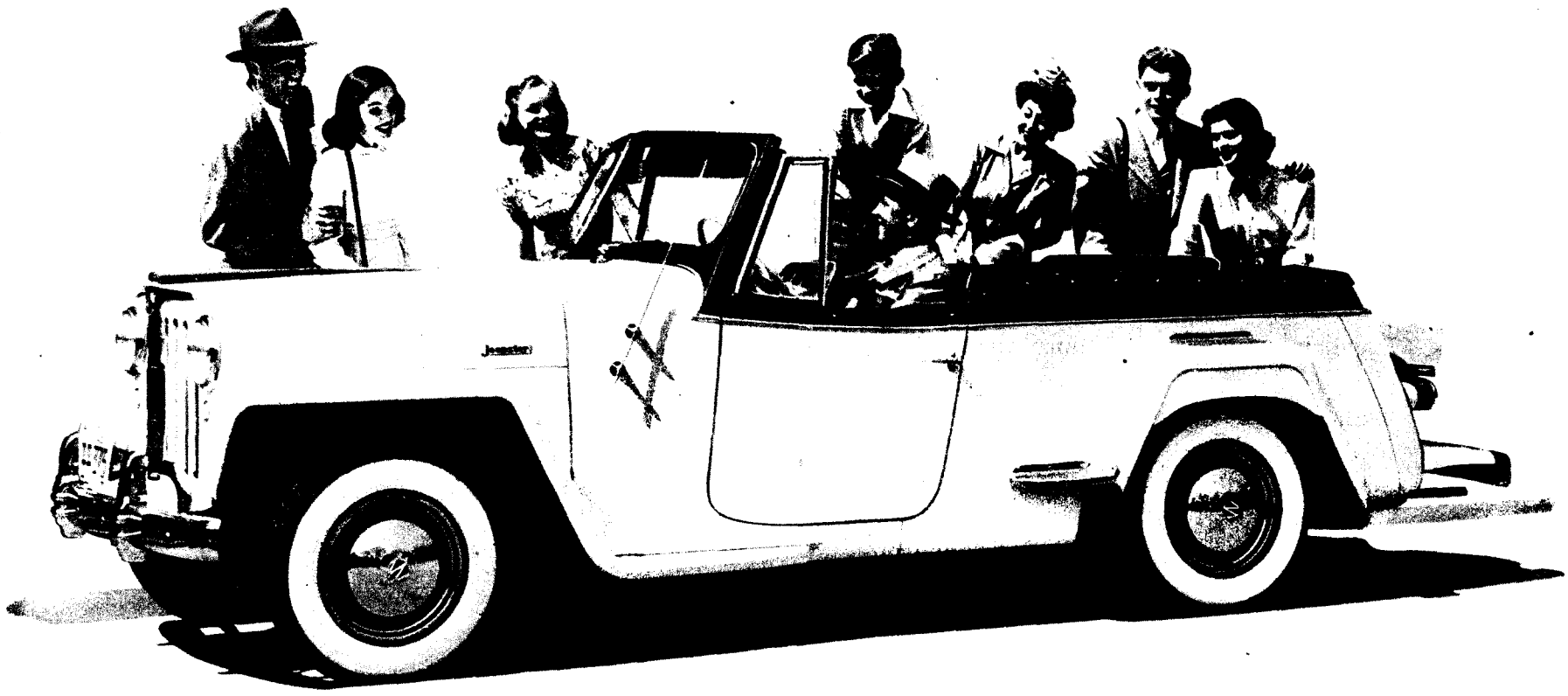
*Your AC dealer will be glad to check your spark plugs for you, to see that they are of the right type and Heat Range for today's fuels and driving conditions.*

A C S P A R K P L U G D I V I S I O N • G E N E R A L M O T O R S C O R P O R A T I O N

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**now comes a dream of a car . . . a daring, fun-loving dream, realized in steel and chrome . . . ready to thrill those "special" kinds of people of every age who tire of the ordinary and always seek the uncommon:**

# *meet the* Jeepster

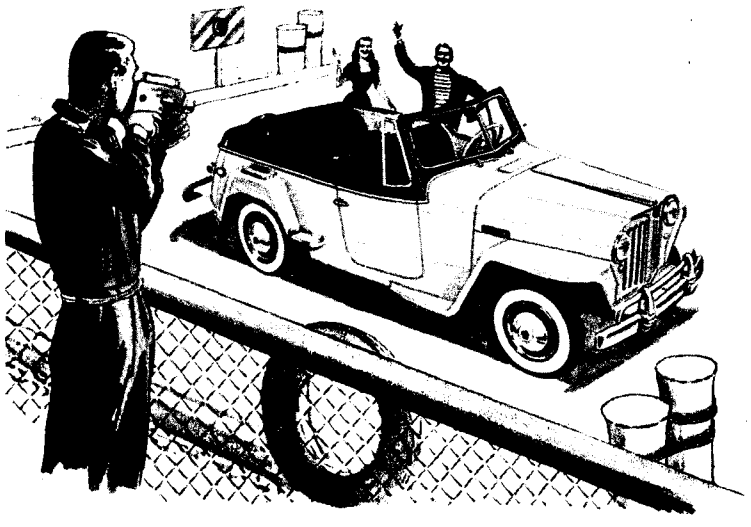


The fleet, low-slung lines of the Jeepster tell you in advance: "Here is a companion for carefree moments".

Come, sit under the wheel, and deny if you can the desire to roam new roads with the Jeepster.

Take off from the crowded highway, the mob is not for you. Seek the unspoiled spots and strange scenes.

Go with the wind, commanding the power of the mighty 'Jeep' engine. And soon, you'll settle back in the seat with a smile . . . For this is *fun*.



If you're headed for the shore, the mountains, *or a brisk turn on the boulevard*, your spirits will run high with the Jeepster.

Vacation journey or workaday errand alike are less tiring, because there's a lift to your spirits.

Leave the more formal cars to more formal people. You'll drive the Jeepster for the sheer joy of driving, of going somewhere, with laughter in your heart and a song on your lips.

**Meet the Jeepster now, at Willys-Overland dealers.**

**WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, TOLEDO, OHIO, U.S.A. • MAKERS OF AMERICA'S MOST USEFUL VEHICLES**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS



# An Affair OF STATE

**BY PAT FRANK**

**In his first novel since Mr. Adam, Pat Frank has written an exciting tale of deep love and high adventure. It concerns Jeff Baker, a young U.S. State Department Foreign Service officer. The girl he loves and many of his associates in the Department seem sure there will be war. As he boards a plane for the United States Embassy in Budapest, Jeff resolves to put everything he has into the fight for peace**

ONE day late in September, 1919, Nicholas Baker ran up the steps of the State, War, and Navy Building at five to nine and when he reached his office on the third floor, West Executive Avenue side, he was gratified to find that as usual he was first. Miss Grimsby, the red-haired stenographer, came in a bit after nine, and the others in Eastern Mediterranean not long after that, and then at ten Horace Locke arrived.

Mr. Locke accepted a cigar and pumped his hand. "Nick," he said, "you did it. You produced a boy. I'm proud of you."

"Thanks, Mr. Locke." Nick was senior to Horace Locke by six years, both in age and in the department, and had given him his elementary instruction in tariffs, visas, admiralty law, code and cipher, and protocol. Within this room they were friends. As men of comparable mentality and similar feelings they discussed the department's policies and the great issues of the day—the peace treaties, the League, the Army's Siberian adventure, the disastrous strike of steelworkers the month before and the threatened strike of coal miners within a few days, the disquieting international organization called the Comintern formed in Russia, Alcock's non-stop flight across the Atlantic, the new Volstead Act, and the high cost of living. But Horace Locke was a Foreign Service officer, and Nicholas Baker was a clerk, and so it was always "Mr. Locke," and "Nick."

"What're you going to name him? Nicholas, of course."

"Well, my wife wants me to call him Nicholas."

"Nick," Mr. Locke asked, his long, handsome face suddenly sober, "did you hear the news?"

"No. What news?"

"The President had a stroke yesterday. In Wichita. Apoplexy. It isn't generally known yet. I heard it from the Assistant Secretary last night at dinner."

"Do you think it's serious?"

"Apoplexy is always serious."

"I wasn't thinking of that, exactly. I was thinking of the League." Nicholas Baker had a theory, which he discreetly pushed when the moment was right, that the League of Nations would fail unless it was led by the United States, and there would be another war. He had another theory. It was too radical to voice openly. He believed that all the countries in the world should be formed into one

"Susan, this isn't the way I was hoping it would be. Look at me"



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

government, as all the states were bound together in the United States.

"The League is finished, I'm afraid," said Mr. Locke. "It seems that our people are aroused and united only when they are immediately threatened. You take away their food or their jobs, or put fear of sudden death into them—then they are aroused. But this League seems to them a far-away thing. It's like joining a lodge in another city. They don't see any quick benefit. They don't see how it can help them personally."

"But certainly they must think of their children."

"They don't think of their children. Only one generation in ten considers its children." Mr. Locke sat down in his swivel chair and looked out of the wide window, over the White House, and over the Capitol beyond, so that the warm autumn sun was full on his face. "Poor Wilson," he said. "Poor, idealistic Wilson. What was it Jefferson said? It went something like this: 'The tree of Liberty must be refreshed from time to time by the blood of patriots and tyrants, for this is its natural manure.'"

"It's always the patriots' blood. The tyrants never seem to bleed," Nicholas said.

"Well, that may be because most of us are patriots, really."

"Do you think so, honestly?" Nicholas asked.

"Yes, I do. The world is getting better. It must."

"Perhaps. We're due, and overdue."

Nicholas Baker spent his lunch hour at the hospital with his wife, and washed down a cheese sandwich with a glass of milk at the drugstore on the way back to the department. Mabel had assured him that she was perfectly happy, and so he did not ask for the afternoon off. Just before he left the office at six he drew up a chair to Mr. Locke's desk and announced: "Well, I've decided on a name, Mr. Locke. Do you know what I'm going to name him? I'm going to name him Jefferson Wilson Baker."

"That's a very ambitious name," said Horace Locke.

"For my son," said Nicholas Baker, "I'm a very ambitious man."

As he left the department he was already considering where little Jefferson should go to school, and what he should be taught at home.

WHEN Jeff Baker got out of the Army he knew it was time for him to try to become a Foreign Service officer. The War Manpower Act was a godsend. It saved him a written examination. Two years as a line private, and three as a company grade officer, and then two more on occupation duty didn't fit a man for passing written examinations. He mailed his application after he returned from Vienna, while still on terminal leave, and then tried to forget about it.

He was offered jobs, and he could have stalled them, on the grounds that he had to settle his father's estate, but he turned them all down. Ever since he could remember, he'd wanted only one job.

Early in 1949 the department sent him a letter regretting the delay in passing on his application. There were thousands ahead of him. In addition, he must realize that delays and bottlenecks had developed in conducting the necessary investigations. That was easy to understand. With things as they were, practically everybody was being investigated. So he went to Canada and Mexico because he had never been to Canada and Mexico. His friend, Stud Beecham, said the war had given him a chronic case of itchy foot. But he just felt restless. When his savings ran out he returned to Washington.

There was pitifully little to do about the estate. His father had died while he was in Italy, about the time of the campaign on the Garigliano. (He hardly remembered his mother at all, for she was gone when he was six.) Nicholas Baker left the house in Georgetown, encumbered with a mortgage, and some Victory bonds, and two thousand in cash after all debts were paid, and the deed to five building lots in Florida, at a town called Welaka Springs. The building lots had been purchased in 1927, and Jeff surmised, from his father's correspondence over twelve years, that they would still be under water.

The house on Q Street, its bricks crumbling under the porch and its bedroom wallpaper peeling, seemed dreary and aloof as a summer cottage in January. It held him a stranger, and hostile. When Jeff found he could sell it for twice the mortgage, and he might never get such a price again, and that he could move in with Stud Beecham, he sold it. They had grown up together in Georgetown, he and Stud, and together fought the tough kids from Foggy Bottom, and double-dated to their first dances. Now Stud was a field inspector for Interior and had a three-room apartment in Riggs Court, off Dupont Circle; it was ample for both of them.

The letter from the department reached him there. His application had been approved. He shortly would be asked to report for the oral examination. "Well," said Stud, who was watching him, "you're in! I can tell by your face. You'll have to do something about that. Diplomats have poker faces."

"Not yet," Jeff said. "Not hardly. Four out of five flunk the oral. It's supposed to be like the Spanish Inquisition in a one-hour capsule."

"You won't flunk it. You teethed on the stuff."

"Then there's the physical, and the final security check."

"Physically," Stud estimated, "you'll be the finest specimen in State. They'll keep you in Washington, and use you once a year to model striped trousers at the English garden party."

He was okay, Jeff knew, so far as any Army medic could tell. But there was something about his physical condition—or maybe it was mental—that he never mentioned. It was a souvenir from September, 1944. It was very simple. Sudden, loud noises blacked out his mind and panicked his will and on occasion menaced his dignity as a human being.

"And as to security," Stud went on, "I guess you're secure enough. You don't know any Communists, do you?"

"Sure, I know some Communists," Jeff said, "but they're all Russians." He wasn't certain this was an accurate statement. He had met Russians in Bari and Trieste, and later in Vienna, but he wasn't sure all of them were Communists. "Stud," he said, "do you remember that girl at the Eaton party?"

"What girl? There were six or seven, or maybe ten or twelve."

"The one—you know, Susan something." He knew very well that her name was Susan Pickett, and she lived at the Bay State Apartments, 1701 Massachusetts, and her telephone number was Michigan 8218, and she worked in the office of the Secretary of State, and on the night of the Eaton party she'd come with Frederick Keller, who had some sort of a hush-hush job in the European Division.

All this he'd managed to learn, although he'd been alone with her for only a minute or two.

"Oh, you mean Susie Pickett?" said Stud.

"That's the one." At least once each day since the Eaton party he'd thought of her. She'd said, "I want you to call me," and it had seemed a definite invitation, and not cocktail courtesy.

"Well, what about her?" Stud said. "If you're going to celebrate tonight, why experiment with new stuff?"

"She's pretty nice."

"Nice, hell, she's gorgeous. But how do you know she's not going steady with Fred Keller?"

"I don't think so," said Jeff, but at the same time he suspected this might be true. In a city where most of the women seemed as gray and sexless as sheets of mimeograph paper, it wasn't likely Susan Pickett would be unattached.

AT SIX that evening he called her apartment. She said of course she remembered him, and wondered why he'd asked for her telephone number if he didn't intend using it. He asked whether she'd like to go out that night, and told her of the letter from the department. She said that was very exciting, and she would like to go out, and should she wear a long dress. He said not to bother, and he'd be around at eight.

The apartment was a Washington two-and-a-half—a bedroom, living room with alcove, and compact kitchen. She poked her head out of the bedroom, and said she'd be a minute, and he prowled around outside. It didn't look like a woman's apartment. There were too many bookcases, and they were not lined with women's books. There were too many utilitarian ash trays. The bar in the alcove was solid masculine teak. There was a man's photograph on an end table, a Marine Corps colonel in his forties, or older.

When she came out of the bedroom he wanted to put his hands on her, right then, and she instantly sensed this and seemed a bit amused and said, "Must be the perfume."

"It's something!" he said, surprised that the girl could have such an immediate effect on him.

"It can't be the dress." She pivoted with a model's confident grace, and he saw that the dress was not daring, except for its color. Only a woman of her lustrous dark shading could wear such brilliant emerald.

"It could be the dress, or it could be the perfume, but it isn't. You know exactly what it is, and you ought to be ashamed."

"You're pretty direct, aren't you?" she said. "I'll be direct too. I'm hungry."

He took her to Hall's, down near the water front, and they ate lobster flown from Maine that morning. She cracked the claws expertly, and neglected nothing, not even the succulent globules of flesh hidden under the base of the legs. "You must have eaten here before," he suggested.

"My husband used to bring me."

She would have been married, of course, but it didn't seem the proper time to ask about her husband. "Did you know this was General Grant's favorite restaurant?" he asked.

"No, I didn't know."

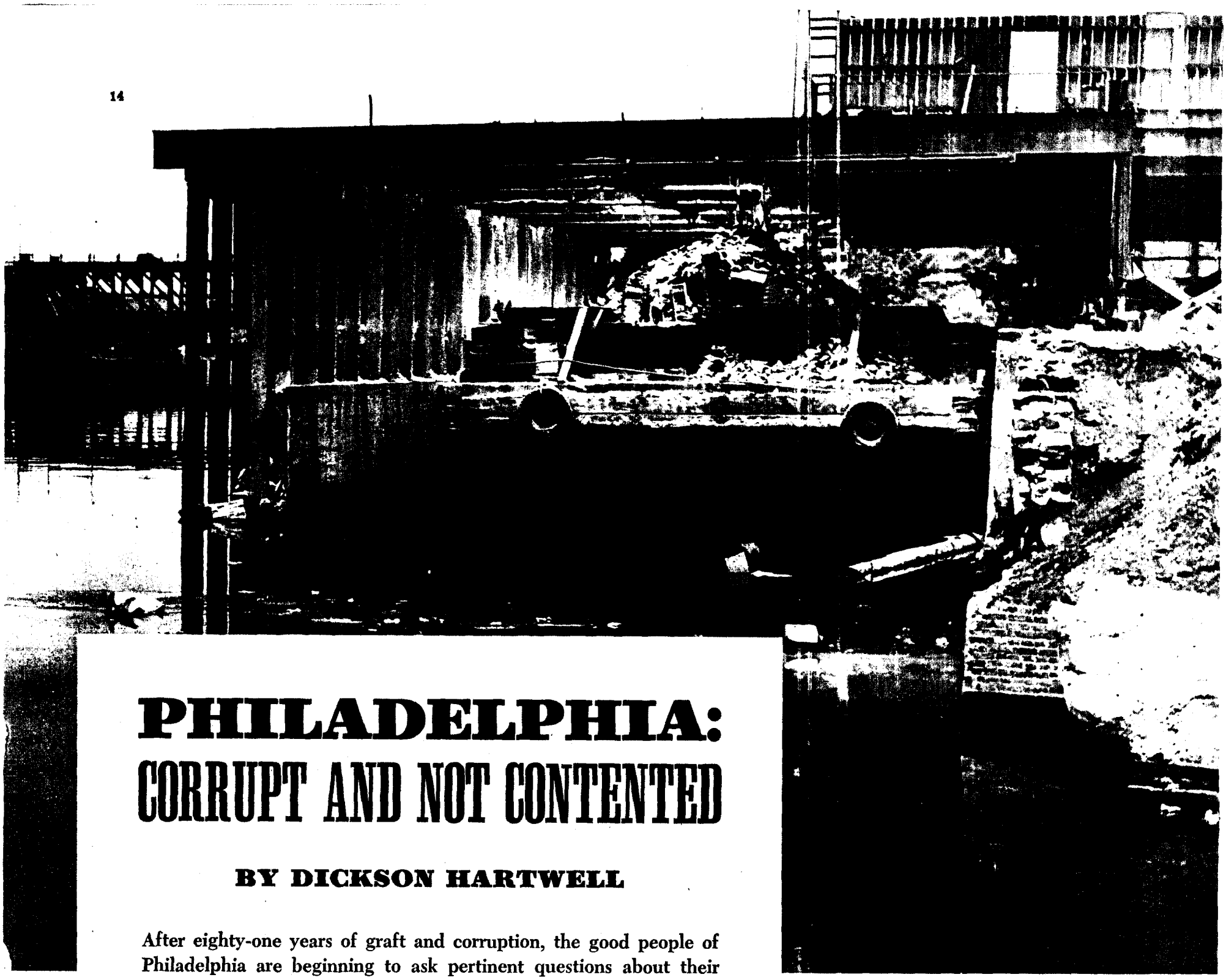
*(Continued on page 46)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Five cartons!" he said. "I don't know if I can take that many through customs." She dropped everything in his lap. "That's just exactly what a dispatch case is for, Jeff"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# PHILADELPHIA: CORRUPT AND NOT CONTENTED

## BY DICKSON HARTWELL

**After eighty-one years of graft and corruption, the good people of Philadelphia are beginning to ask pertinent questions about their city government. The answers are not calculated to please anybody**

Even the Chamber of Commerce acknowledges that the Schuylkill is the "world's dirtiest river." Above, city barges load trash and garbage just outside the multimillion-dollar Art Museum

THE sickest city in the land is Philadelphia. It is suffering from the longest case on record—eighty-one years—of the dread malady known as machine politics.

Philadelphia has every known symptom of the ailment and some that are brand-new. It has a self-sustaining political machine that would be the envy of old Tammany—and a freshly uncovered financial shortage estimated at $300,000 to $1,000,000. It is run in secret by a one-party city council that holds two sessions—a private one at which some of the councilmen are advised to vote a certain way, and another one in public, when they follow the advice.

In Philadelphia motorists in restricted parking zones pay off many of the cops with a quarter, or even use old parking tickets as camouflage tags on their cars. Summonses are ignored (in one recent month there were 2,989 such cases in traffic court) or handed to a district committeeman to fix. In one court nine of every ten summonses were fixed before they ever got to the court. It is a city of petty crimes, small-time gamblers and five-and-dime shakedowns, where too often a citizen's first protection is not the law, the courts or the police, but his ward leader.

Philadelphia's political machine is simple enough. It is called Republican, but this is only a label. It has no political philosophy except to win elections with whatever promise, slogan or chicanery it believes will succeed. Its guiding principle: Do a man a favor and you've got his friendship; do two favors, and you've got his vote.

To this principle, the cornerstone of power, the machine is dedicated. Most public officials and even many of the janitors hold their jobs because they can do favors or get out the vote. "A magistrate who doesn't play ball with the machine," a Philadelphia judge said recently, "can count on 5,000 votes and that's all. Without 350,000 you can't win." Playing ball means refraining from carefully investigating certain cases; fixing tickets for ward leaders; springing Saturday-night drunks from jail; and tipping the scales of justice just very lightly for certain gamblers, tavern keepers and miscellaneous miscreants who, as registered voters, become first citizens on Election Day.

The average Philadelphia citizen soon grows to believe that the only man who can get things done is the ward leader. Citizens who vote right, contribute right and don't complain are seldom troubled by government inefficiency. Yet most Philadelphians haven't known the satisfaction of clean streets, unbroken pavements, unpolluted air and water, alert, impartial police and a rigidly enforced sanitary code.

Without political influence the ordinary citizen is helpless. In 1946, a maiden lady living on Master Street despaired of persuading her landlord to repair a leaking roof and appealed to the city in writing. Nothing happened. The following year she wrote the mayor begging him to please do something. What the city did was to condemn the property, and the non-political maiden lady was requested to vacate it "forthwith." Because of Philadelphia's acute housing shortage this shut-up-or-get-out technique is most effective. That "request" was issued a year ago. The roof still leaks. But the spinster hasn't peeped since.

This kind of treatment develops in Philadelphians a stoic patience. One citizen in the summer of 1939 installed an oil burner and requested the fire marshal's inspection, which is required by law. He received a card stating the inspection would be made on a certain day. He waited at home but was stood up. Another card came, with the same result. His vacation came and went and fall arrived. There were more cards, but no official. In desperation he turned on the furnace without an okay. That was in 1939. The furnace inspection still has not been made. But every few weeks for the past nine years this good citizen has received a post card notifying him that the arrival of the inspector is imminent.

At the moment, though, the under-

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ARNOLD CAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mayor Bernard Samuel stirred up a fuss when he appointed the Committee of Fifteen

County Sheriff Austin Meehan was not unhappy to see the Fifteen continue investigating

Outside City Hall a twenty-four-sheet poster bearing the mayor's name appeals to Philadelphians to drive carefully. But this worthy project is scant indication of the city's major ills, which afflict both young and old. Recently the Committee of Fifteen, appointed by the mayor, has exposed inefficiency and recommended some drastic curative measures

dog is having his day. One of the most interesting political experiments in the history of American municipalities has been the Committee of Fifteen, which was appointed by Philadelphia's Mayor Bernard Samuel. Before the elections last fall, city employees, restive for wage increases, were held in line by fulsome promises. When the city machine was re-elected the demands became insistent. With the treasury empty and borrowing capacity vanishing, the mayor had to take the heat off. He handed the problem to a committee composed mainly of business and civic leaders.

This Committee of Fifteen, headed by Arthur Binns, top Philadelphia realtor, had two jobs: (1) to determine who should get a raise and how much, and (2) to find the money. Given less than three months to make a report, the committee was expected to suggest a face-saving compromise and fade out. But the Fifteen had other ideas. On March 1st they filed a revolutionary report showing how the city could add $5,000,000 to its income in 1948 mainly by aggressive, efficient collection of wage taxes and water rents. They showed how fire and police department streamlining alone might save $2,000,000 in 1949, and recommended a thorough efficiency check on all departments.

By way of padded pay rolls, the Fifteen reported city employment of approximately $150,000 worth of matrons to make beds in firehouses for many firemen who sleep at home. They found 211 janitors on the pay roll at City Hall Annex, one third more than required in comparable commercial buildings. They discovered policemen working as typists, messengers, cleaners and clerks—and some not working at all—and about 100 firemen assigned to the fire marshal's office, a spot generally regarded as among the city's less serious fire hazards. These and other revelations brought a clamor for the committee to continue, though its work was officially ended.

An even stronger impetus was the go-ahead signal from County Sheriff Austin (Aus) Meehan. Gargantuan (300 pounds) and bald, Meehan became top man in Philadelphia politics last election when he defeated Dave Harris for control of the Republican city committee, which runs the town.

Meehan is simon-pure honest himself, and he finds it hard to believe that people he knows and likes will actually steal. As a contractor, he does little business in Philadelphia but a great deal elsewhere. He gives away his salary as sheriff ($15,000 a year) every payday to the first people who touch him.

When the question of continuing the Fifteen arose, he realized that two vulnerable spots in city government might be the office of the receiver of taxes, which collects the city's money, and the Department of Supplies and Purchases, which lets contracts.

The Fifteen quickly showed that the Department of Supplies and Purchases was operating on a six-hour workday; that the annual report required by the city charter had not been made in nearly seven years, with no accounting for some $40,000,000 spent; that it took an average of 31 days to place an order, and longer—from 60 to 90 days—to pay for it, causing the city to lose up to $30,000 a year in cash discounts. There were no trained buyers, purchases being made by bookkeepers and clerks.

Nowhere in Philadelphia is intimacy with petty theft and light larceny more evident than in the magistrates' courts. Top magistrates' pay is only $5,500 annually. But some stretch-a-penny Philadelphia magistrates manage on such a salary to maintain homes which at first squint resemble the palace of a movie queen.

How this financial necromancy is accomplished is indicated in the story of a certain Philadelphia magistrate.

This magistrate, it appears, sees gamblers through slightly rose-colored glasses. He could not find it in his heart to think ill of horse players and numbers operators—especially when they were so grateful for kind

*(Continued on page 64)*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The High Cost of Collette

## BY IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN

**Dexter Lawson's wife objected to his keeping a beautiful girl in their guest room. Dexter said it was strictly business. With the girl it obviously was not**

IT IS never an easy matter for a talent agent to explain to a client why that client isn't working. But on the morning in question, Dexter Lawson, the agent, felt that his explanation was formidable enough. If I had any more excuses, he thought, I would be a candidate for clinical confinement.

"You see," Dexter told the young man in his office, "my situation is not uncomplicated. If I don't sell the Brute Cosmetics people I may lose not only my business but my happy home as well. You have to be understanding."

The dark young man who sat across the desk from Dexter nodded morosely. This was Nick Sandore, known to the radio faithful as The Sender. "Explain it to me again," he said. "I'm a reasonable man, hey."

"I'm counting on your reason, Sender."

"Okay," The Sender said. "Only the part I don't get is whether your wife left you or she didn't."

Dexter sighed and ran his fingers through his prematurely graying hair. "It's a moot point," he said. "She left me, but at the same time, she didn't."

The Sender nodded gravely. "All on account of this dame is living with you. Right?"

"Collette."

"Yeah, Collette Only what I don't get—"

"What I want to know," Dexter said suddenly, "is what I did wrong."

"Wrong, huh?"

"I discovered a million-dollar piece of talent, that's all."

"Collette, huh?"

"At the time, Katherine Strudel. I named her Collette. She's sort of French. From Louisiana."

"Your wife hates her, huh?"

"Only because she is temporarily in our guest room."

The Sender nodded. "The guest room," he said reminiscently. "Six of the happiest months of my life I lived in your guest room."

"I have been proud," Dexter said, "to turn over my guest room for the advancement of young artists."

"For ten per cent," The Sender said moodily. He frowned. "Returning to the earlier question," he said, "did your wife leave you or not?"

"That's the question," Dexter said. "She was about to, but she couldn't."

"I don't get it."

"Figure it. If Mary Alice left, who would remain in the apartment?"

"Remain? You and Collette—Oho!"

"Exactly. Oho."

"So she didn't leave you."

Dexter sighed. "The point is moot," he said. His features, normally somewhat handsome in a bright, eager way, were gray and drawn. "Have you got a studio couch at your place, Sender?"

"Sure. That's where my friends sleep when they visit me."

"Get rid of it," Dexter said. "Your friends hate you. Believe me."

"You're sleepin' on the— Oho!"

"For the past week," Dexter said with a melancholy sigh.

"He's sighin'," The Sender said. "How about me?"

"What's your trouble?"

"I ain't even workin', hey."

Dexter looked pained. "Please," he said.

The Sender said, "What's so special about this Collette? She got a bilt on her, hey?"

"With minor exceptions, yes."

"In radio, bilts are a dime a dozen," The Sender said moodily.

"It's her speaking voice," Dexter said. "Sensational."

"What's so sensational?"

"Sex," Dexter said simply.

"Her voice?"

"Loaded. It's like a baritone sax at 2:00 A.M. It vibrates. Like a muted violin. Makes you shiver. Like a—"

"So?"

"Figure it. What do the Brute Cosmetics people make?"

"Cosmetics?"

"For men!" Brute Cosmetics for Men! Get this." Dexter pitched his voice low in approximate imitation of husky feminine tones. " 'I can't resist your advances, beeg boy, now that you're using Brute cologne.' "

"That's Collette, huh?"

"Approximately."

"She's sold?"

"Practically. I—"

The phone rang. The Sender sat in gloomy silence as Dexter answered.

"Charley Kendall, Dex," a voice said. He was account executive with the Baylor Advertising Agency. "Great news for you."

Dexter held his breath. "Collette? You'll buy Collette?"

Charley said, "I'd buy her sight unseen. Got to sell the sponsor, Radcliff. That's the big news. I've set up a little party for tonight. Radcliff and wife. My boss and wife. To meet Collette."

"That's wonderful, Charley, but—"

"You're the host. Your apartment. I'll bring Collette. Eight thirty."

"Tonight?" Dexter felt perspiration in his palms. "Did you say tonight, Charley? My apartment?"

"Radcliff leaves town tomorrow. Clinch the sale tonight. One thing, Dex. He's very moral. Keep it extra clean. You know, sacred family relationship."

"Moral? My apartment?" Dexter said. "Charley, I—" Kendall had rung off. Dexter hung up slowly and stared straight ahead of him.

"Tonight," he said dully. "We're not ready. We're not ready at all."

Resilience is a universal attribute of talent agents. Although he was unable to shake a sense of onrushing doom, Dexter swung frantically into action.

AFTER a brief conference with The Sender, he was engaged in a number of phone calls that took him almost to the lunch hour. He finally leaned back wearily in his chair and switched on a record player at the side of his desk. He felt a strong need for reassurance.

The loud-speaker hummed a moment and then a woman's voice said, "Hold me close, beeg boy. Clos-air! I love to smell your Brute cologne." The voice was low and vibrant, with soft passionate overtones. Dexter felt his scalp tingle.

If there is a grain of truth in Freud, Dexter thought, we will yet win out.

The campaign to sell Collette to the Brute Cosmetics people, Dexter felt, was his most inspired. Each day for two weeks Collette had made recordings like the one on the turntable, which had promptly been rushed off to Charley Kendall. Like water dripping on his head, Dexter thought, but friendly.

Although he had never seen her in person, Kendall had heard Collette each day on records. The text of the records was innocent and simple. It was the way she said it.

Charley, Dexter thought, is drooling. All that remained was to sell the sponsor and the head of the advertising agency. Dexter thought of the approaching party and shuddered.

He put another recording on the turntable. Collette's voice said, "You could not have reached first base with me before you used Brute, beeg boy. But now—" The voice broke off in a vibrant sigh. Dexter felt chills run up his spine.

"But now, what?" another voice said. It was not a transcription. The girl who had stepped into Dexter's office was short and handsome, with crisply curling auburn hair and large brown eyes. She wore a trimly tailored suit which made her look like a child on her way to Sunday school.

Dexter switched off the record



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sender's selection was a song high on the popularity lists, I Love You In War And Peace, from the novel of the same name

player, flushed, and said, "Darling, it was very kind of you to come."

"I hope I didn't interrupt anything sacred," his wife said coldly.

"Please, darling," Dexter said. "You know this is strictly business."

"So is my visit," Mary Alice said. She sat primly on the edge of a chair. "What did you want of me?"

DEXTER sketched the situation briefly. She listened carefully, her brown eyes fixed on his face.

"I have arranged for Charley to pick up Collette at the Ritz-Halton. As if she lived there. And all I ask is that you be at my side tonight. The sponsor might not understand if you weren't."

She said, "You look terrible, Dex."

"I've suffered," he said.

"You've lost weight," she said more softly.

"It's that studio couch. It's the original bed of pain."

"I know."

"Darling, if I sell Collette, she will be able to afford a place of her own. This won't happen again. I promise."

The brown eyes suddenly hardened. "That's what you said after The Sender left."

"But you liked The Sender."

"I didn't know at the time that he was inaugurating a house policy."

"You mean Glockins?"

"Glockins, for one. The soap-opera writer who was always threatening to commit suicide."

"He never did, though," Dexter said hopefully.

"And then that sex-mad announcer, Greg Martinson, who spent the greater part of his four months with us chasing me around the dining-room table."

"But, darling—"

"I know. He never caught me. It's the principle of the thing."

"They were all clients," Dexter said.

"Collette is the straw that breaks my aching back. That woman has made more passes than a crooked dice player."

"She doesn't make passes," Dexter said. "She just sounds that way. But I will sell her tonight, and then she is gone."

Mary Alice shook her head and stood up. "Frankly, Dex," she said, "I don't believe you could sell that no-talent package on bargain day on the Street of Regret. But I will do my best to help."

"That's very kind of you, darling."

"It's just to get Collette out of the apartment. When she goes, I will be close on her heels."

Dexter stood up and said, "Mary Alice, you've got to reconsider. Believe me, I am blameless in my soul."

Her eyes grew soft again. "You have the most awful bags under your eyes, Dex," she said.

"I need you."

SHE avoided his embrace and opened the door. "I suppose you'll be busy this afternoon."

Dexter felt his face grow pink. "Why, yes. That is, of course."

Her lips tightened. "Collette?"

"Why, no—that is, no."

She smiled and said, "I'll see you tonight, darling." Then she was gone.

Dexter stood looking out of the window of his office for some minutes. He felt a strange mixture of elation and foreboding, something like the sensation that comes to an amateur skier at the head of a ski jump. He shook himself, and shoved off to pick up Collette. . . .

The Park Towers, where Dexter lived, was a rather elaborate apartment hotel in the East Fifties. It was just past three o'clock when Dexter walked through the lobby to the bank of elevators in the far wall. He buzzed.

"Going up, Mr. Lawson?"

Dexter turned quickly to find a vast expanse of blue serge in front of his eyes. Looking up, he saw the large head that rose out of the serge.

"Did you speak to me?" Dexter said.

"Yeah. You said you were going up. Your wife isn't home."

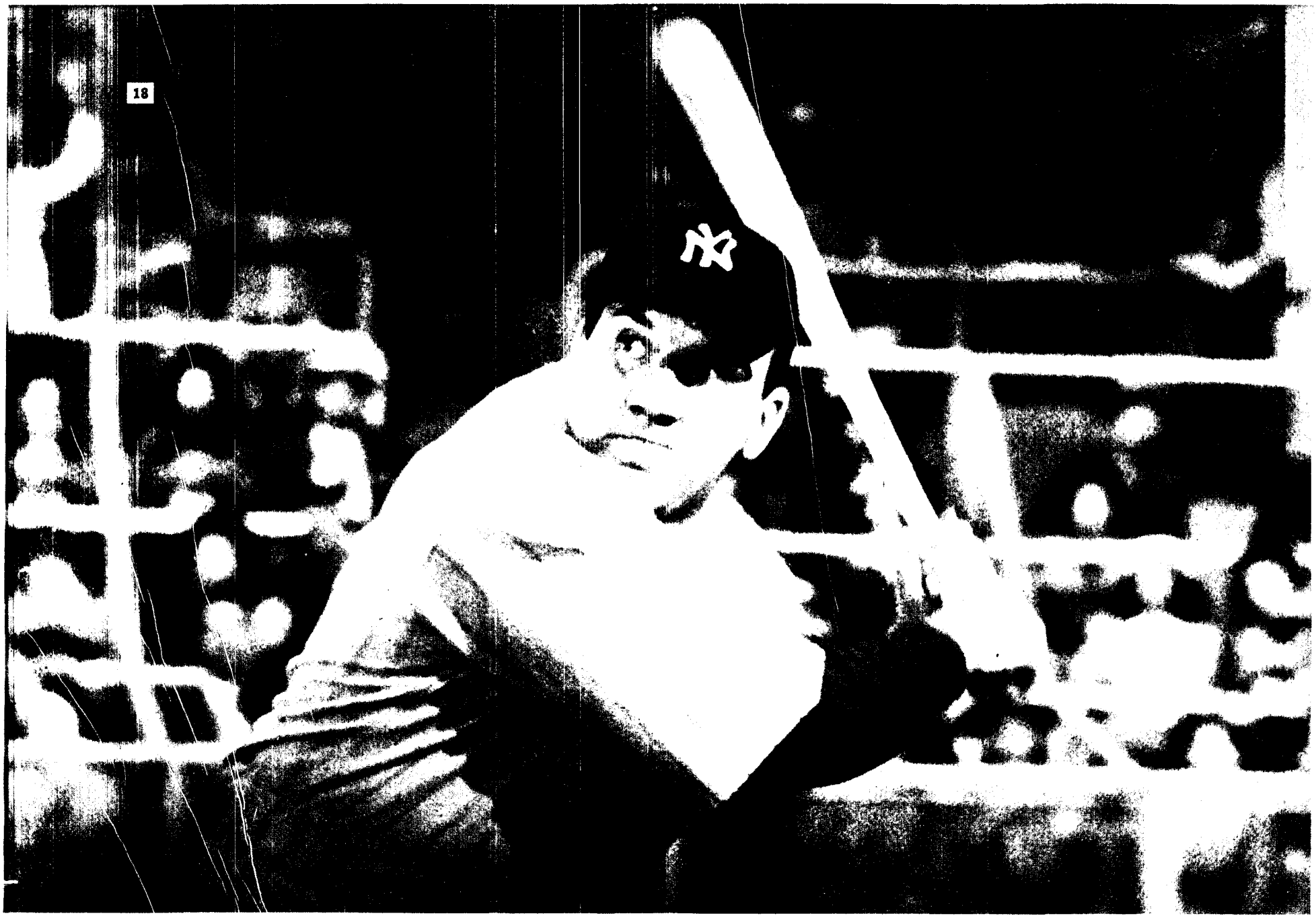
Dexter stepped back to get a better look at the man. He was huge. His heavy features were topped by thin blond hair. There was a pensive look in his pale blue eyes.

"My wife? Oh, she isn't home. That's good."

*(Continued on page 62)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In the Babe's old uniform and using the Ruthian stance, Bendix is poised for a mighty swat in The Babe Ruth Story

# BENDIX BATS FOR RUTH

## BY KYLE CRICHTON

**Bill couldn't sing, dance or play an instrument. So what was left but acting? His next movie is The Babe Ruth Story. He hopes you'll see it**

HANS KNOPF

**Daughter Stephanie Anne looks skeptical as Bill brags about his batting**

WILLIAM BENDIX either has the courage of a lion or the crust of a pirate. Think of the man standing up there before 37,000 people in Yankee Stadium, acting like Babe Ruth and preparing to whack a ball into the right-field stands to commemorate Babe's 60th home run.

He had looked pathetic in batting practice in the morning. Lefty Gomez was acting the part of Tom Zachary, the Washington pitcher who had the dubious honor of being the victim of the Babe's record-making smack. Lefty had tossed them up easy, straight, beautiful. Bendix had swung late, early, over, under and around them. ("Never got a ball out of the infield," he growls.)

So now the Yanks and the Chicago White Sox get through their pregame warmup, the cameras are set up and ready and Bendix has the effrontery to come out. He is wearing Babe's old uniform and lugs a model of a Ruth bat. He stalks up to the plate, gets set with a correct pigeon-toed Ruthian stance, swings at the first pitch and belts it into the stands 290 feet away.

"Sure, it was foul," he admits, "but it got in there, didn't it?"

As a matter of truth, the scene had been done in Hollywood long before, and this was only for background. But brave old Bill Bendix produced for the honor of Hollywood, the Screen Actors Guild and the box-office receipts of The Babe Ruth Story, which he hopes you will not overlook in your future moviegoing plans.

The further truth is that Bendix is less like himself than anybody ever known. He has the face of an unsuccessful prize fighter, the physique of a wrestler and the temperament of a hermit. He has the air of a wisecracking Broadway character but, in reality, is as solemn as a coroner and as humorless as a gnu. We were being literary in referring to his confidence; in truth he is a worrier who has acquired the customary Hollywood ulcer. He lives on a two-acre rancho in the San Fernando Valley, has no friends in the movie colony except Lou Costello, has kept the same wife for twenty years, is a teetotaler, a nongambler and a father of almost Dickensian intensity.

He became an actor as the least of several evils and had as lugubrious an early career as any Thespian in history.

*(Continued on page 44)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Neither Steve nor Lila said anything nor made any move when Doris jumped aboard the cutter

Taking a beautiful young lady for a sailboat ride was part of Steve's job. But Doris objected when the rides were at night—and she was not the young lady

# BUT NOT NECESSARILY *Sweet*

**BY JAY WILSON**

IT WAS a beautiful morning and Commodore Dinsmore tried to forget the letter and reassure himself that the vague uneasiness he felt was due to one too many lobsters for supper. From the veranda of his big white house on the bluff the commodore could look down on the village of Cliffport and as snug a little harbor as could be found along the coast of Maine. Directly below were the well-kept sheds and marine railways of the Dinsmore Yacht Works. There was a trim little yacht club across the harbor.

Along the shore, extending in both directions from the village, expensive summer homes were scattered under the spruce and pine trees. The smell of early morning birchwood fires was on the cool, still air. The commodore viewed all this and inhaled deeply of the fragrance of the morning. This, he told himself, was real. But there was no reality to the little gremlins of worry that had chased through his mind during the night.

But his eyes kept returning to the sleek white hull of a forty-foot cutter moored off the yard dock. There were many who would have denied that any one boat designed by Steve Williams and built by the commodore was any better than any other. But the commodore knew that this one, Harlequin, was really the best of them all, and the most expensive. Even Doris, the commodore's niece, who could sail a boat as few men could and who skippered all the trial runs, had been unable to suggest any slight change in rig, cut of sails or distribution of ballast to improve the cutter's performance. Only once before had Doris ever said, "Well, I guess you've done it, Steve. She's perfect."

Doris had not uttered these words lightly. Doris did not pass up opportunities to needle Steve. The struggle

*(Continued on page 69)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# JUDGE GOLDSBOROUGH TAKES THE STAND

## BY BILL DAVIDSON

**As a congressman, he fought on labor's side. As a judge, he fights only for justice. John L. Lewis, the mine operators, and government departments have all found him formidable but fair**

IN 1939, when President Roosevelt appointed T. Alan Goldsborough as federal district judge for the District of Columbia, he said, "You've worked hard for 18 years in Congress, Alan. Now you can relax, get out of the public eye and enjoy yourself listening to interesting murders."

That remark has turned out to be a classic misstatement. For, as an Assistant Attorney General recently put it, "Every time you pick up the paper, you read about Goldsborough making another decision that affects the welfare of every man, woman and child in the United States. He is hotter news than Congress and the Supreme Court."

This is only a slight exaggeration. During a typical ten-week period last spring, for instance, Judge Goldsborough (a) found John L. Lewis and the United Mine Workers guilty of contempt of court for the second time, and affirmed an important provision of the Taft-Hartley Act; (b) slapped an injunction on Attorney General Tom Clark, preventing the Justice Department from deporting (without an impartial hearing) Gerhart Eisler and four other alleged Communist aliens; (c) signed an injunction stopping a threatened railroad strike that would have paralyzed the nation; (d) had another session with Mr. Lewis, compelling the United Mine Workers to bargain collectively with the Southern Coal Producers Association, and affirming for the first time another provision of the Taft-Hartley Act; and (e) made a pioneering freedom-of-speech decision, holding that Congressman John Rankin was protected by Congressional immunity when he called a man crazy in the cloakroom of the House of Representatives, but that when he made the same statement to newspapermen over the phone he was open to lawsuit for slander.

In addition to all this, the judge signed some 2,500 orders, heard arguments on 217 motions, and naturalized 32 new citizens. He also got off some classic oratory, saying of John L. Lewis, "It is your boundless audacity, O Catiline!" This made headlines in the newspapers. So did a new title bestowed on Goldsborough by former OWI chief Elmer Davis—"John L. Lewis' Truant Officer."

Until November, 1946, Goldsborough was just another one of the nation's 160-odd federal district judges.

Then John L. Lewis came into his life.

### Coal Miners in Contempt of Court

On November 18, 1946, Justice Department attorneys asked for an order to stop Lewis' union from striking against the government-operated mines. This would be the first major labor injunction since the passage of the Norris-La Guardia Act in Congress in 1932. It would shock the country. But it was winter, and great national suffering would result if no coal were mined. And this was a strike against the government. So Judge Goldsborough signed the order. Lewis glowered and threatened, and the miners walked out of the pits. Whereupon Goldsborough, just as calmly as if he were issuing a divorce decree, declared the miners and their leader to be in contempt of court.

The trial was one of the most spectacular shows ever staged in Washington. Newsreel cameramen still remember it with glee. Lewis roared. Goldsborough sat and listened apparently without emotion. Then the roof fell in on the UMW chief. The judge thundered that Lewis was practicing anarchy by refusing to obey the courts, and declared that "This is not the act of a low lawbreaker, but it is an evil, demoniac, monstrous thing that means a threat to democratic government itself." He went on to impose a monumental fine of $3,500,000 on the United Mine Workers ($500,000 for each day the union had disregarded his order), and $10,000 on Lewis himself.

In April, 1948, Lewis came face to face again with Judge Goldsborough.

This time the miners' chief had sent a telegram to all UMW locals informing them "the mineowners have dishonored the pension agreement." As if by magic 350,000 miners remained home from work. When the government got a court injunction under the national emergency provision of the Taft-Hartley law, Lewis shrugged his shoulders and indicated he didn't know anything about any strike, that the men had walked out spontaneously. Lewis and the UMW were haled into court on the same charge—contempt of court.

The fireworks were still more spectacular this time. When Welly Hopkins, the UMW lawyer, argued that Lewis had purged himself of contempt by settling the pension dispute a few days after he had ignored the injunction, Judge Goldsborough brought the house down with his statement that "such a construction of contempt has never before been offered since Hammurabi."

When Hopkins repeated the argument that the miners had not been ordered to strike, Goldsborough said that it was ridiculous to assume that Lewis' "dishonored" telegram to the miners was anything but a signal. He banged his hand on the table and made the now famous statement:

"If a nod, or a wink, or a code was used in place of the word 'strike' it was just as much of a strike as though the word 'strike' had been used. The miners walked out when told the agreement was dishonored; they came back when told the agreement was honored. Now, what else can that be except a code?"

Lewis made no attempt to answer this question, or any others. As one eyewitness described it, "He sat like an image during the procedure. Occasionally he moved his massive head, a deep frown on his pallid face. Now and then he stroked his chin or moistened his lips. Mostly he stared straight ahead."

Again Goldsborough threatened jail sentences. But he relented. He fined Lewis $20,000, and the union $1,400,000. Some miners hinted they would go out again in protest. So the judge pulled what Washington lawyers consider one of the most astute judicial tricks ever employed by a federal jurist. Although he had found Lewis guilty of both civil and criminal contempt, he fined him only on the criminal charge. He left the civil sentence hanging in abeyance. The union took one look at this dangling sword, and the strike threats collapsed.

Then Goldsborough pulled another surprise. On June 22, 1948, a sulking Lewis came into court expecting another injunction against him in the matter of his plan to pay $100 monthly pensions to members of the United Mine Workers who wish to retire at sixty-two or older. The mineowners, conversely, were supremely confident. The Goldsborough lightning struck—and this time it didn't hit Lewis. The judge okayed the pension plan, saying, "It is meager enough, and it offers the miners a little something for their old age. It gives them just enough to hold their heads up."

Goldsborough was immediately besieged by reporters who couldn't understand the switch from his unyielding anti-Lewis position. In answering their questions, Goldsborough gave a classic definition of his responsibilities. "I may be naïve," he said, "but I believe a judge is not supposed to be anti-anything. He is supposed to try each case on the facts of that case alone."

Perhaps this is the key to the fact that Goldsborough is completely unpredictable. In the famous Langan vs. Langan case, which involved the custody of Joan Langan, the twelve-year-old daughter of a divorced couple, he confounded bookbound lawyers by by-passing California and Maryland decrees, and minimizing the charge that the father had practically kidnaped the child.

He decided the case simply on the following facts: that Joan wanted to live with her father; that the father was a loving, fine upstanding citizen; and that the mother, a singer, had by her own testimony indicated that she was not as capable a parent. The legal world was still more confounded when the court of appeals affirmed Judge Goldsborough, saying, "The decision of the trial court could not have been otherwise."

### A Decision Worthy of King Solomon

In another custody case, the municipality of Washington was attempting to take away a child from a woman who had wanted a baby so badly that she had got one without going through legal adoption procedures. All the law seemed to be on the municipality's side, but at the end of the hearing Judge Goldsborough leaned over and asked the city's attorney, "But she's the only mother the child has, isn't she?" He then decided in favor of the woman, concluding, "And, madam, if anyone bothers you or your little girl, you come down here and tell me about it."

All of which indicates that while there may be some doubt that Judge Goldsborough is a great, detached legal mind in the tradition of Oliver Wendell Holmes, there is no question that he ranks among the most colorful and human jurists ever to sit on the American bench.

Alan Goldsborough was born in Greensboro, Maryland, on September 16, 1877, just a few miles from the town of Goldsboro, named after his family (which had settled the Eastern Shore in 1669). His father was in the consular service. When young Alan was two, he was whisked away to Amoy, China. In 1881 his father became ill, and Alan was brought back to Greensboro to be raised by his grandfather, a fabulous country physician known to every farmer and fisherman on the Eastern Shore. It was under old Doctor Goldsborough's wing that the boy began observing people and the vagaries of human progress.

The young Alan led an average boyhood, except for his baseball prowess. He had a whiplike throwing arm and a .350 batting average. At Washington College, a select Eastern Shore institution, he tied for top man in the class of 1899. He also played second base on a team that bowled over major-league opposition and is regarded by many experts as the greatest amateur team in baseball history.

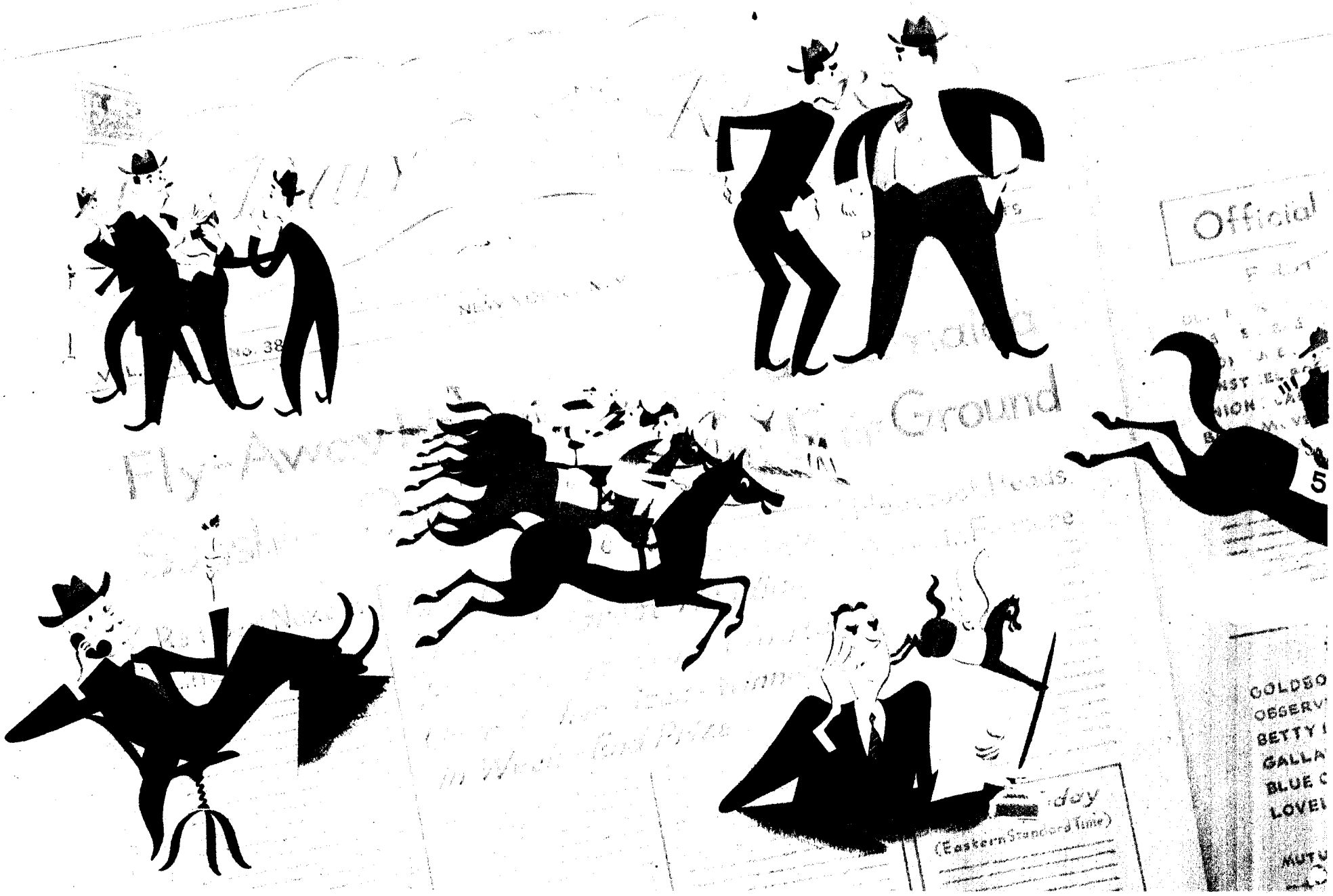
Nearly every member of that team went directly to the major leagues. There *(Continued on page 60)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARSH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Judge T. Alan Goldsborough*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# A SUCKER DON'T WANNA BE TOLD

BY ROBERT CARTMILL

**"It doesn't matter what you write about our racket," the race-track tout said. "You can't educate the sucker. A sucker wants to believe. A sucker don't wanna be told"**

THE caller was a little fellow in tweeds and riding boots and he carried a small satchel. He said he had an appointment with the boss on a confidential matter. He was ushered in, whispered that he needed utmost secrecy, and the boss' secretary was told to leave the office.

The little fellow looked around suspiciously. He opened the satchel and took out a regulation racing saddle. Once more he looked cautiously over his shoulder and then turned the saddle upside down, exhibiting a battery and wired shock points.

"Bobby Permane is riding a long shot tomorrow," the little fellow told the businessman. "This is his saddle. He just pushes this button—see?—and the nag gets a bolt of electricity that makes him run like Stymie. It's a sure killing."

On that story a New York importer recently bet $500 for himself and $100 for the tout with the electrified saddle. Silly? Sure. Couldn't happen to you? Maybe not. But this ridiculous routine is a successful stand-by with the thousands of professional race-track touts who operate all over the country. The lazier touts, the ones who are too tired or too cocksure to carry a valise, vary the maneuver by exhibiting an electrified racing whip. Both variants are known, in the touting trade, as "lugging the juice."

It's one of a dozen standard methods, all of which are classified, in the tout trade, as The Story. Some of the stories are pretty funny indeed—when they happen to somebody else. There is the Saddle Cloth Story, for instance. This is a standard and hoary with age. It works only once, but there are still thousands of horse players who haven't heard it.

"You can't lose," confides the tout using the Saddle Cloth Story. "You can't lose because this horse will be Number Six. It doesn't make any difference which horse really wins. Each jockey will have an extra saddle cloth with a Number Six under his official saddle cloth. No matter which horse wins, the jockey is going to reach down and fold back his real number. He'll go by the finish line as Number Six. You can't lose. All the jockeys are in on it."

Childish? Of course. But a Massachusetts florist bet $1,600 on the mildewed Saddle Cloth Story not long ago.

To give the more imaginative touts their due, they've usually got a better story than the Saddle Cloth. One of the better stories, according to the touts themselves, is the quite modern, pseudoscientific one misnamed The Radar Wire.

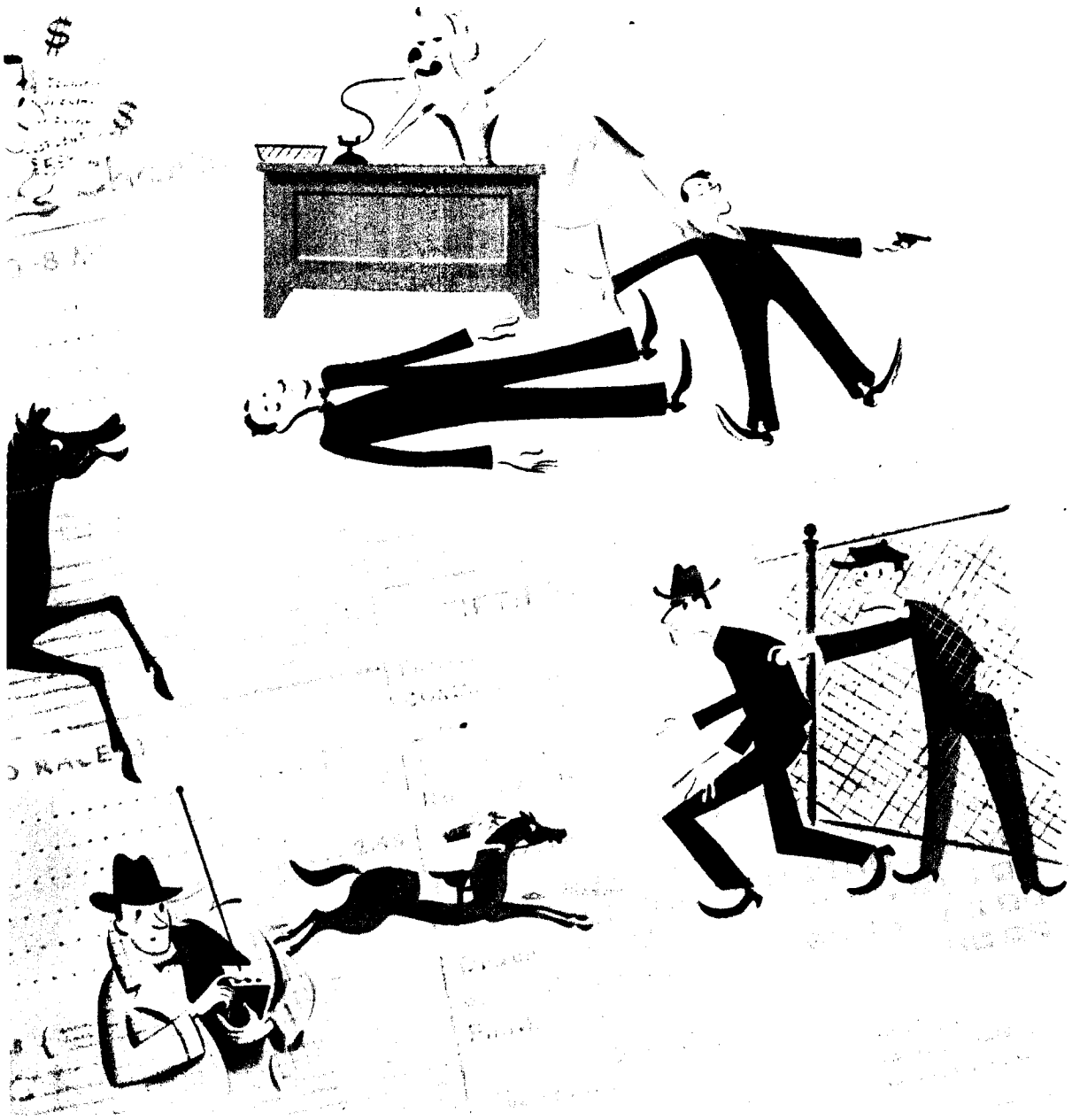
"See that man out in the infield?" the tout asks, pointing to some innocent who is so far away he's practically a blur. "See that bundle he's carrying? That's radar. It controls the running of the race by tuning in on wires attached to the jockey's metal stirrups. It can slow up or speed up any horse in the race. All the jockeys are in on this killing."

The Radar Wire assumes ignorance of staggering proportions on the part of the sucker but it is very popular in this scientific age.

The juice, the saddle cloth and the radar wire are, of course, very elementary dodges and work best with



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





suckers who haven't been around long. But the habitual horse player is just as fair game for the tout. With the habitual horse player, the tout merely has to use a slightly more subtle approach. An approach like The Green Ink, for instance.

A successful Broadway theatrical producer who is a veteran horse-race bettor recently left his office at his usual time and stopped, again as usual, in a theatrical bar for his daily Angelus hour cocktail. Two men were at the bar, engrossed in their own soft conversation. They talked idly of this and that. Their conversation could barely be overheard.

"I got a letter from Eddie Arcaro today," one of them said, a bit more loudly. He took a letter from his pocket.

"That Eddie," the other one said, reading the letter. "Why does he always write with green ink?"

"I don't know," the first stranger said, negligently. "He's been writing with green ink all the years I've known him."

The strangers chatted idly for a moment more and left.

"The thing made no impression on me," the producer relates, "although I suppose it must have stuck in my subconscious. Anyway, when I got a letter addressed in green ink almost two weeks later I remember I looked at it for a long minute, trying to remember who it was I knew who always wrote in green ink. I couldn't remember. I opened the letter and it was from 'Eddie Arcaro.' Then my memory clicked."

At this point the producer heaves a deep sigh. "That green ink story cost me $12,000 before I was through with the bogus Arcaro," he admits.

Neither racing commissions, track detectives, police specialists, jockey clubs nor horse bookmakers can make any estimate of how many professional race-track touts are operating in America today. Every racing authority merely sighs and admits that there are thousands and thousands of them. Touting today is big business. It's a racket of staggering proportions.

Example: The last time government postal authorities became annoyed with a gang of touts using the mails to defraud they temporarily smashed one tout bureau whose files yielded a "sucker list" of 2,500,000 names. The records indicated that this gang had done a gross business of $80,000,000 in ten years. Remember, this was merely *one* tipster bureau.

### Billions Wagered on Tips

Last year more than $1,680,000,000 was legally bet through the parimutuel machines of American race tracks. Of this sum a goodly portion was influenced by race-track touts. How much money is illegally bet with private bookmakers away from the race track cannot be accurately estimated by anyone. The biggest combination of New York bookmakers, which has business connections with most of the big bookie rings on the East Coast, thinks that $10.000.000,000 would be a very conservative estimate. It is safe to say that the *major* portion of this amount is influenced by touts, tipsters and information peddlers of one kind or another including the amateur.

To the race-track tout every horse player is a sucker, or an "egg." An egg is fair game anywhere. Yet it is the bane of race-track authorities and local police authorities that the egg, ashamed of his gullibility, scarcely ever makes a complaint or demands that the law track down the rascals who have fleeced him.

"And it doesn't matter what you write about our racket," one race-track tout told me, "you can't educate the sucker. A sucker wants to believe. A sucker don't wanna be told."

Scarcely a tout in the country has any particular fear of the law or of reprisals from his victims.

About the only time a tout gets into real trouble is when, through some swindle that utilizes the mails to defraud, the government authorities get nasty. Or when the tout is not satisfied just to ply his trade but steps over the line into larceny and misappropriated funds.

Race-track authorities and the touts themselves agree that touting is divided into three general classifications, each of which has its own business formula and tricks of the trade. These classifications are: (1) the double hustlers, who work in pairs near the betting windows or in the stands at the race tracks, (2) the tipping offices, which have developed telegraph and mail touting to the proportions of a great national industry, (3) the linesmen, the scourge of every habitual horse player who can't spend every minute of his life at the race track.

Of the three classes, the double hustlers are probably the most colorful. They have, at least, a spurious horsy flavor. There are variants to the double hustle but basically it works somewhat as follows:

You are standing near a betting window, your program clutched in your hand, your mind still full of doubts, and the clock inexorably bringing starting time for the next race closer and closer. You start to edge nearer the $2 window.

### The Victim Is Approached

A soft voice at your elbow asks for a match. Or for a look at your program. Almost any harmless question. And then:

"Gee, mister, you didn't see what Big Ben Bannon bet on, did you?"

"And who," you ask, startled, "is Big Ben Bannon?" Your new friend looks incredulous.

"You don't know who Big Ben is? The biggest plunger on the track! The man who won $47,000 here day before yesterday!"

Your new friend kindly points out Big Ben. Big Ben is standing right over there, a step or two away. He's scowling in approved millionaire fashion and he holds in one hand a stack of mutuel tickets thicker than the city directory. You decide that Big Ben looks very confident for a man who is wagering all that money.

"I tried to see which horse he bet," the new friend sighs, "but he had his thumb over the number. "Let's ask him what he's betting."

Both of you stroll over to Big Ben and your new friend speaks right up, asking Ben to do you both a favor and let you in on his choice. Right here is where the melodrama starts.

Big Ben whirls on your friend and bawls him out unmercifully. Big Ben says that when he gives out information on the races to ingrates like your new friend they just peddle it around the track and the odds get knocked way down.

"Get out of here!" Ben almost screams. "Beat it now or I'll call the police. Hey, officer!"

Your new friend scuttles off and you are about to do the same thing when Ben turns his wrath on you.

"Are you with him?" he demands, scowling in terrible fashion.

"N-n-n-no," you tell him.

"Who are you with, then?"

"Nobody. I'm alone. Listen," you say, emboldened by your innocence. "Listen here, you big . . ."

Big Ben seems suddenly mollified.

"Who are you, anyway?" he asks. If you're a big enough sucker you'll tell him and maybe even show him an identification with an address.

Ben seems somewhat ashamed of himself. "I guess I made a mistake," he says, smiling slightly. "I'm sorry."

The incident is over. Just a misunderstanding. You start to walk off, but Ben has a hand on your arm.

"I guess I owe you an apology," he says heartily. "You see, these petty gamblers are always trying to chisel in on what our syndicate is betting." Ben still has his hand on your arm and he seems to be arguing with himself.

"Do you really want the winner of this race?" he asks. You assure him that you do. Ben tells you to follow him. He walks you up to the $10 window.

*(Continued on page 66)*

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HARRINGTON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLLIER'S

SHORT SHORT

# Good MORNING

BY MARK HAGER

WHEN I was a boy, I walked through two miles of woods to get to our schoolhouse, and I would take my father's twenty-two rifle with me and hide it in a hollow tree before I got to the schoolhouse, and get it as I came home in the evening.

One evening, coming from school, I ran into a community uprising at Mr. Epperly's house. Mr. Epperly's cow had gone mad and was bawling lonesome bawls and twisting the young apple trees out of the ground with her horns, and the whole community was demanding that Mr. Epperly's dog, Old Ranger, be shot as Old Ranger had fought and killed the mad dog that bit the cow.

Mr. Epperly wanted to know if it wouldn't be safe to put Old Ranger in the stable or someplace and keep him penned up until the danger period was over, but the neighbors said no; that Mr. Epperly's children might slip and feed him through the cracks and get bit.

Mr. Epperly said he could not do it himself, and wanted to know who would volunteer to do it, but none of the men would.

Mr. Epperly came to me, and said, "Joe, why can't you take him with you through the woods on your way home and do it?"

I told Mr. Epperly I did not want to shoot Old Ranger. I saw Mr. Epperly's three kids were already keeping close to the old dog.

Mr. Epperly then pulled a one-dollar bill from his pocket.

"I will give you this dollar bill if you'll do it," he said.

I considered. I had never yet had a one-dollar bill all my own, and while the idea of shooting Old Ranger did not appeal to me, it did seem like a thing that was demanded by the whole community, and they all put at me to do it, trying to make me feel like a kind of hero, and pointed to the danger to Mr. Epperly's children. Then Mr. Epperly put a piece of clothesline around Old Ranger's neck and I started with him. The Epperly kids began to cry.

As I walked through the woods by the little path, I started looking for a place suitable to shoot a dog and leave him lay. I saw a heavy clump of wild grapevines, and I led him down under there and then got back up in the path. Old Ranger looked at me and whined and wagged his tail. He wanted to come to me. I recollected always seeing him wherever there was a splash of sunshine in Mr. Epperly's yard when I would pass there and Mr. Epperly's kids would join me for school.

I went down and untied Old Ranger and walked on. I came to a place where there was a hickory grove in a little flat where the underbrush was thin. I recollected how Old Ranger liked to go to the hickory groves and tree squirrels. I led Old Ranger down and tied him close to the trunk of a big hickory tree.

I started to take aim, but Old Ranger started prancing and looking up the tree. I remembered then hearing Mr. Epperly tell how Old Ranger would do that when he'd tree a squirrel and Mr. Epperly would raise the gun to shoot, and I could not fool Old Ranger like that.

Besides, there was too much light and Old Ranger could see me take aim. I decided to wait for the gloom. Soon as the sun dropped a few more feet behind the Wilson Ridge, there would be gloom, and maybe Old Ranger would not see so plainly how I pointed the gun.

While I waited for the gloom, the burning started in my pocket. I took the one-dollar bill out. I had a feeling there was something nasty about it.

While I thought of that, Old Ranger reared and barked and surged at the cord leash, and when I looked back out the path I saw Mr. Epperly's three kids, but they were running away. They had turned to run when Old Ranger barked. I guessed they had slipped off from their house and followed just to see where I left Old Ranger.

The thought struck me that they would run back to their house and tell I had not shot Old Ranger yet, and that would set the folks to worrying again, and I took aim. I thought I had better fire in their hearing. I took aim at Old Ranger, but I could not touch the trigger the way he looked at me and tried to speak, so I fired in the air so the Epperly kids could say they heard the shot.

I stuck the dollar back in my pocket, went down and hugged Old Ranger around the neck. I knew I would never shoot Old Ranger. I took him and walked on. I got to the edge of our field. I climbed on the gate and sat a long time and considered. I tried to think up how I could explain to my mother why I had brought Old Ranger home with me so that she would not be scared. I could not decide how I could ever explain with a good face that I had a one-dollar bill in my pocket I had been given to shoot Old Ranger.

I remembered where I had seen an empty castor-oil bottle at the edge of the path. It was still there, and I got it, and stuck the one-dollar bill in it, and buried the bottle in some soft dirt under the corner of the fence.

My mother decided that since I had fired the shot, she would let me keep Old Ranger for a month, with the community thinking he was dead, but it was the hardest month I ever spent.

The Epperly kids would not walk with me to school. They would pucker up to cry when they saw me, and the other kids down at the schoolhouse, they would say with a sneer, "What did you buy with your dollar bill?"

I could not answer. I could not tell them about the castor-oil bottle under the fence corner or Old Ranger in our stable: the Epperly kids searched the woods on both sides of the path to our house, hunting for the body of Old Ranger, but they would not ask me where I had left him, and other neighbors spoke of how Old Ranger's great booming voice was missed.

Mrs. Epperly was kind to me. I met her in the road one day, and she told me how she had scolded the kids for treating me like that, "But," she added, "if it was to do over, I would not allow it done. The children . . . Mr. Epperly, too, they're half crazy."

THEN came the happy morning. "You can take Old Ranger home now, Joe," my mother said. "Been over a month. No danger now."

I went to the stable, got Old Ranger, and he reared and licked my face. I shouldered my book strap, and led Old Ranger down the path. I stopped at the fence corner and got the castor-oil bottle with the one-dollar bill in it. I had a time trying to hold Old Ranger's mouth shut so I could get in sight of the Epperly house before he barked.

At the right place where they could see us when they came running to the front porch, I let Old Ranger have his voice. Old Ranger let go with a great howl that rolled and rocked across the ridges, and the Epperlys came bounding. Mr. and Mrs. Epperly and the three kids. They alternated between my neck and Old Ranger's, and I don't know to this day which of us got the most hugging.

I handed Mr. Epperly the castor-oil bottle.

"Why did you do that?" he said.

"It felt nasty in my pocket," I said.

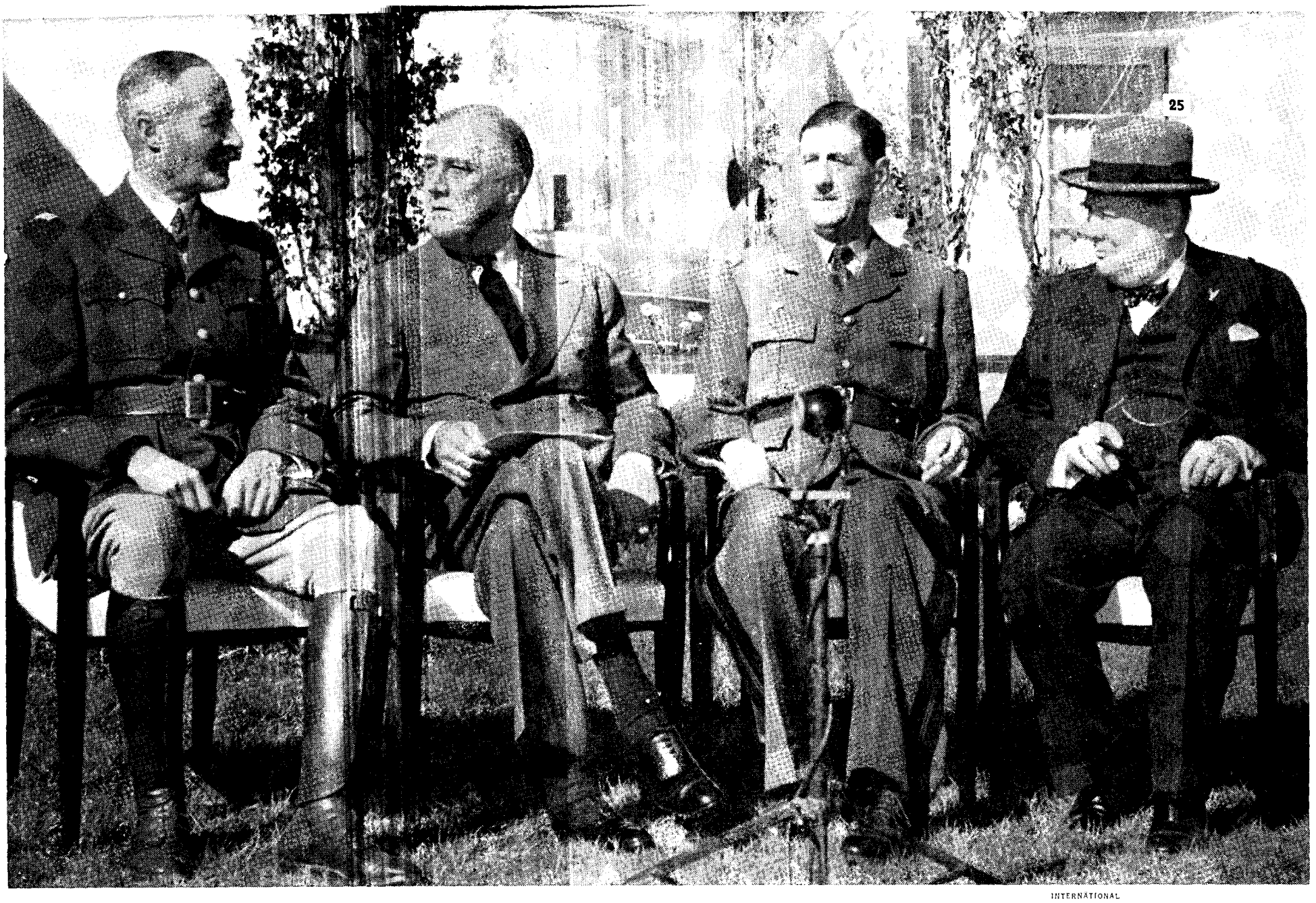
He tried to make me keep it and when I wouldn't, he just pitched it toward me and his three kids, and we started for the schoolhouse, feeling rich, with a whole dollar to spend. ★★★

**I tried to think up how I could tell my mother so she would not be scared**



ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



INTERNATIONAL

At Casablanca, Roosevelt and Churchill maneuvered Giraud (left) and De Gaulle, opposing French leaders, into this unexpected photograph

# THE SECRET PAPERS OF L. HOPKINS

## BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

**After the invasion of North Africa, Eisenhower finds himself on a spot because of the deal he made with Admiral Darlan. But Roosevelt backs him up. At Casablanca, F.D.R. stops a quarrel between the opposing French leaders**

### PART XI—CLIMAX AT CASABLANCA

AFTER the North African landings, liberal opinion in the United States and Britain was shocked and angered by the announcement that Generals Eisenhower and Mark Clark had made a "deal" with Admiral Darlan, whereby this notorious officer of the Vichy government, who had been a leading factor in France's surrender and in the collaboration with the Nazis, now was recognized by the Allies as the supreme French authority. There have been all sorts of charges brought in connection with this "deal": It has been said that secret arrangements had been made with him by Robert Murphy of our State Department three weeks before the North African landings and that Darlan's presence in Algiers on the night of November 7, 1942, was prearranged and not the surprise and embarrassment to Allied authorities that they pretended. If such charges were true, I believe the fact would have become evident long since.

If there are those who can accuse Roosevelt and Churchill of being capable of such duplicity—and there are—it is still virtually impossible to imagine Generals Eisenhower and Mark Clark and many other soldiers and sailors suddenly developing the extraordinary talents as actors that the performance of this fabulous masquerade would have required.

There was no previous deal with Darlan, but there was miscalculation and misinformation which caused a subsequent deal with him to seem to be the only solution.

According to Murphy, when the grim-visaged French admiral was awakened to receive the news that the Allied forces were moving in, Darlan turned purple, paced the floor and exclaimed, "I have known for a long time that the British were stupid, but I always believed the Americans were more intelligent. I begin to believe that you make as many mistakes as they do."

However, it is still possible that he was not taken totally by surprise. As soon as he was sure that this was a full-scale operation, he indicated a quick willingness to do business with the "stupid" Allies, which represented a complete turning of his anti-British Vichy coat. Within a few hours of his purpling before Murphy he telephoned General Nogues in Morocco and ordered him to cease resistance—and it is most important to note that Nogues refused to obey this order.

When Murphy told Darlan that the Americans had brought General Henri H. Giraud by submarine out of France to be the new leader in North Africa, Darlan said, "He is not your man, for politically he is a child. He is a good divisional commander, nothing more."

While Darlan was pacing the floor with Murphy in Algiers, Eisenhower was having his troubles in a session with Giraud on the Rock of Gibraltar. A tentative agreement was ultimately reached and on



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Monday, the day after the landings, Giraud moved on to Algiers to assume political command of French North Africa.

Darlan's estimate—"he is not your man"—proved lamentably correct. Eisenhower issued a public statement which he later regretted: "It is expected that his (Giraud's) presence there will bring about a cessation of scattered resistance." All that it did bring about among French colonial authorities was resistance to Giraud. As Roosevelt cabled to Churchill, two days later:

**In regard to De Gaulle, I have heretofore enjoyed a quiet satisfaction in leaving him in your hands. Apparently I have now acquired a similar problem in brother Giraud . . . We must remember there is also a catfight in progress between Giraud and Darlan, each claiming full military command of French forces in North and West Africa. The principal thought to be driven home to all three of these prima donnas is that the situation is today solely in the military field and that any decision . . . is subject to review and approval by Eisenhower.**

It now seemed evident that Darlan was the only authority who could command the obedience of the French officers in North Africa. Therefore, Eisenhower and Clark, with the powerless Giraud on their hands, with long and tenuous lines of communication behind them and the rapid push into Tunisia ahead of them, made the only arrangement which seemed practical or even possible: the deal with Admiral Darlan.

### Strictly a Military Responsibility

Eisenhower took full responsibility for this. Roosevelt quoted him as having said later, when they met in Casablanca, "I believe in a theater commander doing these things without referring them back to his home government and then waiting for approval. If a mere general makes a mistake, he can be repudiated and kicked out and disgraced. But a government cannot repudiate and kick out and disgrace itself—not, at any rate, in wartime."

Roosevelt attached great importance to Eisenhower's confession of astonishment at the situation as he found it in North Africa; it did "not even remotely resemble prior calculations." When the supreme commander of a major military operation makes an admission like that it indicates that there must have been something wrong with his Intelligence Service.

This is all the more surprising since North Africa was friendly territory with which the U.S. maintained diplomatic relations. Therefore, the headquarters of Robert Murphy in Algiers and all the American consulates in that area were centers of Intelligence with large staffs which included observers of undoubted competence. Yet Eisenhower was astonished when the local French failed to hail Giraud as a conquering hero. This led to a display of political crudity which made the U.S. government look ridiculously amateurish.

Roosevelt made no bones of his own attitude. The storm of criticism of the Darlan deal reached such proportions within the first week after the landings, that Hopkins, Judge Rosenman and I strongly urged the President to issue a statement to the press. The statement as he issued it was:

**I have accepted General Eisenhower's political arrangements made for the time being in northern and western Africa.**

**I thoroughly understand and approve the feeling in the United States and Great Britain and among all the other United Nations that in view of the history of the past two years no permanent arrangement should be made with Admiral Darlan . . .**

**We are opposed to Frenchmen who support Hitler and the Axis. No one in our Army has any authority to discuss the future government of France and the French Empire.**

**The future French government will be established, not by any individual in metropolitan France or overseas but by the French people themselves after they have been set free by the victory of the United Nations.**

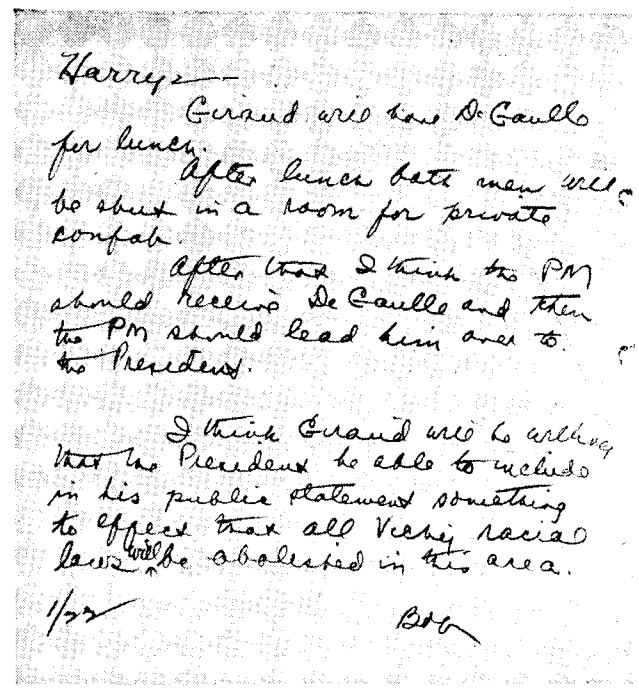
**The present temporary arrangement in North and West Africa is only a temporary expedient, justified solely by the stress of battle.**

**The present temporary arrangement has accomplished two military objectives. The first was to save American and British lives, and French lives on the other hand. The second was the vital factor of time. The temporary arrangement has made it possible to avoid a "mopping-up" period in Algiers and Morocco which might have taken a month or two to consummate . . .**

It will be noted how frequently Roosevelt inserted the word "temporary" into that statement. This fact certainly did not escape the attention of Darlan himself. He wrote a rather plaintive letter to Clark saying that Roosevelt's words tended to substantiate the view that "I am only a lemon which the Americans will drop after they have squeezed it dry."

Generals Eisenhower and Mark Clark confer with Admiral Darlan outside Allied headquarters in Algiers

ACME



Harry—

Giraud will have De Gaulle for lunch. After lunch both men will be shut in a room for private confab.

After that I think the PM should receive De Gaulle and then the PM should lead him over to the President.

I think Giraud will be willing that the President be able to include in his public statement something to effect that all Vichy racial laws will be abolished in this area.

1/22 Bob

**State Department Bob Murphy's note shows careful planning of the Giraud–De Gaulle meeting**

Early in December, Averell Harriman went from Washington to London with instructions from Roosevelt to consult with Churchill on arrangements for another conference—this time with Stalin included.

Roosevelt hoped to hold this first meeting of the Big Three somewhere in Africa or the Middle East, which was now at last secure following the British victory at El Alamein.

There are no records of cables in the Hopkins papers relative to the invitation to Stalin to meet with Roosevelt and Churchill. Presumably messages relating to this were conveyed through Ambassador Litvinov. Notes written by Hopkins en route to Casablanca state that Stalin twice refused Roosevelt's "urgent invitation" to a Big Three meeting, the reason for refusal being his constant concern with the immediate military situation on the Russian front.

On December 28th, Marshall briefed Hopkins as to the plans he had worked out with Eisenhower for the proposed meeting. He had cabled Eisenhower that the conference (given the code name of SYMBOL) would be held in North Africa, preferably in the vicinity of Fedalla in Morocco, if facilities were available there. It would comprise the U.S. and British Chiefs of Staff, the President and the Prime Minister. There was considerable discussion of buildings sufficiently large and, more important, sufficiently detached to be suitable from the security angle. Finally Eisenhower designated an easily guarded, segregated group of villas on the outskirts of Casablanca.

### F.D.R. Adds to His New Year's Toast

On December 31st, there was the usual New Year's Eve party for the family and old friends at the White House. At midnight, as always, the President raised a glass of champagne and proposed a toast to "The United States of America," and this year he added, "and to United Nations victory." During the evening, a movie had been shown and there were very few of those present who had any idea as to the significance of its selection. It was Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman in Casablanca.

On January 7, 1943, Roosevelt delivered his annual State of the Union speech to the 78th Congress. He devoted a large part of his speech to talking about the postwar world. He said:

**Victory in this war is the first and greatest goal before us. Victory in the peace is the next. That means striving toward the enlargement of the security of man here and throughout the world—and, finally, striving for the Fourth Freedom—Freedom from Fear.**

**It is of little account for any of us to talk of essential human needs, of attaining security, if we run the risk of another world war in ten or twenty or fifty years. That is just** *(Continued on page 57)*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Olsens' BIG SPLASH

**BY BILL FAY**

THERE is a limit to how much parents can stand. The Olsens endured Zoe Ann's violin scratchings and smiled when she sat down at the piano. But when Zoe Ann (grimly determined to make the high-school band) started blasting away on a borrowed clarinet—well, Mrs. Olsen decided the time had come to use strategy.

"You can have a new clarinet," Mrs. Olsen said, "or you can have the trampolin you've been hinting about. Take your choice."

Fortunately for the Olsens, and their neighbors, Zoe Ann decided to play the trampolin, which is not a musical instrument. A trampolin is a taut canvas sheet attached to springs and mounted on a metal frame twice the size of a double bed. It's the bounciest contraption in the sporting-goods catalogue.

Zoe Ann's tumbleweed afternoons on the trampolin did not make her a champion diver. The trampolin arrived in 1946, a whole year after she won the national low-board title at the ripe old age of fourteen. However, the backyard bouncing did add extra flips and turns to Zoe Ann's repertoire—probably the most complex ever mastered by a woman aquabat.

Trampolin tumbling also contributed to Zoe Ann's startling nerve and muscular control. Example:

A month before the 1947 Indoor nationals, Zoe Ann fell on the springboard and suffered a broken hand. She wore a cast for three weeks, then shifted to a metal splint, practiced three days and captured the one-meter title—without flinching! After each dive she rolled over on her back and swam to the pool ladder holding the splinted hand above-water.

Zoe Ann prevailed over terrific competitive pressure again last spring when Vicki Draves of Los Angeles executed a nearly perfect front dive with a full twist, at the climax of the national three-meter championship. Zoe Ann (in first place by a scant margin) was unperturbed. She duplicated Vicki's twist—and won.

Hollywood has shown considerable interest in Zoe Ann's lissome figure, blond hair and turned-up nose, but Zoe Ann will be hard to sign—unless some smart scenarist figures out a way

*(Continued on page 45)*

EARL ROSE

**Blond, lithe Zoe Ann Olsen, breathtaking in the dive—and out of it**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was certainly the biggest hello that I had ever been given in my entire career by a good-looking girl

# MRS. O'BRIEN *Holds That Tiger*

**BY JOE MC CARTHY**

**The Princeton man wanted the Yale man's girl. And his two million dollars had always got him everything else**

WHEN I came back from the library, I found Mrs. O'Brien sitting on the porch with a pan on her lap, snapping the ends off string beans. "Sit down and rest your weary bones," she said. "I want to talk to you."

I dropped my torts and property books and collapsed in a chair beside her. "If it's a touch," I said, "you're wasting your time."

Mrs. O'Brien threw a string bean into her mouth, chewed on it and waved to a neighbor who was walking past the front gate. She was wearing her usual daytime uniform, a flowered, cotton house dress and low white sneakers. She was a big, handsome, exuberant woman and, except for her white hair and her motherly figure, she reminded me somewhat of Gene Tunney.

"Now that you mention it, Mr. Robbins," she said, "I am in a terrible financial condition. A bill collector is after me about those evergreen trees I bought last fall. He's threatening to attach the old man's pay. The gas company called up today and threatened to turn off the gas. I asked them to leave it on for a couple of hours so I could put my head in the oven and end it all."

When I had finished Yale and announced that I intended to take a whack at Harvard Law School, my Uncle Ken advised me to write immediately for a room in Mrs. O'Brien's house. "Best place for you to live in Cambridge," he said. "Sort of a headquarters for Yale graduates who are at Harvard Law School." He named several successful New York attorneys and two former Cabinet members who had lived there as students.

"But," he added, "I'm not sure Mrs. O'Brien will take you. In my day, she didn't let anybody live in her house unless his family was in the New York or Boston social registers. Or unless he made one of the top honor societies at New Haven—Skull and Bones or Scroll and Key. You only got tapped for Wolf's Head, didn't you?"

I was finally accepted by Mrs. O'Brien, not for any merits of my own but because I was a nephew of Ken Robbins, the man who had demolished the banister of her front stairs in a fit of ecstasy the day Ducky Pond's Yale football team defeated Harvard.

"The men in those days were more colorful," she often said, admiringly. "You young people today spend too



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much time with your noses in a book."

I found her house comfortable, but living there was expensive. She talked me into paying my second-term rent three months in advance because she had to use the money to stop somebody from foreclosing a mortgage on her furniture. Since then she had borrowed from me a total of more than one hundred dollars in loans of tens and twenties. If I inquired when some of it might be repaid, she shrugged her shoulders and laughed and changed the subject.

"I've got to dig up forty-five dollars someplace before nine o'clock tomorrow morning," she was saying cheerfully. "That will keep the evergreen-tree people happy for a couple of weeks. I don't want the old man yelling blue murder down in the kitchen about them attaching his pay while you boys upstairs are trying to study."

She looked inside the front door to see if anybody was in the hallway within hearing distance. "But that's not what I wanted to talk to you about," she said. She hitched her chair closer to mine and lowered her voice. "Mr. Robbins, did you know that Mr. Drayton was out with your roommate's girl again last night?"

I wondered what she expected me to do about it. "Well?" I said.

She was disgusted. "A lousy Princeton man," she said, "takes a girl away from another Yale man and you just sit there and say, 'Well?' The young people today have no spirit, no loyalty to one another. Do you think your uncle and the Yale men who lived here with him back in 1924 would have stood for a thing like that?"

Mrs. O'Brien lapsed briefly into a sullen silence, which was broken only by the snapping of her string beans. Bill Drayton lived alone in the two-room suite above Jerome Lydecker and me, which meant that he paid double rent. He was not exactly the type of person I would pick as my only companion on a two-month fishing trip but he seemed all right otherwise. Mrs. O'Brien disapproved of him because he went to Mercersburg and Princeton instead of St. Paul's and Yale and his father was a new, self-made millionaire with a department store in Pittsburgh who did not own a stable of steeplechasers.

As Uncle Fred said, Mrs. O'Brien had the same reverence for correct social backgrounds as Louis B. Mayer has for Lassie. She missed her true vocation. She should have been writing the Cholly Knickerbocker society column in the New York Journal-American.

"What's wrong with Princeton?" I asked. "James Stewart and Woodrow Wilson went there. And Einstein is there right now."

"Has James Stewart won any Academy Awards lately? Mr. Robbins, don't talk to me about Princeton men. I hate them. I've been renting rooms to Harvard Law School men for thirty years and I've rubbed elbows with graduates of every big college in the country. I've had men here from Pennsylvania, Amherst, Stanford, Michigan, Brown, Dartmouth and even Oxford and Cambridge. Of course, I like Yale men best and I try to keep this house as Yale as possible. Now and then, I let in a few Harvard men. They're conservative and stuffy but they're gentlemen."

"President Conant of Harvard would be pleased to hear you say that," I observed. "But what's this got to do with Princeton?"

"I'm trying to tell you that I get along with everybody else. But every time I rent a room to a Princeton man, I have trouble. The first one back in 1922, he had plenty of money but he owned only one shirt. He used to wash it himself in the bathtub every night and hang it out the front window to dry. And he wore a leather strap around his head when he was studying."

"What happened to him when he finished law school?" I asked. "I'll bet he became a Supreme Court justice."

"And that last Princeton man I let in here against my better judgment in 1934. He accused me of stealing one of his ski poles. Now what would I do with a ski pole?"

She didn't give me a chance to suggest that the sharp end could be used on bill collectors.

"But in this case, the Princeton angle is only part of it. That girl Mr. Drayton is trying to take away from Mr. Lydecker, that Emily Adams, she's a very nice girl. I've known her father and mother since 1918 when they moved into that house up the street. Besides, I hate to see Mr. Lydecker lose out with her, because his cousin, Mr. George Lydecker, was one of the finest Yale men who ever lived in this house. Skull and Bones man. I'll never forget the wonderful mint julep party he gave after the

*(Continued on page 54)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MURDER

Exhaustion was creeping up on me. The girl in my arms was soft and relaxing—and now I could forget the sensational publicity, the doubt

**BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN**

**CONCLUDING A NOVEL OF TENDER LOVE AND DESPERATE CRIME**

*The Story:*

In spite of the fact that STEVE BLAKE, young engineer, has been acquitted of the murder of JEFF NULTY, ex-convict manager of the Casa Linda Night Club, Detective MARTY WALSH still thinks Steve is guilty. He also thinks Steve is guilty of the murders of CONCHITA MONTERO, a dancer, and PETE CONNOLLY, famous jockey.

Steve himself thinks all these murders are related, but his only lead is MRS. PATRICIA KINGSLEY. She perjured herself to save his life, and Steve is sure she is covering for someone, possibly her husband, REX KINGSLEY, an egotistic, crippled dancer who blames his wife for his lameness. Kingsley, formerly Jeff Nulty's assistant, is now manager of the Casa Linda Night Club, which is owned, along with the Casa Linda Apartments, by WADE RAMSAY. Ramsay's blond secretary, RUSTY MASON, turns out to be a former accomplice of Nulty's, and circumstances seem to indicate that she killed Nulty.

Rex Kingsley suddenly disappears, and secretly calls Steve from Victorville, a town about three hours away. Rex tells Steve he has documentary proof that will solve the murders, and asks Steve to come at once.

Steve and Pat drive out, but when they arrive at the appointed place, they find Rex Kingsley dead. They quickly send for Marty Walsh. Pat, free to talk now that Rex is dead, tells Steve and Walsh that her husband had confessed to killing Nulty.

Then Steve Blake cuts in with the astonishing statement that he doesn't think Rex Kingsley was the murderer, in spite of his confession.

WELL, I'll be a son of a gun!" Marty Walsh exclaimed, as the car slowed down to a meager twenty. "Stevie boy, I didn't know you had it in you."

"What?"

"To think so clear and talk so straight."

"I talked straight on the witness stand."

"What you said then didn't sound smart. This sounds even dumber."

"Why?"

"Because if Kingsley didn't kill Nulty, somebody else did. And Conchita and Connolly have been murdered since then. You haven't been tried for those killings. And nobody has even started asking you a lot of questions about whether you knocked Kingsley off."

Pat said sharply, "But he didn't. I was with him . . ."

"Sure. I know. The one thing you two got between you is alibis. Now mind you. I ain't accusing Steve. Maybe I don't even think he did any of these murders. But I agree with him that Kingsley didn't kill Nulty, and I'll go one step further. I'll say whoever killed that guy also killed Conchita and Pete Connolly."

I said, "You haven't gone far enough, Marty. Who killed Kingsley —and why?"

"Meaning if you didn't?"

"Yes."

"I'll be damned if I know. You got any ideas, Steve?"

I said I hadn't. Marty said, "I'm not jumping at any conclusions this time. The only thing I know for sure

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# HEAVY-DUTY CHAMPION

## STANDARD OF THE HIGHWAY

**FOR 16 YEARS more heavy-duty International Trucks have been bought by American commerce and industry than any other make.**

International Model KB-8-1—Standard of the Highway—is but one example of the *complete* International heavy-duty line.

The International KB-8-1 was put in operation by first buyers early this year. Over-the-road truck operators and drivers everywhere acclaim it—

**For its extra power to climb hills faster and maintain rigid schedules.**

**For its ability to carry more net payload, without exceeding its gross weight rating, than trucks with the same power but more chassis weight.**

For every truck job there is an International of the right type, size and power, beginning with half-ton pickups and extending to giant off-highway trucks with GVW ratings of 90,000 pounds for logging, mining, oil field service, and construction work.

The International Dealer or Branch nearby will be pleased to show you how Internationals can serve you profitably.

*Motor Truck Division*

**INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY • Chicago**

*Tune in James Melton on "Harvest of stars," CBS Wednesday Evening*

THIS EMBLEM IDENTIFIES GREAT TRUCKS

INTERNATIONAL

# INTERNATIONAL Trucks

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is that our prime suspect is out of the picture. Looks like I got to start all over, right from the beginning. Some of the trial will be pretty cold by now. And the most thing I can't figure is motive."

"If a person commits one murder—" I began.

"You're right, Steve. Kill one, and it's easy to go on from there. Somebody knows too much, somebody finds out something. You gotta protect yourself—that's the way the killer figures. He dopes it out that they can't execute him but once."

THE lieutenant had got himself all wound up. He kept right on going: "Take you, for instance, Stevie. I could think of plenty of motive if I wanted to. Like for instance, you could have killed Nulty. You maybe hid the gun in Rusty Mason's office. It might never be found, but if it was, it could point to the girl. Conchita found that gun. She knew it checked with yours. You couldn't tell whether she'd spill or whether she'd keep the info to herself. It all depended on what she wanted. Connolly had a quarrel with you. Maybe on account of him being in love with Rusty and the gun being in her office, he might have done some sharp thinking and hit on something. So you shoot him. By that time you've fallen for Mrs. Kingsley. You learn where Rex is hiding, drive up there and kill him—taking your alibi along. Like it?"

"Not much. How about Rusty?"

"Now you got something. Criminal tie-up with Nulty. She keeps the gun because it's yours. She could figure that it would point the finger straighter at you. Conchita I didn't get, but maybe I could toss up a good motive even there if I put my mind to it. Connolly and she had quarreled. He had received the clippings, and could have told her off. Not so bad, huh?"

"How did she know where to find Kingsley?"

"You ask the damnedest questions. So I'll ask a few, myself. Questions I got to find the answer to, sooner or later." He was talking impersonally, but his police brain was clicking merrily. "I think Kingsley hired the two hoods who beat you up. If so, why? If not, who did? If neither you nor Mrs. Kingsley killed Rex—how did whoever killed him know where to find him? If Rusty Mason killed Nulty, why did she keep the gun? I know I've given a couple of reasons, but they don't make a lot of sense, even to me. How much did Mario like Conchita and how much did he hate Nulty? Who would have any motive for killing Nulty except you and Rusty and Kingsley? And I don't think Kingsley's motive, the job business, is strong enough. Who is this guy Floyd Andrews? What's his real interest? Where does he fit into Nulty's life or Connolly's or Conchita's or Kingsley's? And one more thing, Steve . . . maybe you haven't thought of it . . . your pal Brian Garland has always been around when things were happening."

I said, "That's the first really ridiculous idea you've had."

"I guess so." He touched the accelerator and the car speeded up. "We're all three tuckered out. Tough night. But what I'm thinking is this: I'm gonna appreciate all the help I can get from here in. If you two are clean, you'd ought to be willing to help."

Pat and I said we'd be glad to.

"That's swell," Marty said. "Simply swell. Except that if I'm being kidded, by two mighty nice people—both of whom are right here in this car with me—those two nice people *could* wind up in San Quentin." . . .

It was seven o'clock when we reached the Casa Linda. Marty said, "Goodby for now," and rolled off.

Pat invited me in. Perhaps she was thinking of Rex, back there in San Bernardino. Perhaps she was thinking of me. Even at this hour of the morning, the apartment was lovely: It was everything an expensive apartment should be. I sat on the couch and beckoned to her. She understood what I meant. When she sat down, I put my arm around her.

I said, "I know this isn't the time or the place to make love to you, but I'm doing it, anyway."

I kissed her. Her arms went around my neck, and she clung tight. There didn't seem to be anything wrong with the picture, and there was a great deal that was right with it.

She hadn't been in love with Rex. Not for a long time. Loyal, yes; but not in love. She had experienced an emotion which was more shock than grief. She had been pushed around. She needed comforting. I did what I could. The fact that there was lots of daylight outside seemed to make it quite respectable.

"We ran out of olives, but fortunately there was some olive oil"

COLLIER'S CLAUDE

It was good to be together this way. I'd wanted it so much and had fought against it so hard. I had begun by being suspicious of her. Even yet I couldn't have sworn that she was in the clear. But that didn't matter any more. Not too much, anyway.

We didn't talk much, but what we did say had nothing to do with what we'd just been through. We probably sounded like a couple of high-school kids caught in the rip tide of a first love. Each affectionate cliché assumed the magnitude of a profound utterance. I was learning a lot of things about being in love, and I liked them all.

IT HAD to end. And it did—at eight o'clock. We were both exhausted. I kissed her, once for good night and once for good morning. We agreed to phone each other as soon as we'd grabbed some sleep or had discovered that we couldn't. I closed her door and stepped out.

A man was leaning against the wall, near the elevator. He didn't seem surprised to see me walk out of Pat Kingsley's room at that hour. He didn't look shocked.

It was Floyd Andrews. I hoped he wouldn't crack wise. I needn't have worried. He stopped in front of my door and waited for me to get there. He said cheerfully, "Good morning, Blake."

I said good morning. I wondered what he was doing there, and how long he'd been playing watchdog in the hall. He said, "I'd like to talk. May I go in with you?"

I shook my head. "Sorry, Andrews. Not this morning, please."

"It's about Rex Kingsley's murder," he said quietly.

This lad could say the most surprising things. "What do you know about that?"

"Not much. Just what's in the papers under a San Bernardino date line."

"Whatever you've got to say, it'll keep." I didn't want to talk to him. I didn't want to discuss murder any more. I was sick and tired of it. All I wanted was to be let alone, so I could concentrate on adding up how much I was in love. I said, "You been up all night, Andrews?"

"Nope. Had a good sleep. But I can't prove it."

No use wasting time on this guy. He was primed for it. I wasn't. He'd probably figured out every answer. It would take a lad who was much smarter than I—and much more wide awake—to learn anything worth knowing. I said, "If you want to talk about Rex Kingsley, call Lieutenant Walsh."

He said, "Look, Steve—there are things I've got to know . . ."

"I'll tell you only two," I said. "Pat Kingsley had nothing to do with his death. Neither did I."

I unlocked my door. The last thing I saw before I closed it was Floyd Andrews looking at me reproachfully. Well, I felt reproachful, too. He had gummed up some of my new exaltation. I got my clothes off, opened a window and shoved myself under the blankets. The next thing I knew it was two o'clock. I peeked outside my door, but the hallway was empty. Nobody there. Not even Floyd Andrews; he was slipping.

The next several days combined happiness, discomfort and downright misery. The happiness came from Pat. She didn't pretend a grief which she did not feel. When we were alone—which was as often as I could wangle it—she was marvelous. We didn't question each other. The rest of the world was attending to that: detectives, newspapermen and private citizens who said they were friends and just wanted to help.

There was a trip to San Bernardino for the inquest. There was a funeral which I didn't attend. There was a long conference with my boss, who was quite sympathetic, but who conveyed the impression that he thought I might possibly be overdoing this homicide thing. He told me not to worry about anything and to call on him for whatever I might need. He didn't hint that I had outlived my usefulness as a research engineer. He didn't ask any embarrassing questions.

I was alone a great part of the time. I did a lot of thinking. I was back at the beginning of things. My bumper crop of theories had to be discarded, now that Rex Kingsley was dead. What I wanted to know was who had killed him, and why. Not much to ask. Just something which was puzzling the entire Los Angeles police department.

I knew that if I discovered who had killed Rex Kingsley and why, I had the answer. I was certain of two things: first, that Rex had not committed any of the murders, and second, that he had known the identity of the guilty person.

MY GUESS was that things had got too hot for him. He probably figured that he was next, and recent developments proved his figuring correct.

He had run away. He probably had intended to keep going. But before dropping out of sight altogether, he had decided to tell the truth to someone. Perhaps he figured that the guilty person would be brought to justice. No matter how deeply that involved Kingsley, it would leave him physically safe. Once the danger of being murdered was removed, he could even have figured to return to Los Angeles, face whatever was in store for him and regard it as a better bargain than living in fear of being killed.

But something had slipped. The murderer had learned where Kingsley was hiding. He had taken advantage of the extra time to get first to Cajón Pass, and to kill the man who was about to toss him to the wolves.

I had been trained to think precisely. I had a mathematical mind. I could reduce everything to equations. I started doing it now.

I listed everything I knew about the case. I started at the beginning and worked right through to the night on Cajón Pass when I had helped to find Rex Kingsley's body. I felt certain that whoever had killed Rex had also killed Jeff Nulty, Conchita Montero and Pete Connolly. Whoever it was had a lot of desperate courage.

I had a hunch that the answer was right there, if only I could see it. Little by little I remembered every detail, every gesture, every scrap of conversation. I was looking for the thing which fitted all the murders. I was looking for the unknown factor, the X of my equation.

It was like working at the plant, except that it was more important. In research work, you acquire infinite patience. You learn that it is okay to be wrong a thousand times if only you're right once. You take your failures in stride and keep reaching out for the elusive element.

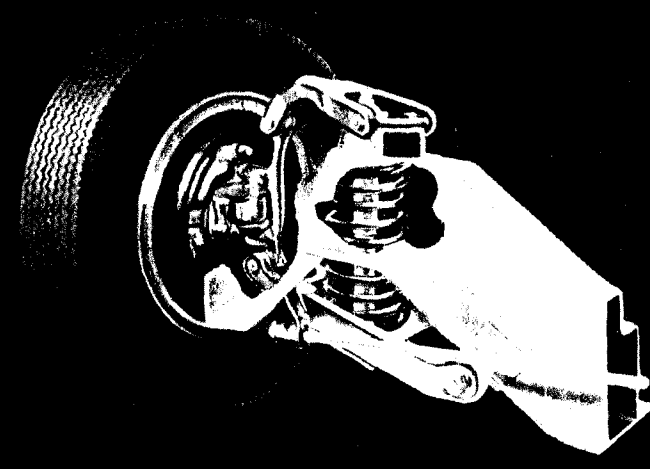
It's there, if you can only see it. When you're working at the plant, you're never sure. You're reaching for something which might not exist. But this thing *does* exist. You're sure that someone you know committed these murders. You've been with these people, you've watched them, listened to them. All you need is a hint. Is your unknown factor a man or a woman? What was the basic motive? What predates Jeff Nulty's death? Who wanted to kill that stocky ex-convict and saw the golden opportunity when you quarreled with him and threatened to kill him? Who worked fast then, get-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

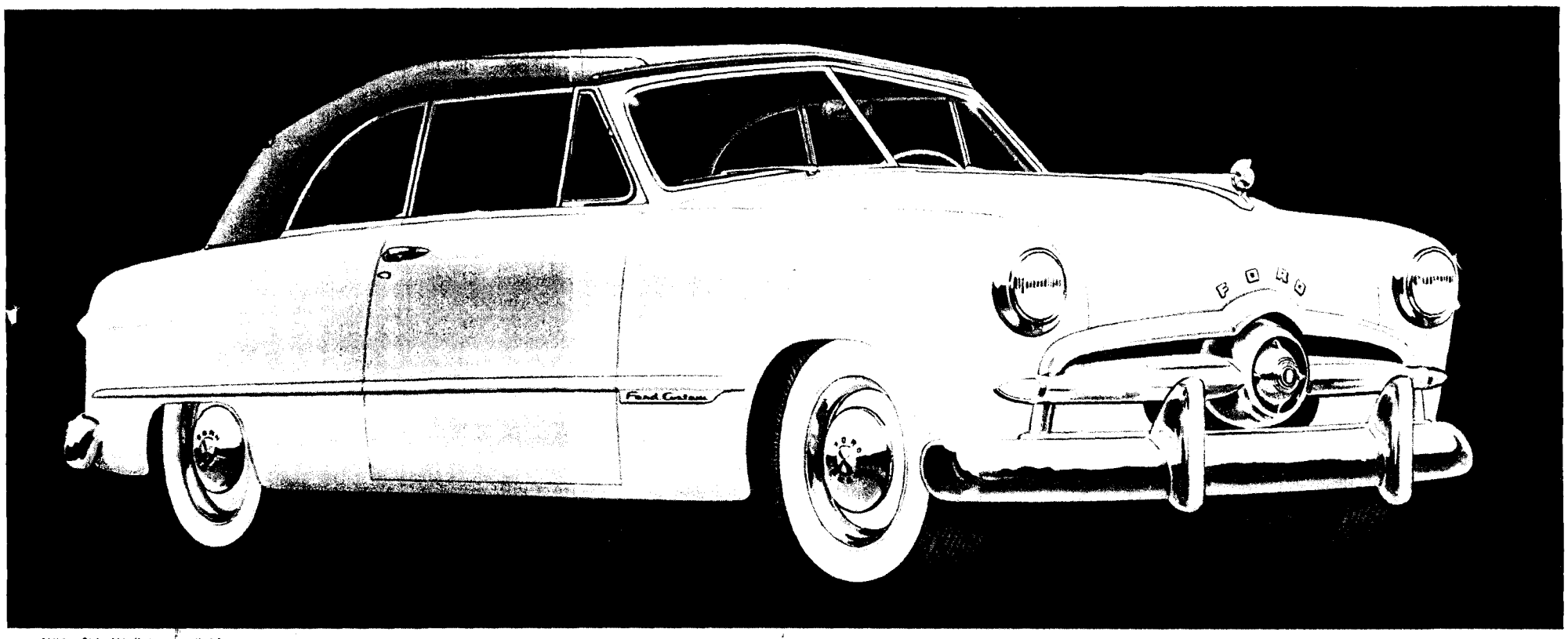
# N:W

## THE CAR OF THE YEAR . . . THE ONE AND ONLY NEW CAR IN ITS FIELD!



Inside, outside, the Ford Forty-Niner is completely new! "Dream car" silhouette . . . 10 new colors that keep that "Showroom Complexion". . . lots of room for six . . . "Picture Window" Visibility all around! New springs, front and rear . . . new "Magic Action" King-Size Brakes . . . choice of two new engines, V-8 or Six. Savings up to 10% on gasoline—up to 25% with Overdrive!* See "The Car of the Year" at your Ford Dealer's today!

*Optional at extra cost




White Side Wall tires available at extra cost.

New "Mid Ship" Ride in level center section where the going's smoothest . . . plus new "Hydra-Coil" Front Springs, "Para-Flex" Rear Springs built parallel to the frame. Yes, in the new Ford you get the ride of the year!

There's a NEW Ford in your future

# FORD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ting into your apartment, stealing your gun and setting you up as the patsy?

It was tough going. I tried to maintain a clinical attitude. With Pat Kingsley in the background—and a lot closer than that very frequently—it wasn't easy. I wondered whether the X factor might center in her, whether the fact that I was in love with her might not be blinding me to the obvious. And then, after six days and nights of work, almost a week during which I didn't go near the plant, didn't think about aerodynamics, an idea hit. Just the faintest, most elusive, most intangible of thoughts. A sentence casually spoken, not really an idea, merely a hunch.

I felt myself quivering inside. I had felt it before when weeks and months of ceaseless concentration had brought a hunch that promised results. I sat up most of the night thinking about it.

I went downtown to see Brian Garland. He was busy, but I dragged him away from his work. I didn't tell him what I wanted, gave no hint of where I hoped I was headed. He kidded me about being so mysterious. He wanted to know why I wasn't content to let the police do police work.

He went with me to the Hall of Records, where he knew his way around and I didn't. I asked him about a lawyer named George Lamar Grandin, and Brian laughed that off. Grandin had been dead since the summer of 1944. We stuck around the Hall of Records for a long time. We spent the afternoon together. Brian Garland was beginning to look worried. He was also more than slightly fed up with me. He accused me of having become a monomaniac. He asked why the hell I wasn't content to leave well enough alone.

BRIAN went with me to the home of a friend of his. This friend lived out in Sherman Oaks. He was a hobbyist and a rich one. His hobby was scale-model electric trains. He was a nut about them. I got him talking about his hobby, and about electrical gadgets in general. I stuck around a long time while this man talked and ran his little trains for us and explained remote control and automatic coupling. When we left there, Garland was supremely disgusted. "It's got you," he said. "Escape mechanism. You've been flirting with tragedy so long, you've suddenly got to play with toys yet."

I took my theories home with me. Pat called up and wanted to know where I'd been keeping myself. I told her I was busy. I told her I loved her, but that I needed to be by myself for a while longer. I got into a lounging robe and sat at my desk. Papers spread all over it, all the notes I'd been making for a week. All the hopes, all the disappointments.

My idea was there. Now I was merely giving it the test. Was the theory sound? Was it certain? By two in the morning I decided that I wasn't sure, that perhaps I'd never be sure. Certainly not unless Lieutenant Marty Walsh would play ball.

At nine o'clock I was at City Hall. Homicide Division. Marty was there. I said I wanted to talk to him alone. He took me into Room 42, which was a bare space containing a table, a few chairs and some blank walls.

Marty was a wonderful listener. That's the basic tenet of a good cop's credo: As long as the sucker will talk, let him do it. When I finished, he said, "Steve, you're as nutty as a fruitcake. But maybe you got something."

"Will you play along, Marty?"

"Sure. What can I lose? On just what you've told me, we couldn't make it stick. This way, the quarry might be flushed."

"When?" I asked.

"Saturday night? That ought to be good. I'll get Bert Lane to help out." His eyes held an eager, hopeful gleam. "This may not work," he said, "but we'll have a lot of fun trying it."

"It'll work, Marty. It's got to."

He walked down the corridor with me. Just before we said goodby, he asked one question; asked it with an earnestness which bothered me. "You won't even tell Mrs. Kingsley about this?"

"I won't tell even her," I promised. And as I walked away from him, I began to worry about his insistence.

I'VE never acted in a play. I've never produced one. But I've read about opening-night jitters, and that was what I was feeling now. This little scheme of mine was either going to work or it wasn't. If it did, we'd know before morning just who killed Jeff Nulty and the others. We'd know why. But if the scheme didn't work, I'd be up the creek without a paddle. I might even be in jail.

Marty was playing it my way, but he wasn't sold 100 per cent. He figured my idea was solid enough to try. He probably figured also that I might simply be playing cute. It was complimentary in a way, but not calculated to fill me with good cheer and optimism.

His friendly attitude driving back from San Bernardino hadn't fooled me for little green apples. Marty Walsh was a smart cop He had started this thing by building a good case against me and then having it blow up on the strength of what he now knew was perjured testimony. If things went wrong, I'd be behind the eight ball and still visible to the naked eye.

I kept in touch with Marty Saturday afternoon and during the early part of the evening. You'd have thought we were fraternity brothers, we were that cordial. But neither of us was fooled for one little instant. We knew this was the pay-off or else.

We wanted certain folks to be at the Casa Linda that night. I assured Marty we could rely on Floyd Andrews. That lad had stuck to me closer than a lonely flea to a long-haired dog. If I spent Saturday night at the club, so would Floyd Andrews. You could bet that one straight across the board.

Mario would be there. It was his job, he'd have to be there. Marty had suggested checking on Vince Mabry, the dapper, temperamental little orchestra leader. That didn't make much sense to me, but Marty argued that nothing else made sense either, so I checked on Vince.

I had a little trouble with Pat. She said she wanted to be with me, but why couldn't we make it somewhere else? The atmosphere of the Club Casa Linda wasn't calculated to fill her with joy. I told her I had reasons, but didn't tell her what the reasons were. I promised that if she'd spend the evening down there with me, I'd never invite her to the Casa Linda again.

Even then she showed no enthusiasm. Sitting through a show there, a show which wasn't conducted by Rex Kingsley and in which Conchita wouldn't dance or sing—that wasn't going to be easy. But she finally gave in. She was so reluctant that I experienced a few moments of fright. I had made valiant promises to run this thing down if I could. I had my own ideas, but that didn't mean they were right. Things could conceivably work out badly for Pat.

I invited Brian Garland to be my guest. I told him we'd be a party of three: Pat, himself and me. I said I'd furnish him with all the Scotch he wanted, and he assured me that that was an impossibility, but that if I'd promise him all he could consume, he'd be there. Any time after ten o'clock.

Rusty Mason presented a problem that I couldn't solve. I was no longer on her eligible list. I didn't dare approach her. But she had to be among those present. I called Marty, and he gave it some thought. Finally he said, "I got an idea. Get Wade Ramsay to bring her."

"How'll I do that?"

"You're a friend of his. Tell him something's cooking and we want her downstairs. He's her boss. He can work it."

I said I'd try. I rode up to the penthouse, and told Ramsay what Lieutenant Walsh wanted. That was late afternoon. He said he didn't see much sense to it, but if Walsh thought he could crack the case, he'd string along. He said, "But why is he so anxious to get Rusty down there? Does he think she's the one?"

I said, "I don't know what he thinks. And I certainly don't put too much stock in what he says."

Ramsay called Rusty Mason while I was still there. He talked in a solicitous, fatherly manner. He said she'd been doing herself lots of no good recently—which meant since the night Pete Connolly was killed. He said he was prescribing a remedy and intended to supervise the first dose. He insisted that she let him pick her up, take her to dinner somewhere and then move back to the Club Casa Linda for the last show. From his end of the conversation, I figured she said no, but after a while she gave in.

I stuck around a while, smoked a couple of Ramsay's cigarettes and then checked out. I went downstairs, dolled myself up for whatever was coming and then gave Pat a buzz. Wade Ramsay's approach to Rusty had given me an idea. I invited Pat for dinner, just us two.

WE ATE downtown at a place where the food was superlative. We used up a lot of time getting there, getting a table, getting back. The first show had just ended when we walked into the Casa Linda and seated ourselves at the table which Mario had reserved for me. Brian Garland was at the bar, getting a head start on his week-end inebriation. He never actually got drunk, and he never missed it too far. He joined us at the table. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes bright, his manner just a little louder than might have been correct for a brilliant young attorney.

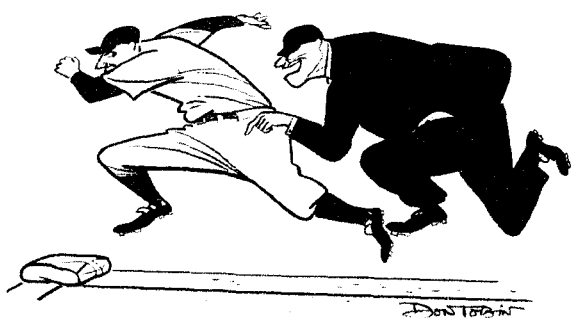
Marty Walsh was nowhere around. He wasn't supposed to be. I knew where Marty was, and when he was supposed to enter the scene.

But Lieutenant Bert Lane of the Hollywood Detective Bureau was very much in evidence. He was the keyman of this trap which I had built and Marty had baited. Lane was the come-on. On the excellence of his performance the success or failure of the whole plan depended.

Lane was supposed to pretend to be drunk. He was supposed to let himself become a trifle boisterous, very friendly and much too talkative. Especially too talkative. It was his job to make certain persons believe that he was spilling a lot of information which shouldn't be told. Before we'd settled ourselves solidly and given our order, I saw that Lane was on the ball. So much on the ball that I was afraid he'd either overplayed his hand or underestimated his capacity. You couldn't miss his long, lanky figure. He was wearing a neat gray suit, a blue shirt and a blue tie. His sparse hair was just enough disarranged to give a who-the-hell-cares impression.

When I first saw him, he was sitting with Floyd Andrews at a corner table. That part of his job was easy. Lane had been in on this thing almost from the beginning. All the murder suspects knew him; they'd never think it was odd that he'd seek them out and bore them with too much conversation.

He spotted us and waved gaily. He looked as though he was having himself a hell of a time. He got up and moved toward where we three were sitting. He didn't weave. He didn't overdo anything. On the way he encountered Mario. Lane's sharp-featured face broke into a grin of delight. He clapped the little man on the shoulder and started talking. Mario looked interested. Lane shook his head a couple of times—coyly—as though he really didn't want to tell. Then he bent over and whispered some-



DON TOBIN

## SPORTING ODDS

**One of the famous umpires of the past was Joe Cantillion, and one of the players who rode umpires to the limit was Dick Cooley. Their arguments went on for years until one day, against Chicago, Cooley slashed a long drive deep into center field. The ball looked like a cinch to clear Bill Lange, Chicago center fielder, and Cooley rounded first with his head down, intent upon scoring an inside-the-park homer.**

**Cantillion raced with him on the infield side. "Touch second!" he yelled. "Touch second, or I'll call you out!" Cooley rounded second and headed for third. "Touch third!" shouted Cantillion. "Be sure to touch third!" Cooley touched third and headed for home. Cantillion was still right with him, screaming: "Touch home when you slide! Touch home and don't spike the catcher!"**

**Cooley went across home plate with a beautiful head-first dive. He got up, brushed himself off and waited for the applause of the fans. But Cantillion walked up to him and said: "Sit down, you big stiff—you're out on a fly ball to center field."**

**—Douglas Moore, South Gate, California**

**COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Contributions cannot be returned.)**



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# An American Original

## Golden Discovery

***1848-1948***

An epic in history... "the gold rush" in California one hundred years ago. This American Original discovery opened the West to population and trade.

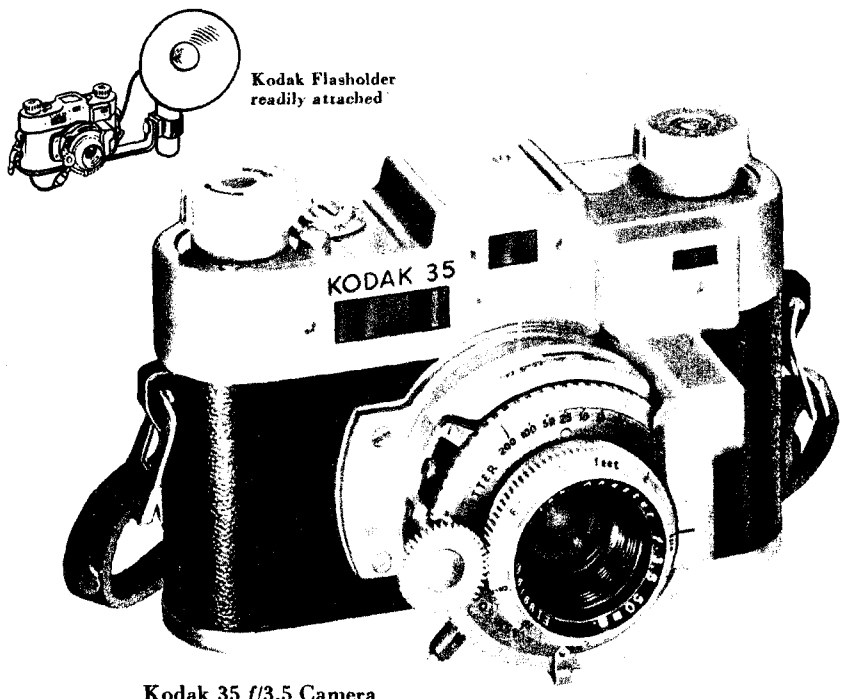
An American Original
Seagram's
Ancient Bottle
distilled dry Gin
A pale golden gin of rare mellowness and superb bouquet made by an original and exclusive method... the first pale golden gin of its kind ever made in America
...distilled & bottled by
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc.
Lawrenceburg, Indiana

*Panning gold in California of the '40's. Painted by Dean Cornwell for The House of Seagram.*

Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin is a modern American Original... the first gin of its kind ever distilled in this country. *Naturally* golden, *naturally* smoother, because nothing but patience is added in the exclusive process by which it is made. Millions are making *this* golden discovery—just ask anyone who's tasted it!

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




Kodak 35 *f*/3.5 Camera
with Range Finder

# Kodak "miniatures" for the finest

# Color Pictures

## anyone could want...

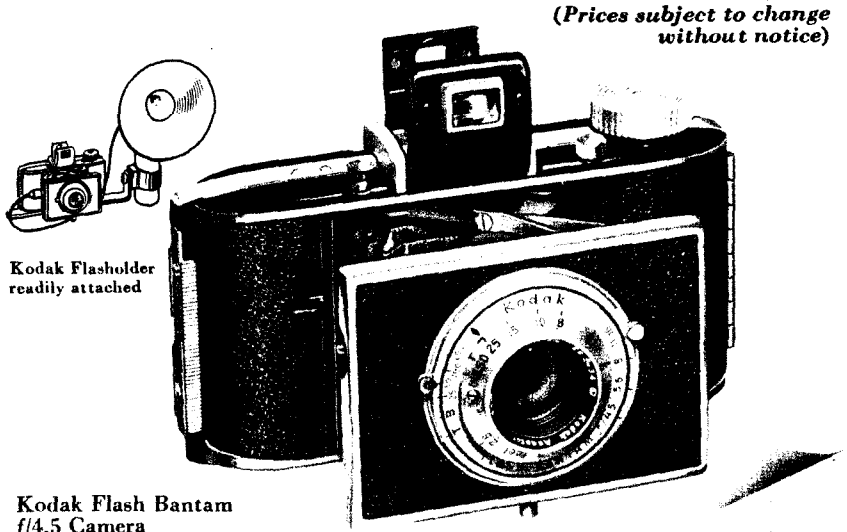
**. . . and they're by no means among the top-price cameras**

Both of these fine, modern, medium-priced "miniatures" make splendid full-color Kodachrome transparencies. You project them on a home screen . . . and have big, beautiful Kodachrome Prints made from them. You can get black-and-white pictures, too, of course—from crisp, clear little negatives made on black-and-white Kodak Films.

(above) **Kodak 35 *f*/3.5 Camera with Range Finder** The split-field range finder helps you focus instantly, accurately. Kodak Anastar *f*/3.5 *Lumenized* Lens; 1/200-second Flash Kodamatic Shutter. Double-exposure prevention. Automatic exposure counter, automatic film stop, automatic shutter cocking. $75 plus tax. Kodak Flasholder, $9.50 plus tax.

(below) **Kodak Flash Bantam *f*/4.5 Camera** Hardly a handful. It's the smallest of the Kodak miniatures. Weighs only 13 ounces: only 4⅝ inches wide. Kodak Anastar *f*/4.5 *Lumenized* Lens; 1/200-second shutter, synchronized for "flash" up to 1/100. Body shutter release, film-stop mechanism. $50 plus tax. Kodak Flasholder, $9.50 plus tax. At your Kodak dealer's. EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.

*(Prices subject to change without notice)*




Kodak Flash Bantam
*f*/4.5 Camera

*"Kodak" is a trade-mark*

Kodak

COLLIER'S

"Just a minute! Aren't you the people whose horn got stuck last week?"

BARNEY TOBEY

thing. Mario looked startled. Lane nodded emphatically, Mario gave an expressive Spanish shrug. They talked some more. Then Lane slapped him on the back again and moved off. Mario stood watching him, a worried, speculative light in his eyes.

Now the elongated, red-faced detective lieutenant from Hollywood was at our table. He said, "Don't get up, folks —don't think of it. I'll just siddown in passing."

He lowered himself into a chair which he snitched from the next table. He did it with the meticulous care of a person who isn't quite certain whether he can stand a few more, but is willing to try.

He exuded friendliness. The grin he gave us was so foolish that I wondered whether Marty Walsh hadn't picked the wrong actor. I invited him to drink with us. He said, "Been drinkin' with everybody. Everybody wonderful to me. Nice people here. They treat cops swell."

"What'll you have, Lieutenant?"

"Nothing." He shook his head in solemn reproof. "Regulations say can't drink while on duty. I'm on duty." He stopped and gave it a mental going-over. "Yep! I'm on duty. Only I ain't. I'm a watchdog, but what I'm watching is asleep. So I don't have to watch too hard. Get it?"

We said we got it, but we didn't. At least Pat Kingsley and Brian Garland looked bewildered.

"I'm on duty, but got no duty to do. So I can drink. Sherry."

A DANCING couple, oblivious to everything but their enjoyment of the dance, bumped into our table. Pat said, "Oh!" Brian reached out quickly to keep her drink from spilling, and the masculine member of the couple stopped to apologize. In the brief moment of distraction, Lieutenant Lane looked me straight in the eye and gave me a barely perceptible wink. That made me feel better. So he wasn't out on his feet; so it really was an act that hadn't been made too realistic. The guy was superb.

The sherry was brought. Bert raised his glass. He said, "Here's to crime. Here's to all the free drinks it gets me."

Brian Garland leaned across the table. He said, "What was that about being on duty, Lieutenant?"

Lane shook his head. "Top-secret," he stated. "Very 'ficial."

"Aw! Don't be that way." Garland was insistent. Too insistent, I thought. "What's up?"

Lane beamed at us. "All friends, huh?"

"Yes. We're buddies."

"Won't tell secrets?"

Brian promised. Lane lowered his voice so it wouldn't carry beyond the table. "Tomorrow morning," he said impressively, "tomorrow morning we crack this case wide open. Comes the dawn, we identify the person who did all those killings." He looked grieved. "Very naughty person," he finished.

Pat said sharply, "How can you be sure, Lieutenant?"

"Witness," whispered Bert Lane. He pointed to his eye. "Eyewitness."

"You mean . . . ?" Garland again.

"We've got a man who saw the killing of Rex Kingsley. Saw it with his own eyes. Saw the killer drive away. Tomorrow morning he identifies positively. Boom! Like that! Case all closed. Then I go back to detecting who stole somebody's hubcaps."

"If you've got an eyewitness," asked Pat Kingsley, "why do you wait until morning?"

"Old man," explained Bert Lane. "Very old man. Somebody's grandfather, at least. Maybe great-grandfather. Maybe a real ancestor. Awful old. He drove all the way down from Victorville this afternoon. Doin' his duty as a citizen. Fine ol' ancestor. Only he's sick. He's real sick. So sick when he got here, he couldn't identify anybody. Wasn't even sure who he was. All in. Doctor said sort of temporary physical corrapse. But in the morning—" he waggled a finger. "In the morning, he'll be fine. Then he'll show us who did it."

Garland said, "Where is he?"

"Here! Right here in the Casa Linda. You know the apartment on the mezzanine where Jeff Nulty was killed. Tha's where he is. The doc gave him a shot. Big shot. Out like a light. Gi'm strength for his ordeal tomorrow. Identifyin' is a tough job. But until then, he doesn't know anything." He reached for his sherry. "I'm guarding him."

"You're *what?*"

"Guarding him. Only he's sleeping, so why should I stay in there? He ain't gonna wake up tonight. Not a chance."

Brian asked with marked interest, "Who knows the man is here?"



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Nobody," answered the tall detective. "Not a single soul except just us and the police department."

"How'd you get him in without being seen?"

"Smart cops. We do anything. All the time. Got trade secrets. But you're my friends. So listen: We smuggled him in. Ssssssh. Like that."

Brian asked, "How?"

"Service entrance. Waited until nobody was lookin'. Then into the building and to the room. Very special police trick. Top secret." His voice got warmly confidential. "But don't you tell this man. Don't you tell him."

"Don't tell him what?"

"That he's sleeping right in the apartment where Jeff Nulty got murdered. You mustn't tell him that. Promise?"

We promised.

"Cross your hearts?"

We crossed our hearts. Then Lane got up. He said he had to see all his old friends. He didn't want to disappoint anybody. He said he'd see us later. He disappeared in the crowd. I wanted to applaud. If he was giving each of the suspects as good a performance as he'd given us, things stood a better-than-even chance of jelling.

I didn't see him again until the last show got under way. Then, during the roller-skating act, I saw him at the table with Wade Ramsay and Rusty Mason. He was having a glass of sherry. He was waving his long arms and talking earnestly and confidentially, the same foolish grin on his cheerful Wisconsin countenance. Rusty was taking it all in. Every time he'd stop talking she'd start. Questions. You could tell it by the way she leaned forward, by the tension which showed in her splendid body.

The show ended at one thirty. The guests started paying their checks and moving toward the exit. I saw Lieutenant Lane talking to Mario. The little man seemed worried. He put Lane's arm around his shoulders and started across the floor with him.

The detective was having difficulty. He got almost to the middle of the deserted floor. His eyes looked glassy, his face blank. He removed his arm from Mario's shoulders, drew himself up to a dignified six feet, swayed alarmingly, spun . . . and fell flat on his face.

This was the topper, the perfect curtain. The fall was sickeningly realistic. Lieutenant Lane lay on the polished dance floor, stiff as a poker.

Mario didn't seem to know what to do. He hovered over the prostrate figure of the detective, wringing his hands. Brian Garland and I went over to see what we could do. Pat came along and stood behind us. I saw Floyd Andrews watching from just inside the entrance to the bar.

Brian Garland motioned toward the office that had once been used by Rex Kingsley and before that by Jeff Nulty. He said, "Isn't there a couch in there?" and Mario said yes.

"Why don't we drag him in? He won't wake up till morning."

It was an excellent suggestion. I was supposed to have made it, but Brian had beaten me to it. I walked over to where Ramsay was sitting with Rusty. I paid no attention to her, and she returned the compliment. I asked Wade whether we could put the lieutenant in the corner office until he slept it off. He agreed.

It still wasn't an easy job. We tossed Lane on the couch, removed his coat and shoes, and loosened his collar. Mario snapped off the lights and we all left.

THE club was virtually empty. Bus boys were cleaning up, and workers were starting to pile tables and chairs in preparation for the onslaughts of the cleaning women. Rusty Mason, Wade Ramsay and Floyd Andrews had disappeared. Vince Mabry and his boys had long since left the bandstand. Brian Garland said good night, and I took Pat upstairs. I kissed her good night. I did it right in the hall, where anybody who happened along could see. But nobody saw, and so I did it again. She went into her apartment and closed the door. I went into mine and did the same thing.

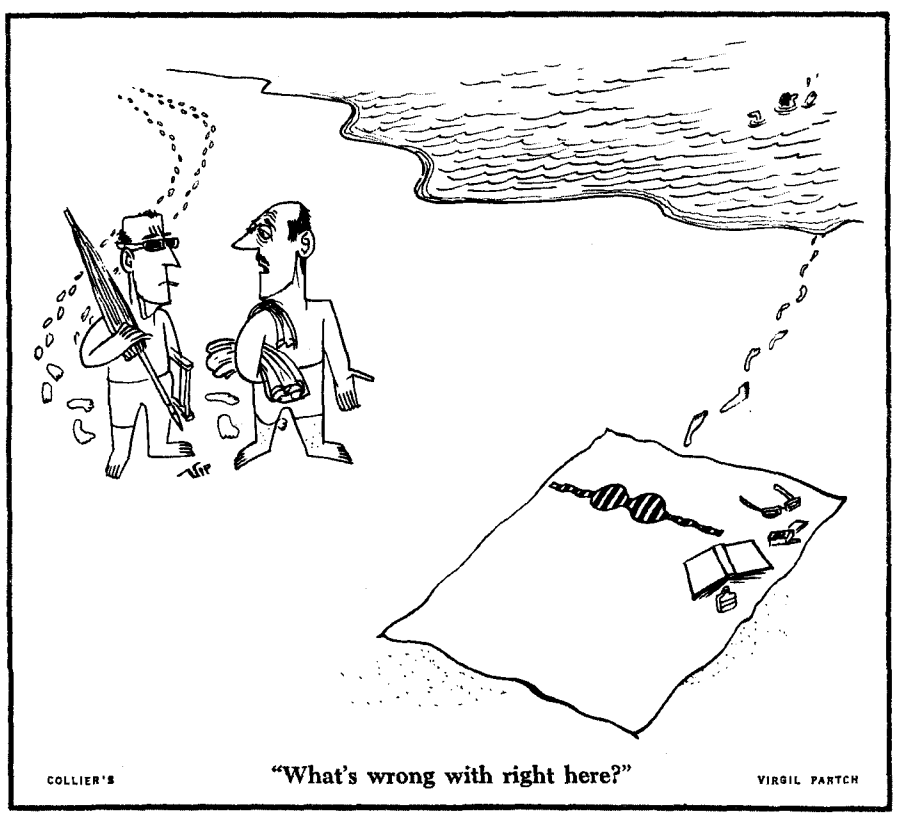
I doused my face in cold water. I waited perhaps ten minutes. Then I eased out of my apartment, walked to the fire steps and went downstairs. I went out through the garage. I walked around the corner and said hello to Marty Walsh, who looked cold but eager.

I gave him a full report. I told him how wonderful Lane had been. He said he had known it would be that way. Lane was one of their best men.

We waited a half hour out there in the cold. Then Marty produced a couple of master keys. He unlocked the door of the service entrance. We pussyfooted up the dark back stairs to the mezzanine. Another master key let us into Jeff's apartment. We left the door unlocked. There wasn't any witness in the apartment. There never had been.

I was jumpy as a cat. The chips were down. Nothing to do but wait and hope and wonder.

Marty and I sat in the bathroom on a



"What's wrong with right here?"

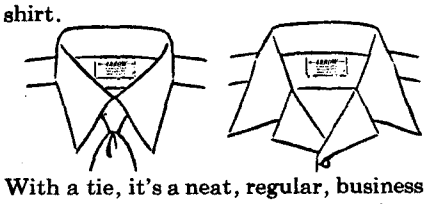
COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH


Same Man !

Same Shirt !

What's the catch ?

**No catch!** We just want to remind you that the famous Arrow Gordon "Doubler" is a marvelous "work-or-play" shirt.



With a tie, it's a neat, regular, business shirt. Take off the tie, open the top button, it's a comfortable, *smart* sports shirt! And (unlike some others of its species) the "Doubler" is made in *your correct neck size and sleeve length!*

This makes the "Doubler" the greatest 2-in-1 buy we know of. Of quality Oxford cloth, and, like every other Arrow Shirt, it is trade-marked *Sanforized* ("fabric shrinkage less than 1%"). At your Arrow dealer's. **$3.95**

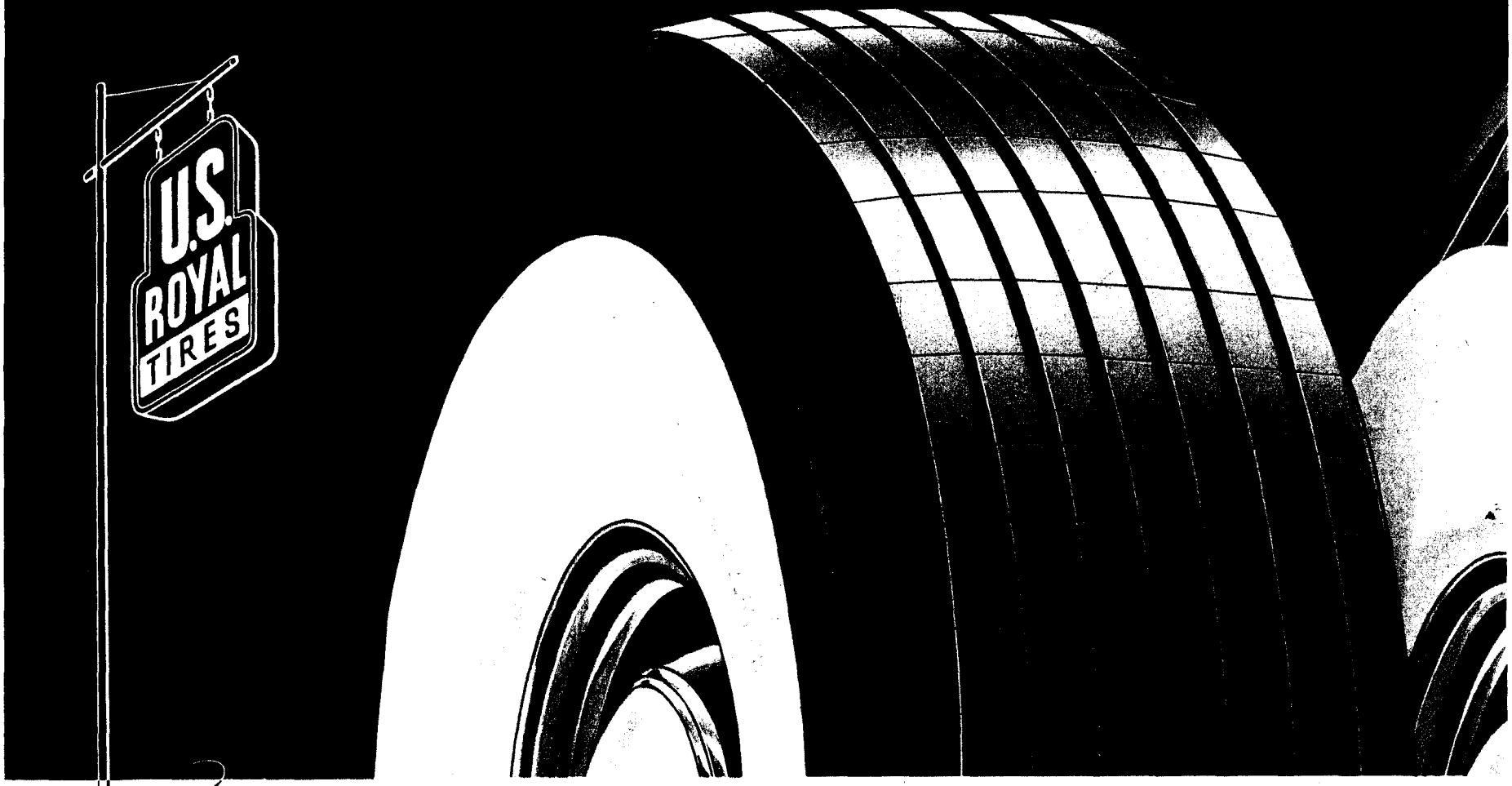
*Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

ARROW "DOUBLER" SHIRTS




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *The finest tires you can*

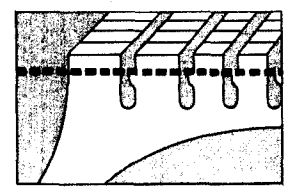



**Today's U. S. Royals have pioneered and perfected the finest tire performance you have ever known.**

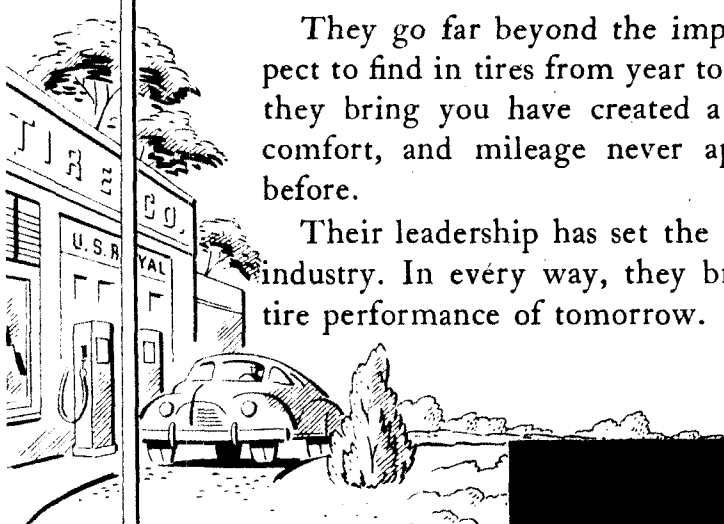
They go far beyond the improvements you expect to find in tires from year to year. The advances they bring you have created a standard of safety, comfort, and mileage never approached by tires before.

Their leadership has set the pace for the entire industry. In every way, they bring you *today* the tire performance of tomorrow.

## U. S. ROYAL *Master*



**Up to 60% More Safe, Soft Miles!** Through the years, car-owners have accorded the Master a position all its own—the finest in tire quality it is possible to obtain. Now, this great tire adds new low-pressure comfort to its unmatched De-skidded Safety. And its deeper Tempered Rubber tread can be renewed to give up to 60% more anti-skid miles! Your U. S. Dealer is ready to provide this service to retain full safety to the last mile.

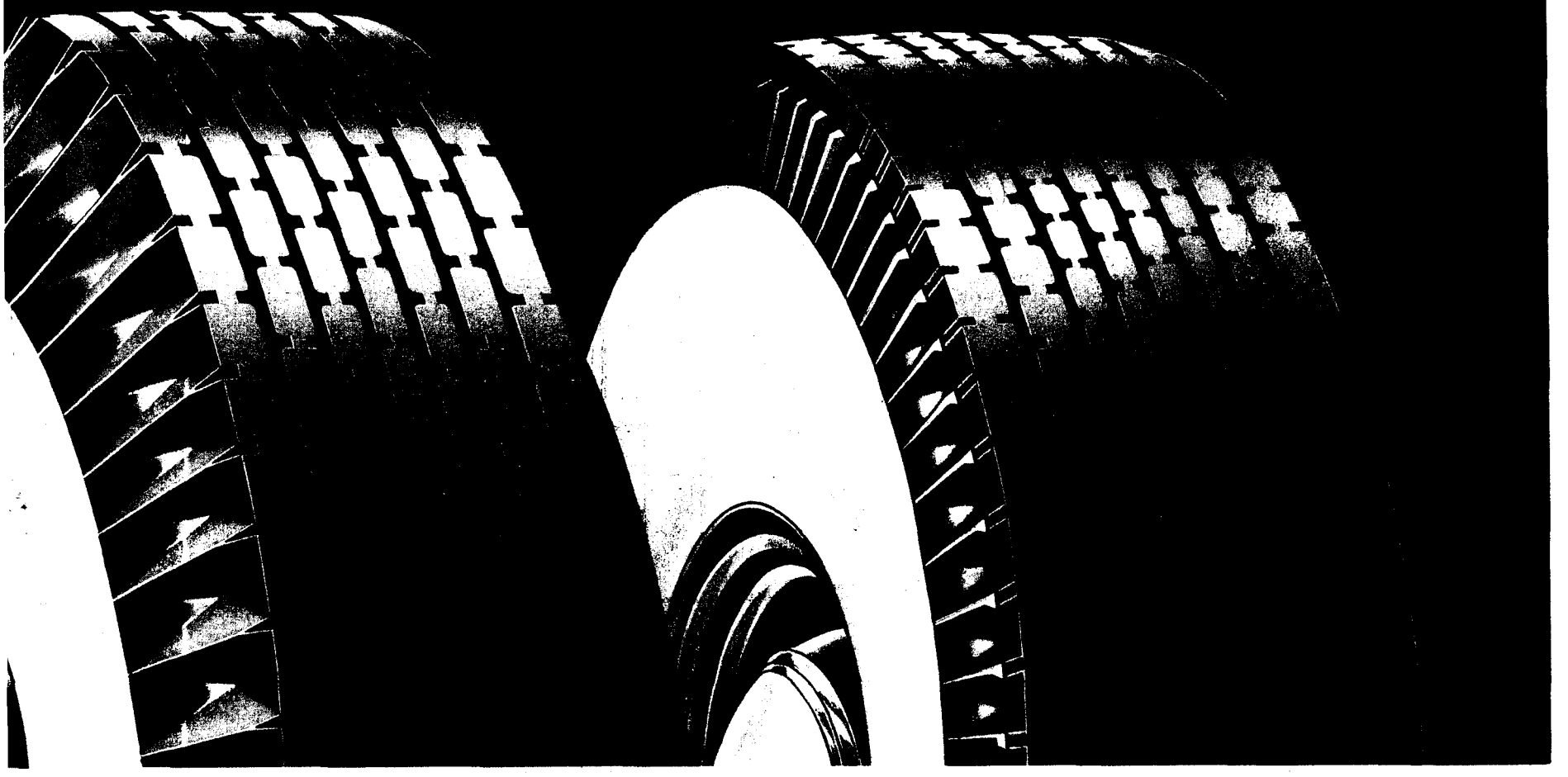


*Your U. S. Dealer's specialized tire care and USCAP tread renewing service assure you every extra mile of safety and comfort built into U. S. ROYALS.*

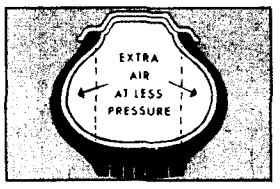
# U. S. ROYALS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *buy are* U.S. ROYALS

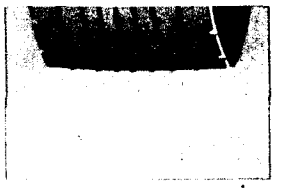


## U. S. ROYAL *Air Ride*




**Low-Pressure Tire That Fits Your Present Wheels.** Here is that revolutionary tire you have been hearing so much about—the tire that brought America the amazing low-pressure principle. Since its introduction two years ago, car-builders *and* tire-builders have called it the greatest tire development in over a decade. Its 25% greater cushioning incredibly increases riding comfort. And, like Royal Masters, it fits your present wheels.

## U. S. ROYAL *De Luxe*



**America's Outstanding Tire Value.** Year after year, this great U. S. Royal has been chosen by leading automotive engineers for their new cars. Year after year, it has proved itself the standard in fine tire value. Today, its new, extra-wide 8-rib tread delivers up to 40% more miles than pre-war tires. And you still pay pre-war prices. See your U. S. Tire Dealer. Select your next tire from today's finest tires—U. S. ROYALS.

# *by* U.S. RUBBER

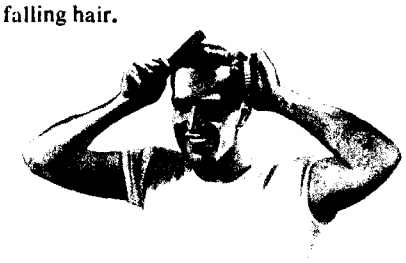
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Working Out with Sonny Kiefer

*World's backstroke swimming champion*

**No matter how much swimming and sunning I do, the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" keeps my hair tip-top! After every sun-and-water session I take...**

**"50 seconds to massage."** Massaging Vitalis' pure vegetable oil on scalp protects hair from drying effects of sun, wind, water. Routs loose dandruff. Helps check excessive falling hair.



**"10 seconds to comb."** Now hair is no longer dull, brittle, hard to handle. Has no greasy "patent-leather" shine—Vitalis contains no mineral oil. For a complete summer hair-conditioning, get Vitalis!

*Product of Bristol-Myers*

the **Vitalis "60-Second Workout"**

*summerproofs hair ...keeps it handsome*


couple of straight chairs which had been brought in earlier for the purpose. I was scared as hell. I couldn't guess what might happen. I was even more afraid that nothing would. I voiced my doubt to Marty. He said, "It should, Steve."

"Why?"

"Suppose you were a murderer—and we'll hope for the moment you're not. But if you were, if you had killed four people, what would you be thinking?"

I didn't answer, and he went on: "You'd know that a dumb, drunken cop had spilled his guts. You'd know he'd stay paralyzed for the next half-dozen hours. You'd know he was down on the street floor, dead to the world. You'd know that an eyewitness—the one unexpected element in this case—was in the midst of a drugged sleep on the mezzanine, in this apartment. Away from everything and everybody. Unguarded. So if you had killed before, you'd do this one more killing to make yourself really safe. It was your own idea, Steve. Don't go sour on it now."

That was the setup. It was logical thinking. But it still might not work. I fidgeted nervously. Marty's voice came to me through the blackness. He said, "One thing you can bet your pants on, Stevie boy. If anybody *does* rise to this bait—if anyone comes in here, the case will be closed."

We waited an eternity. Silence. Darkness. Marty showed me the illumined dial of his wrist watch. Almost four o'clock. Not so good. I was beginning to fear that my figuring had been faulty.

Then suddenly my body got rigid. I heard something outside, the faintest whisper of footsteps. I felt Marty move. I heard my own heart pounding.

Slowly, with a dreadful, inexorable slowness, the apartment door opened. The hallway was dark. A figure which I felt, rather than saw, moved into the room, closed the door gently.

Then a beam of light from Marty's electric torch flamed across the room and pinned the intruder against the wall. Marty's voice had a cold, metallic sound. He said, "Hold it. Or I'll shoot!"

The intruder stared at us with wide, blinded, terrified eyes.

It was Wade Ramsay.

THERE'S a basic principle in police procedure: When you've got a prime suspect on the ropes, start pounding and never let up until he breaks. You take advantage of the fact that he has been emotionally upset, that he isn't thinking fast or clearly. You figure he'll either give himself away or trip himself. It's something every good cop knows.

Marty Walsh was a good cop. He moved toward the door. His flashlight continued to glare into the blinking, frightened eyes of Wade Ramsay. The gun in Marty's right hand was held negligently, but it was there.

Walsh said, "The party's over, Ramsay."

Wade Ramsay, rotund, immaculately dressed, looking more than ever like a prosperous banker, made an effort to pull himself together. He said, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Like hell you don't! I know that you murdered Jeff Nulty, and why. You followed that up by killing Conchita Montero, Connolly and Kingsley. Too bad they can only execute you once."

Sweat stood out on Ramsay's forehead. Marty went on, coldly, implacably: "And don't kid yourself I can't make this one stick, fella. We had plenty on you before this visit. But you walking in here, figuring to knock off the eyewitness you thought we had—that was icing on the cake."

There's a truism about a cornered rat. There's a certainty that if a man knows he's going to die violently, he owes himself any forlorn chance. Ramsay knew Marty wasn't bluffing; he recognized the end of the trail.

I saw his hand move. His right hand. I jumped before the hand reappeared, holding a vicious little .32. I grabbed his wrist with my right hand and slugged him with my left.

He slugged right back. He was stronger than I would have expected, and more agile. He knew how to handle himself. I pressed my body against him. We wrestled around, and he butted me with the top of his head. It hurt. I gave him the knee and felt his body sag. He stumbled, the gun skidded across the floor and I landed on him. I wondered why Marty didn't do anything, but even the fact that he was a spectator was reassuring.

The door opened behind me. I saw a pair of lean powerful hands grab Wade Ramsay's collar. I loosened my grip, and watched Lieutenant Bert Lane haul Ramsay to his feet. Lane grabbed one of Ramsay's wrists and I heard the soft click of a handcuff. He twisted the other arm, and another handcuff made a soft, reassuring sound. Ramsay stood trembling, hands pinioned behind his back.

I started to thank Lane, but Marty Walsh spoke. He said, "That was neat, Stevie. But you spoiled everything."

I said, "Spoiled everything how?"

"Barging in like that. I was all set to plug him." He looked over at Lane. "How you feelin'?" he inquired.

"Foggy," grinned Lane. "That sherry routine almost floored me. Think I'll go back to vodka after this."

Marty said, "How'd you happen to come in at the right time?"

"Ramsay played it cute. He walked into the office where I was supposed to be sleeping it off. He talked to me. He even shook me a little. Wanted to be sure I was out. When he left I knew where he was headed."

The two detective lieutenants closed in on Ramsay. "You telling us, Ramsay?" Marty asked, "Or do we tell you?"

Wade didn't say anything. He looked sullen and scared.

"Okay," snapped Walsh. "I'll talk, just so you'll know for sure we ain't bluffing. You killed Nulty because he was bleeding you, because he had something you thought you could get your hands on. You killed Conchita because you thought the gun she found would tie you in, and because you didn't know how much Nulty might have told her before he died. Your killing of Connolly had something to do with those clippings about Rusty Mason. I ain't entirely clear on that one. As for Kingsley, you finished him off because he inherited Nulty's racket. What Nulty had, Kingsley also had. He was milking you dry. And you walked in here tonight to make the record perfect. Am I right?"

Ramsay bit his lower lip, but didn't say anything. Walsh picked up the shiny little gun. "Neat little .32," he commented. "Connolly and Kingsley were each killed with a .32. We'd have been puzzled as hell to find our witness dead in the morning with a .32 slug in him, and the gun lying on the floor. I gotta hunch this is the gun that killed both the others, Ramsay. If it is, you might as well start singing. Ballistics tests will prove that for us within the next hour."

Wade Ramsay stared at the gun, and then at Marty's hard face. You could almost hear him thinking. The gun was the ultimate proof. Ballistics tests were as accurate as fingerprints, and Ramsay knew it.

He said, "I did it. There's no use prolonging the agony."

I HAD known it must be that way, but his confession still shocked me. This man who had been genial and kindly, who apparently had everything good the world could offer. It was grotesque.

Lane said, "That washes us up, eh, Marty?"

"Just about."

"Pretty neat thinking, kid."

Walsh said, "Hell, I didn't think it out. It was Steve Blake." He grinned at me, the first really friendly smile I'd got out of him. He said, "It's your show, mastermind. Tell Brother Lane how you doped it out."

I said, "I was lucky, that's all. I put in a lot of time trying to figure motive. Nobody seemed to have enough, nobody we had thought of seemed to be tied up tight enough with all the victims."

Bert Lane said, "Motive! That's something I can't figure yet."

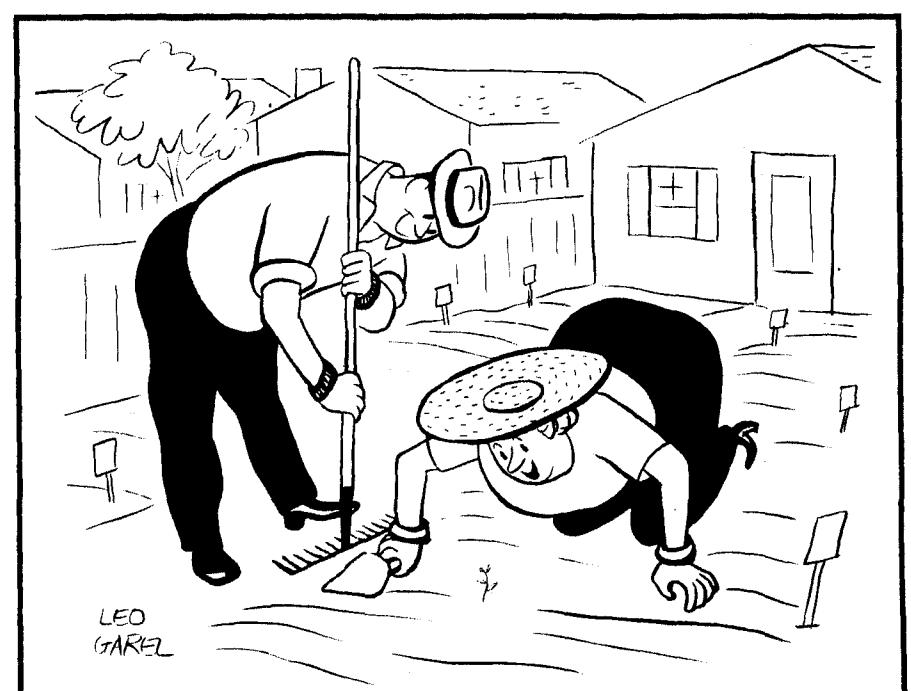
"When I got back from Cajón Pass," I said, "after Rex Kingsley had been killed, I tried going back to the beginning. I listed everything that had happened, every word I could remember. That's where Wade Ramsay came in, and once I figured him, the rest was sheer logic."

Lane said, "Makes us look like a couple of dopes, doesn't it, Marty?"

"No," I said, "it doesn't. Because the thing that put me on the right track wasn't even said in front of either of you. You didn't have any way of knowing."

Ramsay asked whether he could sit down. They shoved him into a straight chair. He looked awful uncomfortable with his hands behind his back.

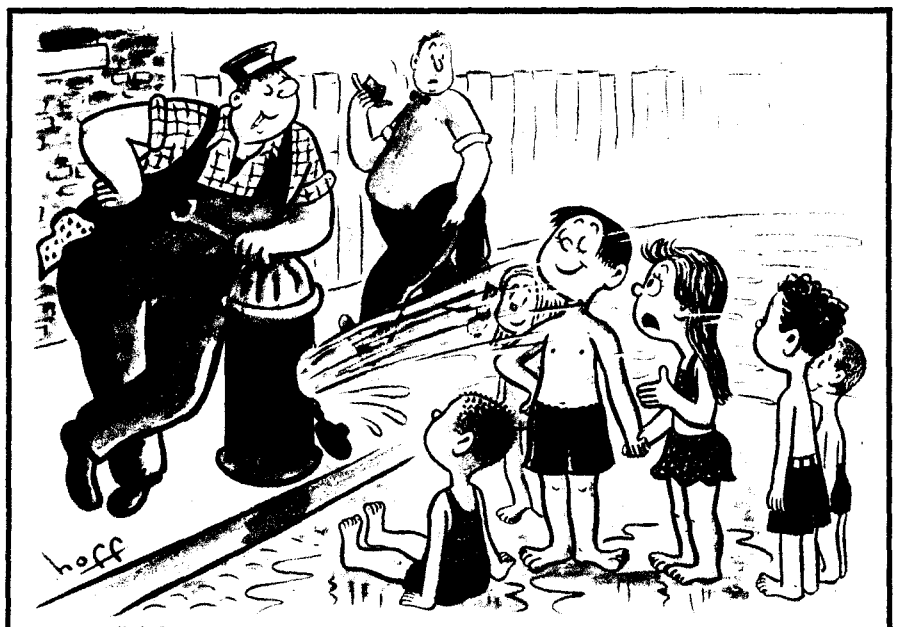
"Here's what happened," I said. "We all knew that Wade Ramsay and his father didn't get along any too well. What we didn't know was that in 1943, Ormond Ramsay made a will containing a few specific bequests and leaving the bulk of his estate to various charities.




COLLIER'S "It looks much too undernourished to be a weed!" LEO GAREL



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




"If this is just a summer romance I wish you'd tell me, Philip!"

COLLIER'S SIDNEY HOFF

"The lawyer who drew that will has been dead for several years. No way of proving anything there. Ormond Ramsay was a paralytic during the last two years of his life. In line with his hobby, which was rehabilitation, he found Jeff Nulty and gave him a job. Nulty evidently was a conscientious, expert nurse.

"The way I figure it, Wade Ramsay was burning. His old man was going to die pretty soon, and Ramsay knew he wouldn't inherit a penny under the will. He knew Nulty was an ex-convict. Perhaps Jeff would remain loyal to his employer as long as the employer lived, but having been a criminal once, he was certainly open to the right approach.

"Wade hired Nulty to substitute a forged will for the real one. It must have been a rather simple procedure. The old man died. They found his papers in the safe in his apartment. Everything was in order. The will was there, the lawyer who drew it was dead. The signatures of the witnesses who had signed it had also been forged. They weren't even questioned. It's customary to tell the witnesses that you're signing a will, but not at all customary to read it to them.

"There's wasn't anything about the will to excite suspicion. A rich man dies. He leaves $10,000 to his housekeeper and $10,000 to his faithful attendant. In this case, Jeff Nulty. The remainder of the estate went to the dead man's one and only child: Wade Ramsay. It was as simple as all that. It would have stayed simple if I hadn't realized that the murder motive had to reach way back."

Ramsay was staring at the floor. He wasn't saying a word. There was nothing he could say.

"Where'd you get the hunch?" asked Lieutenant Lane. "You didn't just pick it out of thin air."

"That's true. It hit me when I was listing everything I could remember. One of the things was that although Ormond Ramsay didn't die until June, 1946, his will was dated October 6, 1943."

"So what?"

"So this. Jeff Nulty didn't even go to work for Ormond Ramsay until October 10, 1943. That was four days *after* he had supposedly been willed $10,000 for faithful services."

Lane said, "Well, I'll be damned!" Then he said, "But if this guy was forging a will, why didn't he make a good job of it? Why didn't he change the date?"

"Too much danger," I suggested. "The witnesses might be questioned. They'd remember when they saw the will signed. They might remember the date. It was Ramsay's one bad slip, but he probably didn't know it was a slip. It's my guess he never even thought he was taking a chance."

Marty Walsh said, "What I can't figure is why Rex Kingsley confessed to his wife that he had killed Nulty when he hadn't." He directed his attention to Ramsay. "How do *you* figure that?" he asked.

Ramsay answered in a flat, dead voice. He said, "I don't see any point to holding back now. Nulty had been bleeding me. He kept the real will after he stole it from my father's safe. The day he and Blake had the fight in Blake's apartment, I found Steve's gun. I found it accidentally. Steve's nose was bleeding and he had a cut under one eye. I went to his dresser for some extra handkerchiefs to use in controlling the bleeding. The gun was there. That gave me the idea. I had no intention of killing Nulty. I meant to scare him into giving me the will."

Walsh said, "You didn't play that very smart, Ramsay. After you had shot Nulty, why didn't you leave Steve's gun right there where it could be found?"

Wade Ramsay said, "That's exactly what I did do."

"Then you didn't hide it in the closet in Miss Mason's office?"

RAMSAY passed his hand across his forehead as though thinking was becoming too great an effort. "Certainly not. I was amazed when I heard no gun had been found. Later, when Kingsley started putting the screws on me, I found out why. Kingsley knew I had killed Nulty. He had gone to Nulty's apartment and found the gun, after I left. He selected the catchall closet as a hiding place, knowing I'd never think of looking for it there. But he didn't tell me where he'd put it. He told me that he had it safely hidden, and that he could produce it if and when he needed to. He said it had my fingerprints on it. I always understood that it's pretty difficult to find fingerprints on a gun, but I wasn't sure."

"After you shot Nulty," prompted Walsh, "what happened?"

Ramsay said, "I hunted for the will, but didn't find it."

Walsh asked keenly, "But Kingsley did?"

"Yes. Evidently hidden among the night-club papers in the office. Rex warned me that if the same thing happened to him that had happened to Nulty, they'd find the real will. He said he had hidden it where it couldn't be found as long as he was alive—but that if he died it would be discovered sure. That tied my hands."

Marty said to Lane, "Once Steve got his hunch, he checked the dates at the record bureau, which made Nulty's inheritance look sour. Brian Garland helped him trace the practice of the dead lawyer who had drawn the original will. It had been divided up among a lot of




FOR BEST RESULTS:

shave with Barbasol

Your face will make more friends

They judge you first by your face. Keep it smoother and cleaner with Barbasol. Enjoy much *closer* shaves, with *comfort*. Unlike soapy lathers, Barbasol's special ingredients tame wild beards *without removing natural skin-oils*. So Barbasol leaves your skin smooth and flexible; not tight, dry or sensitive. Barbasol magically soothes *sunburn*, too. Just TRY it!

- No brush
- No lather
- No rub-in

Use it also for soothing relief of sunburn, windburn, insect bites, itching

AVOID "Athletic Aroma"

USE BARBASOL LOTION DEODORANT


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other law firms. In the files of one of them they found the carbon copy of Ormond Ramsay's real will. It hasn't any legal standing as a will, but it'll be a nice piece of evidence in case this monkey tries to repudiate his confession."

Lane asked, "And you killed Conchita because she had found Steve's gun hidden in the closet in Rusty Mason's office?"

WADE RAMSAY said tonelessly, "It wasn't as simple as that. I knew something was happening. I was afraid because I didn't understand what it was.

"The beginning was when Conchita said she wanted those old theatrical pictures of herself. They were quite good pictures, and had been made in Havana. An agent had been high-pressuring her to get as many as she could, and it would have taken some time to have had prints made in Cuba. The agent had her all steamed up over the idea that he was launching a campaign which might land her a good movie contract.

"I knew where the photos were. We get hundreds of them, from performers and agents. Those we don't use, we toss in that closet. It was Rusty's job, and I was never much interested. But I knew that was where Conchita had gone.

"Later, when she returned to the table, she was excited. I overheard her conversation with Steve Blake, heard her make the appointment to meet him in his apartment. The urgency in her voice indicated to me that she might have found something in that closet, though at the moment I couldn't guess what it was. Frankly, my first thought was the will. Kingsley had hidden it somewhere, and it struck me then that he couldn't have chosen a better hiding place.

"I knew I had a certain amount of time before Blake would show up. I let myself into his apartment with one of the house passkeys. When I walked in, Conchita was stuffing something into her bag. I didn't know then that it was the gun. I still had the will on my mind. If I were right, this was my chance to get it. With that will destroyed, I would be safe.

"Conchita's manner when she saw me was a giveaway. She was terrified. She started to get hysterical. I knew I had to work fast. I demanded that she give me whatever it was she had in her bag. She wouldn't tell me what it was. I'm not sure she was able to, she was so scared. I was certain she was going to scream. I was pretty jittery myself. I killed her, not because I wanted to kill her, but because I had to get what she had in her bag. Then, when she was dead and I looked in the bag, I saw that what she had was the gun, and only the gun. She didn't have the will. I wiped the gun clean in case there were any fingerprints on it. I left it in her bag, chiefly because I couldn't think of what else to do with it, and because it didn't represent any further threat to me." His voice trailed off. "I'm sorry I had to kill her," he said wearily.

"Pete Connolly?" asked Marty. "What about him?"

Ramsay was trying to tell it straight. "Pete came into my office Christmas Eve," he said. "He was ugly drunk. He was sore because I wouldn't check in with some silly scheme of his to force Rusty to marry him.

"He told me he had some papers in his pocket which tied up with the murder of Jeff Nulty. I asked him what he had, and he said he wasn't telling me anything. He was burning. He was that kind of drunk. I knew nothing about any clippings. I didn't know it was newspaper stuff which tied Miss Mason up with Nulty. I naturally thought that Connolly had found the will, and that was—from beginning to end—the crux of the whole thing. It couldn't sound any other way to me. If he hadn't been so drunk as to be unreasonable, if he'd told me what he really had—he wouldn't have been killed. I was desperate."

Marty asked, "Where did you get the gun with which Connolly was killed?"

"It's mine. Registered to me. I've had it for years. I hid it in Apartment 11-A. The tenants there are in Europe. It was a safe hiding place. I put it back again after the death of Rex Kingsley."

I said, "That's something I don't yet understand, Wade. Kingsley's part in this whole thing. Why was he leading with his chin?"

"Helping me," explained Ramsay. "Deliberately beclouding the issue. He didn't care who was punished for the murders, so long as it wasn't me. He wanted me to be clear so he could blackmail me. I believe he found the clippings when he found the will. He sent the clippings to Connolly just to foul things up some more."

"I see." I was remembering that Rex Kingsley had walked in on the end of my conversation with Ramsay about Pete's love life. I was beginning to see something else, too. "And when you listened in on Kingsley's telephone call to me from Victorville—" I started, but Bert Lane broke in. He wanted to know what that meant.

"Just another little detail that tied Ramsay in," I said. "He's a graduate electrical engineer, which doesn't necessarily mean much, except that he would understand about telephone wires. Shortly before the call came in from Rex at Victorville, my phone rang. I picked it up, and heard Mrs. Kingsley talking to someone. Crossed wires, I thought, and let it go at that. The same thing happened a few minutes later. Afterward, when I started thinking along new lines, it made more sense. I went with Brian to see a friend of his, an electrical expert whose hobby is scale-model trains. I asked him about how a telephone could be rigged, and he explained it to me in detail. I checked the back of the switchboard at the Casa Linda. What Ramsay undoubtedly had done—"

"Jumper wires," broke in Lane. "He had put on the jumpers to connect his phone, Pat Kingsley's phone and your phone. If one rang, all rang. He could listen in—which is exactly what he did when Kingsley called. That would be how he knew the details of the appointment in Cajón Pass. Right?"

I said I thought he was right. I said I thought a further investigation of the wires behind the switchboard would show that those three, and no others, had been connected with jumper wires and disconnected later. Ramsay didn't even bother to verify the theory. He knew the police could find that out for themselves.

I said, "Look, Wade—I hate this, but I've got to ask it: Kingsley had the real will with him at Cajón Pass, didn't he? Wasn't that the documentary proof he said he had?"

"Yes."

"What was he planning to do?"

"Turn it over to you. He was afraid that as long as I was free he might be killed. But he was wrong. I wouldn't ever have killed him while he had that will."

"That doesn't check, Ramsay. You killed Conchita because you thought she had the will. You killed Pete Connolly for the same reason."

"Those cases were different," he said reasonably. "Neither Conchita nor Pete would have understood the significance of the will. If I'd been right in either case, I'd have obtained possession of it. That wasn't the case with Rex Kingsley.

"Rex knew what the will meant. He told me it was hidden where I couldn't find it, but where it would come to light if anything happened to him. As long as he remained alive—as long as I paid him off—he'd keep his mouth shut. But if he died suddenly—so he said—the will would be found. So you see, the Cajón Pass deal was different. I felt certain he had the will with him. If that were destroyed, and Kingsley dead, I would be safe."

"I'll take one card . . . by the way, what are the odds against filling an inside straight?"

COLLIER'S — IRWIN CAPLAN

I SAID, "That explains why his pockets had been rifled, but no money had been taken." I stopped to light a cigarette and drew the smoke deep into my lungs. "He was an accessory," I added.

"Doesn't mean much in this state," volunteered Marty Walsh. "Accessory after the fact carries just a few years. That's a small enough risk to take for what he stood to win."

Lane was persistent. He said, "You had to start thinking somewhere, Steve."

"Yes. It doesn't make a lot of sense, where I started. But it was when Pat told Marty and me that Rex had confessed to her."

"Haven't you got that in reverse?" Lane asked.

"No. It struck me then as wrong. I didn't believe a murderer would ever confess if he didn't have to. But he might if he were covering for someone, if he had reasons of his own. And there seemed to be only one person Kingsley *could* be covering for. His boss. Wade Ramsay. At first, the idea sounded absurd. But the more I thought about it, the less absurd it seemed."

Marty spoke to Ramsay. He said, "Did you hire those two hoods to beat up Steve?"

Ramsay shook his head. "That was another of Kingsley's cute ideas. I think he was afraid Blake might discover the truth if he kept at it hard enough. He wanted him scared off." He fidgeted in his chair. With handcuffs on, he couldn't get comfortable. He said, "Listen, I've told you everything. I know I'm sunk. But I'm tired, too. I'm awful tired. Can't we call it a night?"

They took him out of there. They walked down to the club and through the stark, unromantic atmosphere of a spot which had been gay and would be gay again, but which now was nothing more than a huge room, reeking of stale liquor and tobacco. They vanished into the lobby—Lane and Marty Walsh, with the handcuffed figure of Wade Ramsay between them.

I rode up to the seventh floor. Day was beginning to break. I was staggering with fatigue and nervous as a cat. I rapped on the door of 7-A.

PAT KINGSLEY opened the door. She had on the same lovely powder-blue negligee which I had seen once before. It still made her look the way I most wanted her to look.

I went inside and drew her down beside me on the couch. I gave her the high lights of what had just happened downstairs. I held her tight all the time I was talking.

When I finished, she sat silent for a long time. Then she said, "I'm glad it wasn't Rex."

I said I was, too. Then she said she had something to tell me. It wasn't important, but maybe I'd like to know.

It was about Floyd Andrews. She said she had just learned—within the past few hours—that he had been employed by her father to learn the truth of what had happened, to estimate the danger she was in, and to protect her from anything which might tend to make more of a mess of her life.

I said, "Then he did lie to me. He said he wasn't a detective."

"He wasn't," Pat explained. "Dad was too shrewd to employ a private investigator. You could too easily have found out who and what he was. So could I. So could the police. That would have defeated his purpose.

"Dad told me he had known Andrews for a long time. Before the war he was one of the shrewdest insurance investigators on the West Coast. He had been competently trained for any type of investigative work. During the war he was with Army Intelligence, which meant he got additional training, though of a different sort. It wasn't until after the war that he went into the regular insurance business.

"Dad had confidence in him and his ability. He was in a position to ask a favor of Andrews, and he knew the man could be trusted. His job was to learn the score, and to protect me at all costs."

It was clear enough now. So simple and so logical that it hadn't occurred to me before. But Floyd Andrews didn't matter now. Nothing mattered except that Finis had been written. There would be no more murders, no more inquests, no more sensational publicity, no more doubt and uncertainty.

Exhaustion was creeping up on me. The girl in my arms was soft and warm and relaxing.

I said, "Will you marry me, Pat?"

I saw the top of her head move affirmatively, and heard a whisper that sounded like, "Yes."

"We'll go on a honeymoon," I said. "A lovely honeymoon. And I'll sleep forever."

THE END



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *Are you satisfied with your pictures?*

**Do you ever** wish your pictures were a little clearer . . . a little better?

Then try the film the experts use, *wide-latitude* Ansco Film.

The "latitude" of a film is its ability to hide the small errors you make in exposing. And when the experts talk of Ansco Film's "wide latitude," they mean that it has an *extra* amount of this mistake-hiding ability.

So next time you shoot, load with Ansco Film and just see if it doesn't improve your pictures! Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y.

*Ansco Reflex—America's Finest Twin-Lens Camera*

**ASK FOR Ansco FILM & CAMERAS**

A DIVISION OF GENERAL ANILINE & FILM CORPORATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TICK-TOCK...TICK-TOCK...
quietly aged to perfection
KENTUCKY'S FINEST
OLD CHARTER
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
SIX YEARS OLD
SUPPOSE we don't try to put in words what happens with your first taste of this great whiskey. Instead, do this... Imagine you have started with the basically finest whiskey ever made in old Kentucky... Then you have waited for 6 full, round years to ripen it slowly, perfectly... Then take from your memory the finest-tasting whiskey you have ever known and imagine one still silkier, still mellower, still smoother. Do all these things... and *then* taste Old Charter!
OLD CHARTER
KENTUCKY'S FINEST STRAIGHT BOURBON
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • THIS WHISKEY IS 6 YEARS OLD. 86 PROOF • BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.




# BENDIX BATS FOR RUTH

Continued from page 18

"I didn't go to high school, so how could I be a doctor or a lawyer?" he asks. "I was a semipro in baseball, a semipro in football and got the gate as a grocery clerk. I can't sing, I can't dance, I can't play an instrument. What's left but acting?"

He was born in New York City, went to P.S. 5 and was on his third month at Townsend Harris High when the wolf scratched plaintively at the Bendix family portal and tried to get a foot in the door. This brought on the abortive grocery-store episode in Orange, New Jersey, where he married his wife, Tess, and seemed set on a career as a merchant prince, till the chain he was working for went in for supermarkets and deposited Bill on the street.

Prior to this the family had lived on Eighth Avenue two blocks from the Polo Grounds in the days when both the Giants and Yankees played there. Bill was successively the boy who turned the stiles for the ticket takers, clubhouse boy and finally bat boy for the Giants. Part of his job as clubhouse boy was rushing hot dogs to Babe Ruth.

"One day he really ran me," says Bendix. "Twenty-four dogs and you'd a thought that woulda killed him but he hit two home runs."

### An Actor at Last—But How!

While Bill still had the grocery job in Orange, he one day saw an advertisement for actors at the Henry Street Settlement in New York. Tess said, "What do you know about acting? It's crazy." But Bill went over and got the part of a gangster, and that is where his acting career began. Then he took on as a singing waiter in various Jersey joints and made as much as four bucks a night. This qualified him as an actor and he got on the WPA Federal Theater project in Jersey, since the depression was now on seriously.

It was understood that the cardinal principle was to get actors OFF the project as soon as possible. So when Bill got parts in New York shows, he hied himself across the Hudson. The WPA was happy to see him go, and he knew that if he failed he could always come back. He always came back. Seventeen shows he got and 17 flops. Most of them rehearsed earnestly and then realized the truth. Others came in and departed before the ushers could learn the seat arrangements.

The next move was to New York so Bill could be near the theatrical agents. He was getting $94 a month from WPA and continued to get it right up to where he finally got into Saroyan's The Time of Your Life for the Theatre Guild. That won the Pulitzer prize, ran for a year in New York and another year on the road. Bill got around America.

"Nine weeks of one-night stands. You see the theater and the hotel and the lower berth," says Bill. "America sees me but I don't see America."

The show hit Los Angeles on the tour, and somebody must have liked him as an actor. Because after he got back to New York and was rehearsing in a play with Otto Preminger, a hurry-up call came from M-G-M to get himself on a plane and out to Hollywood. Preminger yelled to heaven that he was being ruined, Bill called Tess to get his only extra suit from the cleaners and finally he was aloft and away.

And there endeth the tale of poverty. From then on it was gold, gold, gold. That picture was Woman of the Year with Tracy and Hepburn. Bill was later to make such wing-dingers as Wake Island and Lifeboat. The movie fame naturally brought radio offers and he now has his own show, The Life of Riley, which is being made by Irving Brecher as a movie. Bendix averages around $5,000 a week with movies and radio. His Encino home has set him back $105,000, and he has a ranch farther out in the valley where his father-in-law and brother-in-law operate a chicken farm.

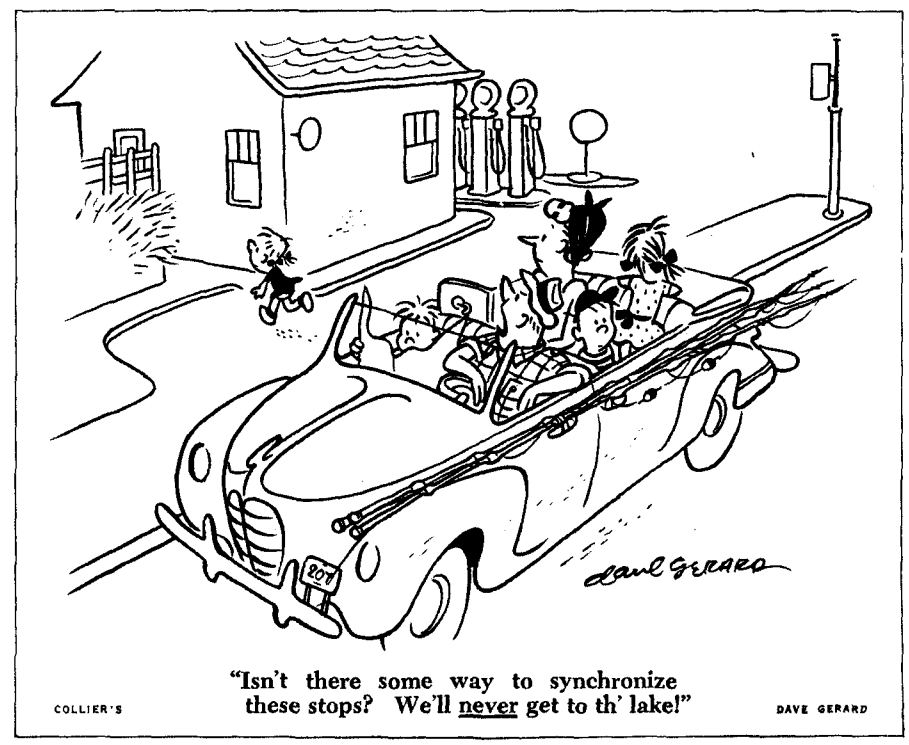
Bendix has the ambition of a dormouse, meaning none. He has no yearning to be a director or a producer and certainly harbors no social leanings. He resolutely refuses to study a movie part before he hits the set. He would like to do a Broadway show and perhaps get in a lick of traveling, but since he works all the time, these plans are not feasible.

"Save a buck or two and keep on actin'," he says. "That's me."

The house in Encino is clear and the three other properties he has for the relatives are also paid for and he has trust funds for his daughters, Lorraine, nineteen, and Stephanie Anne, three. He was a good Republican in the 1944 election and this was regarded as ingratitude in some sets where it was remembered Roosevelt was responsible for WPA. Bill just went on voting for the right.

"You can have the good old days," says Bill. "I'll take now."

THE END




"Isn't there some way to synchronize these stops? We'll never get to th' lake!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE OLSENS' BIG SPLASH

Continued from page 27

to star Hopalong Cassidy opposite a diving champion. Zoe Ann is crazy about horses. She rides every Sunday (the only afternoon she doesn't practice diving for two hours).

In a few years, when she "gets too old to dive" (she'll be twenty-one in 1952) she wants to settle down on a Wyoming ranch and raise horses.

Zoe Ann made her first dive when she was three years old. It was a belly whopper off her dad's hands. It stung, but she came up laughing. "Pretty soon," her dad says, "she was diving off my shoulders and I had a hunch we had a champion."

## STALIN'S WILD JACKASSES

The Russians have a Five-Year Plan in horse racing, too, judging from a report in the Belgian publication Le Sportsman. The Moscow handicapper for Le Sportsman writes that Russian breeders "claim to have found the method of winning all the horse races to be run anywhere in the world."

Is Joe going to veto Citation? No, it's simpler than that. Russian breeders have crossed their horses with wild Mongolian jackasses called koulans, which exceed 60 mph, according to reliable Russian news agencies.

Le Sportsman also reveals that Russian breeders have improved decadent democratic training methods. During experiments last fall in Kazakstan, Russian breeders fed watermelon to their koulan colts. It would seem that the watermelon—a juicy dessert long overlooked by Southern trainers—makes faster fodder than capitalistic oats. One Soviet steed, nourished exclusively on watermelon, raced 281.9 kilometers (175 miles) in 18 hours, a Russian record.

## ROOKIE TAKES RICKEY

They say Brooklyn's Branch Rickey is the best man in the baseball business at putting a dollar sign on a muscle—that he's never been outsmarted in a deal. But Johnny Mize can tell you about the time Rickey was outsmarted—by a rookie!

"When I was sixteen," Johnny recalls, "I was playing semipro ball in my home town, Demorest, Georgia. That was 1929 and Mr. Rickey was working for the Cardinals then. He sent his brother Frank to Demorest to look me over. The Rickeys knew I was under age and couldn't sign a contract without parental consent.

"Of course, I wanted to get started in the minors, but I wanted to keep my freedom so that I could try out and—if it looked like I had the stuff—go anywhere I wanted and maybe wangle a better contract.

"Rickey came down to the ball park and offered me $150 a month and a start in Class D. That was good money in those days, so I signed. Then we went home and Mr. Rickey explained everything to my folks. When we were leaving to go back to the park, Mr. Rickey excused himself and went back into the kitchen to talk to my mother. I saw him take a piece of paper out of his pocket, and a pen, and Mother signed the paper. I didn't say a word.

"You see, that was the way I wanted it. Even though Mother signed the paper, I was still free. My parents had split up just a while before and the court had made Grandmother my legal guardian. She was the only one who could sign.

"Things broke all right for me in the Cardinal organization and Mr. Rickey always treated me fine, so nothing happened. But all the time I could have been a free man any time I wanted and I'll bet Branch Rickey doesn't know to this day he never had a valid contract with a kid named Johnny Mize."

**From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: After his unhappy observation of high-level goings-on in Washington, Stilwell wrote: "The inevitable conclusion was that Churchill has Roosevelt in his pocket . . . The Limeys are not interested in the war in the Pacific . . . and with the President hypnotized they are sitting pretty."**

## THE KING OF JACOBS BEACH

Mike Jacobs broke in as a promoter by staging the Barney Ross-Billy Petrolle fight in 1934. Madison Square Garden officials looked down on Jacobs as an opportunist, a brash ticket peddler, but Mike proved them wrong by signing young Joe Louis to an exclusive contract. After Mike moved the Louis-Braddock battle to Chicago, Madison Square Garden capitulated. Jacobs got a grip on the boxing industry.

Coincidentally, the fellows who put Jacobs in the promotional business, Art Winch and Sam Pian, now are part of a movement which may put Jacobs out of business. Winch and Pian were managing Ross when they decided to take a chance on Jacobs' promotion of the Ross-Petrolle fight. Now, they are managing middleweight champion Tony Zale and working with Jacobs' rival, the new syndicate headed by oilman Ben Bodne.

Jacobs, older and in ill health, probably will not battle Bodne as earnestly as he fought Madison Square Garden. But a younger and hungrier Jacobs would have made things interesting for Bodne and his six millionaire associates. Mike knows all the angles of fistic finance. He raised $100,000 in eight hours when Tex Rickard needed a financial transfusion to keep the Dempsey-Carpentier fight alive. Mike collected the money from Broadway ticket brokers by promising them the best seats.

And nobody sold tickets faster than the Mike Jacobs who sat on a policeman's horse outside the Polo Grounds and hawked Dempsey-Firpo ducats to the highest bidders. Of course, Louis was the real secret of Jacobs' promotional success and that's something for Bodne, Inc., to think about. Where are Bodne's millionaires going to find another Joe Louis?

## STILL IN THE MONEY

It's still too early to write off Lew Worsham's victory in the 1947 National Open as a golfing accident, even though Lew hasn't won much since. The pros believe Lew can regain his prize-winning touch anytime he wants to get down to hard tournament work.

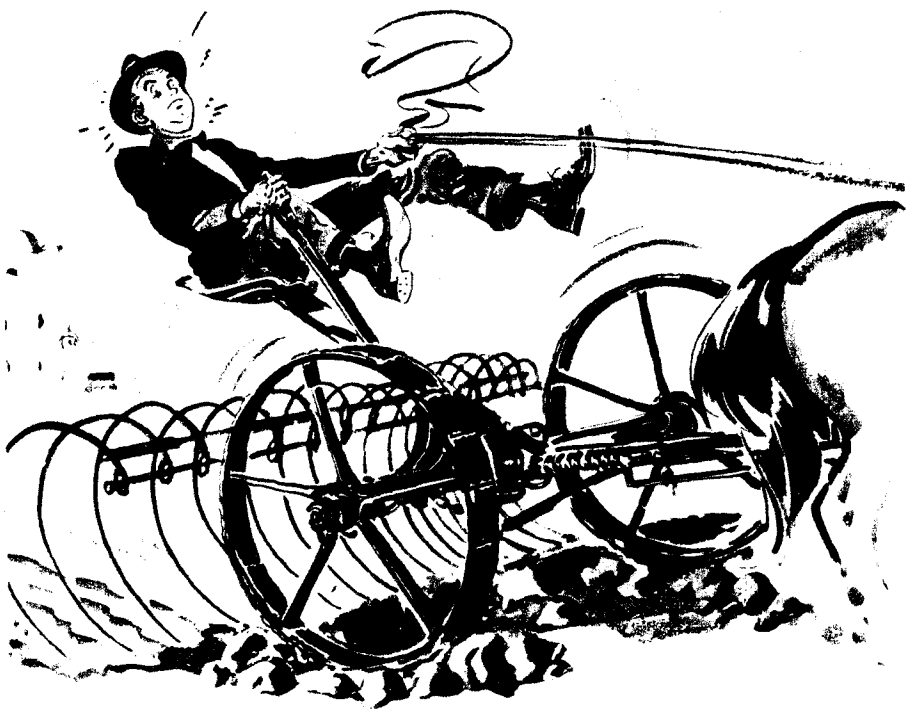
Lew has been taking it easy, cashing in on the Open title and collecting big exhibition fees. He's also been playing lots of golf at his home club, Oakmont, which abounds in Pittsburgh steel millionaires. Lew never finishes out of the money at Oakmont.

• • •

Taft Wright, the Chicago White Sox outfielder, is philosophical about batting slumps. "I just keep swinging," Taffy says, "and I get a hit now and then. Even a blind hog roots up a few acorns."

THE END



If your car feels like *this*... it's time for

MARFAK Chassis Lubrication

THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH MARFAK!

You want *lasting results* when you get chassis lubrication. And bulldog-tough *Marfak* is built to give just that. *Marfak* protects wear points and bearings — not for a couple of hundred miles—but for 1,000 miles and more. That "cushiony" driving ease you experience is your sure sign *Marfak stays* in there fighting. Applied by chart, never by chance. Ask for *Marfak* Lubrication for your car today—at your neighborhood Texaco Dealer, the best friend your car ever had.

MARFAK Lubrication

TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Tune in: TEXACO STAR THEATER every Wednesday night featuring Gordon MacRae and Evelyn Knight. See newspaper for time and station.


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# AN AFFAIR OF STATE

Continued from page 12

"It was. He had a private dining room on the second floor."

"Tell me," she said, watching the thin spiral of smoke from the clamshell ash tray, "what do you think of generals?"

"I think generals used to be fine for winning wars."

"Used to be?"

"I think generals are archaic, like knights in armor."

"If you talk like that in the department," she said, "you won't be very popular. Generals are chiefs of mission in all the critical areas, and more areas are getting critical all the time."

They talked of the successes and failures of ERP, the uranium mines in Bohemia, British trade, Italian Communists, Chinese graft, and the Japanese Zaibatsus.

THEY leaped across the globe to The Straits, and she asked what he thought of the new Turkish military loan.

"It's ridiculous," he said. "There'll be big parties in the Casino Taxim, and toasts to that noble ally and splendid democracy, Turkey. Then the pashas will take the hundred million bucks and build more villas on the islands in the Marmara. The Turkish army doesn't need equipment. It needs education. It would take one generation for the Turkish army to learn to read, and another to learn how to use radar and jets."

"Jeff," she asked, "do you always say what you think, like that?"

"Yes," he said, "I suppose I do."

"People don't like to hear that sort of talk. It isn't, you know, very diplomatic. Particularly in the department."

"Anyway, it's the truth."

"They'll ship you to Guayaquil, or Addis Ababa," she predicted, naming two of the traditional Siberias of the Foreign Service. "I don't want that to happen to you." She seemed genuinely troubled. "I want you to go to someplace where you are needed. Like Budapest. Or Prague. Or Rome."

He realized for the first time that she had been dropping carefully chosen pebbles into the stream of his thought, and charting the spreading ripples of his reaction. "Susan," he asked, "exactly what do you do in the Secretary's office?"

"I'm just the stenographer who takes the nine-o'clock conference. I'm rated as a confidential secretary."

"That's pretty important, isn't it? Isn't that the Planning Conference? Don't you hear a lot?"

"I hear a lot, and I never talk about it. But sometimes I think."

He wondered how a girl with such irregular features could appear so beautiful. "How is it," he inquired, "that you were free tonight? I'm very happy that you are, but it doesn't seem logical."

"In the first place, don't you realize that there are a hundred thousand more women than men in Washington? And in the second place, I don't run around much, and I'm not getting married."

"You're human, aren't you?"

She didn't reply at once. She tapped her cigarette into the clamshell ash tray, and cocked her head to one side. "There are two answers to that. The first is that I wish I could show you how human I am. The second is that I can't."

"That's no answer. That's a riddle."

"Wait. I'll unriddle it. I married when I was nineteen. My husband was much older. Not that he wasn't a good husband. He was. He was also a wise friend. He was in the Public Health Service, and when war came the Marines took him and shipped him out to the Pacific to clean up those islands. I'd see him every six months or so. He'd come back to get a planeload of little fish to eat mosquito larvae—things like that. He was always fighting for supplies and medicines not only for the Marines but for the people in New Georgia, and the Marshallese, and the Gilbertese."

"And you lost him?"

"I lost him. I celebrated V-J Day in a big way, because I knew he'd soon be back. I woke up with a hang-over and a telegram beginning, 'The Secretary of the Navy regrets.' All I have to show for him is a Legion of Merit, posthumous."

"I'll admit that's tough. But other women lost their husbands and got over it."

"I know. I didn't. Other women don't have to take the State Department's nine-o'clock conference."

"So we'd have something in common, I studied up on paper boxes—THEN I find he don't wanna talk about paper boxes!"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

"I don't understand."

"You don't? Put it this way: Lots of women won't have babies, nowadays, because they're afraid. They're afraid they'll lose them in another war. They're afraid babies will be killed in their cribs this year, or next year, or the year after. Right here, in Washington. In New York, and Pittsburgh, and Detroit and every other target city. Well, I don't want to have any more men, like other women don't want to have any more babies. I couldn't bear to lose another man."

"What about Fred Keller?" he said.

"I go out with him, very occasionally. He's a dear."

"You mean he doesn't make passes," he suggested.

"As a matter of fact, he doesn't."

"He didn't look so safe to me," Jeff said. Keller was spare and tanned, still a bachelor at forty, and rich enough to have twelve acres in Berwyn, a shooting box on the eastern shore, and an ocean-front villa near Palm Beach.

"Maybe you're right. Maybe he's not safe," Susan Pickett said.

"What do you mean?" Jeff said.

"Nothing, except sometimes he gives me the shivers. He's so casual about war. When he talks about atomic bombs his mouth waters as if they were lemons."

"That's not unusual in these times. And after all, he's not so important. He just has some sort of a control job on the European desk."

"He is important," she insisted. "He's going to Budapest."

"Didn't you recommend Budapest for me?"

"I suppose so. It's been on my mind."

"What's cooking in Budapest?"

"Nothing that isn't cooking in Prague and Salonika and Trieste and Vienna and Berlin and Seoul and everywhere else where we're face to face with the Russians. Only in Budapest it's closer to burning." She was silent while the waiter laid the check on the table. "Jeff," she added when the waiter was gone, "sometimes I forget I'm not supposed to think. I'm just the girl who takes the nine-o'clock conference, and I need my job, and if I do too much thinking and talking I'll lose it."

"What're you afraid of—thought-control police?"

"Sure. We all are."

"Okay," he agreed, "no more shop talk. Anyway I like Budapest."

"You've been there?"

"When I was a kid. In the summer after my sophomore year in college. The department sent my father to help in an audit of the Balkan missions."

"If you're interested in what's going to happen to this world," she said quietly, "you should try to go there again."

Outside, in a taxi, he suggested the Footlight Club, but she said that while it was a nice idea, and she loved to dance, it was too late for her to go anywhere else. She had to be in the office, typing the agenda for the nine-o'clock conference, at eight every morning.

He took her to her apartment door. She said, "I'd ask you in, but it wouldn't do either of us any good."

"I guess not." Still, he didn't want to leave.

"Well, goodby," she said, her fingers poised to turn the key.

"Well, good night," he said, but he didn't go.

"You don't feel very platonic, do you?"

"Frankly, no."

"I'm not going to be coy, Jeff."

He cupped her shoulders in his hands. "Susan, this isn't the way I was hoping it would be. Look at me."

She kept her eyes on the key. "I didn't want it to be like this either. I wanted to go out with you and see if something wouldn't happen. It didn't."

"Suppose we *are* a pinch of ashes in the first day of World War number three? Why not have what we can now?"

She didn't attempt to move, or say anything more, until his fingers loosened. "I'm not afraid for myself," she said then. "If I thought the world would go up in one big bang I honestly wouldn't care much. It's just that I'm afraid to have anyone else because I've got the damnedest premonition I'd lose him."

"If you went to a psychiatrist," Jeff said, "which I think you ought to do, he'd tell you you were wrong."

"I'm sure of it. Only, I've only had one man in my life. And if I had another I'd feel the same way toward him that I did toward my husband and then the war would come along and kill him."

"The trouble with you, Susan, is that you won't take a chance on the world."

"I don't see why I should take a chance when I know that the cards are stacked. Now go on home, Jeff. I'll stay as I am."

JEFF spent the next week in the library of the Foreign Service Institute, studying the departmental regulations. Their complexities awed and alarmed him, but Mr. Dannenberg, the head of the training staff, assured him that the orals weren't necessarily based on knowledge of the regulations. "If they were," he said, "nobody would ever get in the service. It used to be said that there were only three rules for making a good Foreign Service officer—sit with your back to the light, listen to your superiors, and go to bed before you get drunk. Actually, you learn by osmosis. In the orals you'll be judged on poise and personality. We want our men to *look* like representatives of the United States."

Dannenberg inspected Jeff shrewdly as a horseman looks over a two-year-old at the Saratoga sales. "You do look American. You've got that gaunt, mussed-up Winant look."

"Thanks," Jeff said. "Winant was a fine man."

"But nobody can tell yet if you've got any brains."

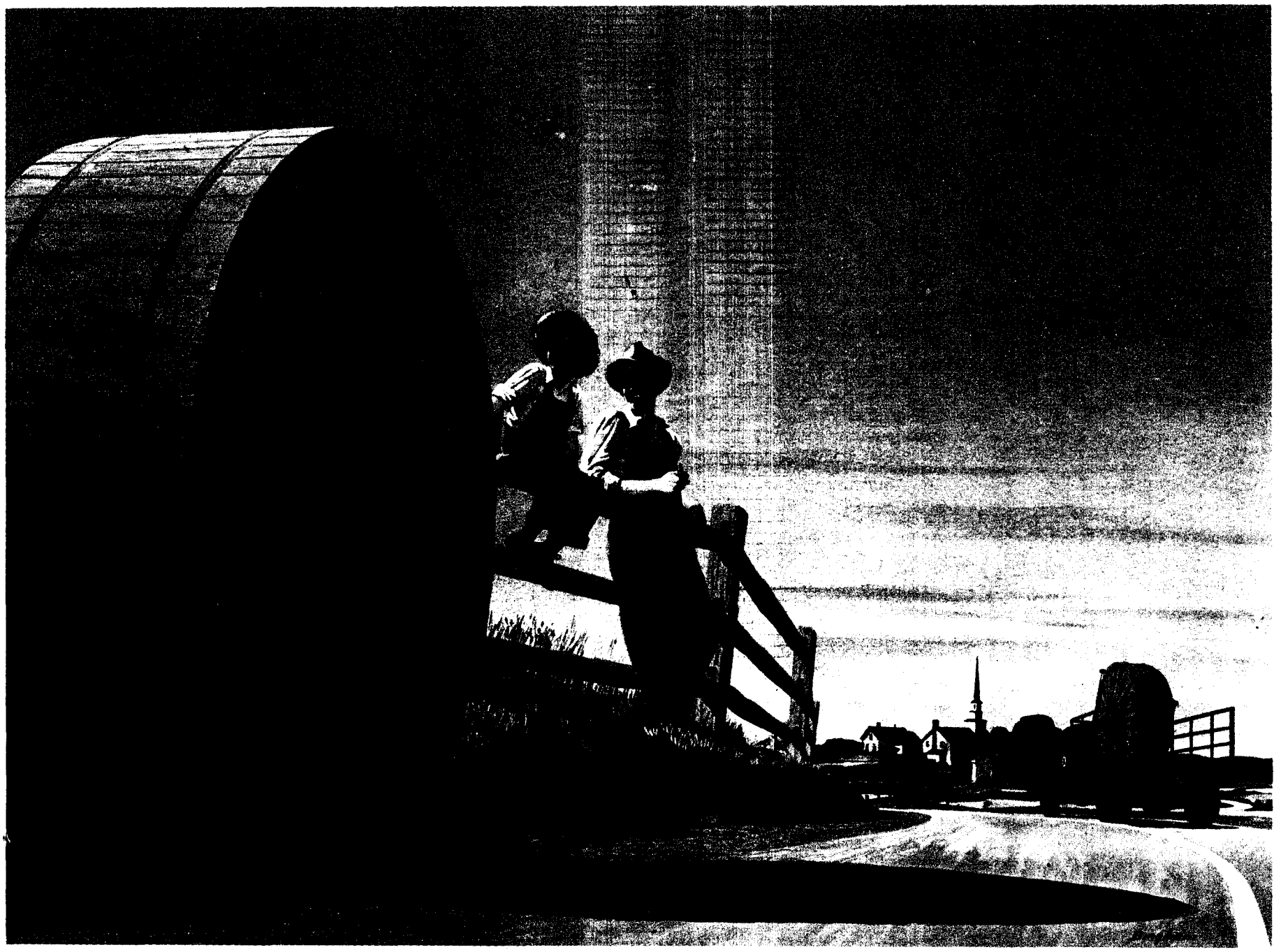
"No," Jeff said. "That's the trouble."

One day Dannenberg called him and told him his oral was scheduled for Monday of the following week. "Dress carefully," he advised, "and better not drink Sunday night, and don't cut yourself shaving, and by all means be on time."

On Monday, Jeff reported at Dannenberg's office at ten thirty, although ex-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# It means just ONE thing . . .

IT'S a familiar sight. And every time you see a big reel marked *Western Electric* it means just one thing—more *telephone cable* to provide more and better telephone service.

To help handle your ever-growing use of the telephone, Western Electric this year is making cables containing over *13 million miles* of wire!

Millions of telephones—great numbers of switchboards—and countless other items are being made, too.

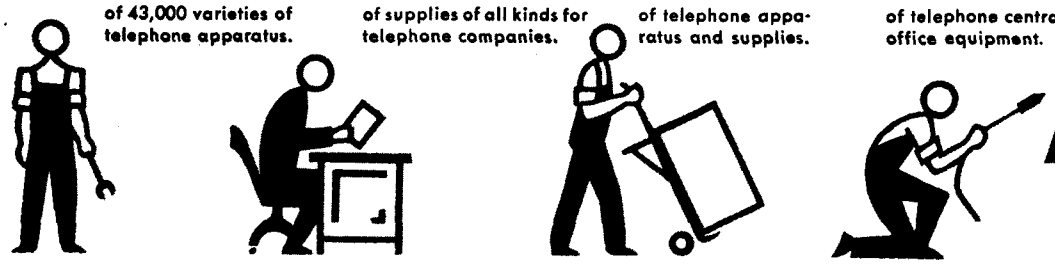
For 66 years, Western Electric has been the manufacturing unit of the Bell Telephone System—helping to make your service the world's best at the lowest possible cost.

**MANUFACTURER . . .** of 43,000 varieties of telephone apparatus.

**PURCHASER . . .** of supplies of all kinds for telephone companies.

**DISTRIBUTOR . . .** of telephone apparatus and supplies.

**INSTALLER . . .** of telephone central office equipment.



**Western Electric**

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPARTUS
FULL-VUE
TWIN LENS REFLEX CAMERA

*Complete with Shoulder Strap*

Only $9.98 Tax Included
Slightly Higher in Canada
EVEREADY CARRYING CASE $3.00

Right now—and all through the year—get set for a glorious round of picture-taking pleasure. With a Spartus Full-Vue you can shoot your favorite subjects like an expert from the very start! It is so easy to use . . . so simple to load and operate . . . no adjustment, no focusing. You see the exact facial expression or scene you want as it will appear in the finished print. Simply frame the image in the big groundglass reflex finder—and click the shutter. 12 full size 2¼ x 2¼ contact prints with every roll of No. 120 film. Snapshot or time exposure. At your favorite photographic dealer, drug or department store.

*a Spartus Camera for every purpose*

SPARTUS PRESS FLASH
For day or night shots. Built-in flash reflector. Complete with 4 Wabash flash bulbs. $14.95 tax incl.

SPARTUS "35F"
Synchronized for flash. Built-in filter. For 35mm film in color or black and white. $14.95 tax incl.

SPARTUS FOLDING CAMERA
Small, compact, fits into purse or pocket. Snapshot or time exposure. A truly fine value. $8.95 tax incl.

THE SPENCER CO.
715 WEST LAKE STREET, CHICAGO 6, ILLINOIS


amination time was not until eleven. Dannenberg seemed excited and fluttery. "It's going to be in the other building," he said. "And we've had a surprise. The Secretary himself is going to sit in on the examining board. It's the first time he's ever done it. He's deeply interested in recruitment, you know."

Jeff sat down and picked up a magazine and turned the pages. His eyes scanned sentences and paragraphs, and pretended to read, but his mind did not know what his eyes were seeing.

Dannenberg's phone rang, and he answered it and said, "We'll be right over."

THEY walked out of the institute building, and across the street to the marble and limestone building known as New State. They took an elevator to the fifth floor, passed through a double door over which was the great seal, through an anteroom with empty chairs lining its walls, through a secretarial office, and then through two more sets of double doors, and into a room deeply carpeted and utterly soundless, as if it were detached from the building and from the city. Four men were seated at an oval conference table, with the Secretary at the end. The Secretary's head was down, exposing a bald spot in the gray, and he did not raise his eyes as they entered. He was reading a file of cables.

Dannenberg waited, standing, until the Secretary closed the file. Jeff was close at his side, trying not to stand to attention. "This is Mr. Baker," Dannenberg said, "who is to take the examination today."

The Secretary rose and put out his hand. "This will be a new experience for both of us," he said.

Dannenberg introduced the others: "Mr. Matson, Mr. Richards, Mr. Keller."

"We've met before, haven't we?" Jeff said to Keller.

"Oh, yes, of course," Keller said, but Jeff could see he didn't remember. He had heard of the others, but never seen them before. Matson was chief of the Balkans Division. He had been minister in Sofia and Bucharest. Richards was also of career-minister rank, an expert on the Far East.

"All right, Mr. Baker, take this chair," Dannenberg said. Then Dannenberg seated himself at the opposite side of the table, and Jeff realized that Dannenberg would be the fifth man on the board, and that in the instant his manner had changed, and he was impersonal.

Dannenberg put his plump, white hands on the table, and said, "Would you care to start, Mr. Secretary?"

"No. You gentlemen go ahead."

"Would you care to tell us about your schooling, Mr. Baker?" Dannenberg said.

Jeff told them of Lawrenceville and Princeton.

Keller seemed more interested than the others. "What class at Princeton?"

"Thirty-nine."

"I was twenty-nine myself."

Then the questions began, really. Richards wanted to know whether he could explain the functions of the Far Eastern Commission and the Allied Council for Japan. He could, in a general way. Did he know what parallel separated the American and Russian zones in Korea? Jeff recalled it was the thirty-eighth. What was the agrarian policy of the Kuomintang? He fumbled that one.

The Secretary said, "This is like Information Please in reverse. Five men ask one man questions."

Matson took over. What sixteen nations participated in the ERP conferences? Jeff thought he remembered them all. Outline the importance of the Danube to European economy. That was easy. He knew the Danube. He remembered watching the river in brown flood all one day in Vienna in '45, and seeing not one ship pass. He talked of the Danube as a vital artery now strangled by tourniquets of international red tape. He mentioned the Bulgarian fishing fleet, which for three years had been rotting up the Danube, seven hundred miles from its home ports. He noticed that he had captured the Secretary's attention, and that he made a note on the cover of his cable file.

Yet his answer did not seem to please Matson. "You understand, Mr. Baker," he said, "that if our people in Austria permitted those boats to go back to the Black Sea, then they'd only be used to catch fish for the other side."

He saw Dannenberg's eyes raise in mute warning. No opinions. He found himself saying nevertheless, "We cannot make an ally of hunger. That's a matter of national ethics. Furthermore, it's shortsighted to paralyze the Bulgar fishing fleet. It's just handing another propaganda weapon to the Communists in Bulgaria and Rumania."

"Very interesting viewpoint," said Matson. "But obviously arrived at without benefit of complete information."

Then the questions began to come in French, in Spanish, in Italian and German. He had been told that when they bothered to test your languages you had a chance.

"Now I'm going to ask you a question we ask all our candidates," Dannenberg said. "Why do you want to join the Foreign Service?"

"I've always pointed for it, more or less," he said. "My father was in the department."

This drew Keller's attention. "A legacy, eh?" he said. "I don't remember any Baker, but I suppose he was before my time."

"Baker? Baker?" murmured Matson. "I don't remember him either. Thought I knew everyone in the department. But then, he probably was in London when I was in Sofia, and in Shanghai while I was back home. You know how it is."

"He was a clerk," Jeff said.

"Oh," said Keller, and the single syllable was toned with surprise and disappointment, as if he had been examining a handsome ring, and then had been told the stone was imitation.

"There was another reason I wanted to get in the Foreign Service," Jeff said. He knew he had to get it out, because it was working inside him.

"Yes?" Dannenberg inquired.

"I don't want to see any more wars. I want to do what I can to prevent another war." He saw that they were all eying him now with fresh interest, as if he had told them some private thing about himself that was curious. "I suppose that's bombastic," he added, sensing the need of an explanation. "I suppose it's bombastic to think that I can do anything to help keep the peace. But that's the way I feel, and I know that in the Foreign Service I'd have more opportunity to do what I want to do than anywhere else."

"Well, now, I think that's very commendable," said Matson.

"Oh, yes," said Richards. "That's a splendid aim." He glanced up at the wall clock, as if from then on they all would be wasting time.

The Secretary raised his head, and Jeff realized he had been watchful, though silent. "I take it you don't like war."

"No, sir, I don't."

"What outfit?"

"Eighty-fifth Division, 399th Regiment, sir."

"Coulter was a good general," the Secretary stated, in the professional way that one doctor speaks of another as a good man. He ran a forefinger along the tabletop, and Jeff knew he was exercising his fabulous memory for the minutiae of battle. He knew something that in the room only he and the Secretary knew—that the Secretary was tracing Jeff's bootprints up the spiny back of the Italian peninsula. He was following Jeff's mad entry into Rome, through the ambuscades of the 88s on the road to Florence, edging with him across the mine fields on the banks of the Arno. He was witnessing the heartbreaking attack on the Gothic line, and suffering through the terrible winter in the Apennines, exulting a little in the last assault across the Po, and experiencing the sickening letdown and disillusion that followed victory. "I see," the Secretary said. "I think I see."

"If there are no more questions," Dannenberg said, "I suppose that will be all." They rose, and shook hands, and Dannenberg opened the door for him. "You can find your way out all right?" Dannenberg said. "You'll be informed by letter, in the usual way."

"Thanks very much," Jeff said. "You've been very considerate." He did not think he would see Dannenberg again. He feared he had failed. As he walked back toward Dupont Circle he tried to analyze his answers. He tried to remember what each one had said, and how they had reacted to him, and how the Secretary had looked when he left.

AFTER Jeff was gone, Dannenberg took his seat again. Because of the Secretary's presence, there was not the usual relaxation after the candidate left. "Well, Mr. Secretary," Dannenberg said, "what did you think of him?"

"I'll wait to hear your reactions."

"I think on the whole he's a very promising candidate," said Dannenberg. "He has enthusiasm, background, and he knows Europe much better than most men his age."

"He doesn't know Asia," said Richards. "A man ought to be well rounded, as the world is rounded."

Dannenberg tried to estimate the Secretary's opinion, and decided to speak his mind: "On the other hand you can't expect him to have encyclopedic knowledge at his age. What's your opinion, Fred?"

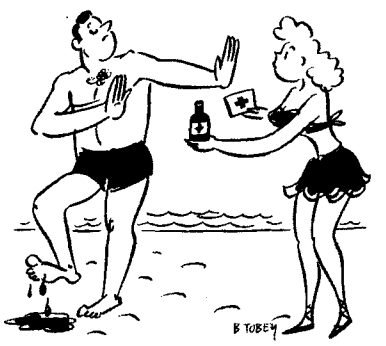
Keller lighted a cigarette, tilted his head upward, and slowly blew out the smoke. "He's a bit visionary," he said, "but I think he has the makings of a first-class man."

"When you said visionary you voiced my objection," said Matson. "We need hardheaded, practical men in the department today. After all, we're engaged in a life-and-death struggle for our own way of life with a merciless enemy. Why take a chance on a do-gooder?"

"We took a chance on him before," the Secretary said under his breath.

"The way I see it," Matson explained,

## OUNCE OF PREVENTION




### ON THE HOOF

**Here is another sure-fire way**
**To mar that summer holiday—**
**Walk barefoot on a piece of glass**
**Concealed in guileless sand or grass**
**And then be brave—don't disinfect it—**
**It's more dramatic to neglect it!**

**—Margaret Fishback**



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"is like this: We need realists—tough-minded realists—in the department today as we never needed them before. Now I know from his spot check that this boy isn't a Communist, or a radical or anything. But this is war. And the Foreign Service officers we send abroad at this time are on the front line." Matson held out his hands, gripping an imaginary rifle at the port position. "We don't want woolly-headed dreamers out there. Not that I've got anything against ideals and ethics, you understand. They're all right, at the proper time and place. But the men we send out to defend our system of free enterprise and our democratic way of life have got to be hardheaded."

"I think I'll take a chance on him," said the Secretary. "How do you gentlemen vote?"

"I think he's a very promising candidate," said Dannenberg.

"I'd like to have him," said Keller.

"I've got reservations about giving him a post in the Orient at this time, but he might be all right for Europe," said Richards.

"He is a very personable young man," Matson said. "That I'll admit. And as he grows older he'll no doubt have some good, hard, common sense knocked into him. But right now he should be nursed along. There's a post open in Tananarive, Madagascar, that we always have trouble filling. I think he'd fit in there."

"No," said the Secretary. "If he asks for a southern or central European job I think he should get it."

So that settled it.

As he rose from the table the Secretary said, as if it were an afterthought and of little consequence, "Mr. Matson, would you mind sending me the cables on the Bulgarian fishing boats?" . . .

For the next six weeks Jeff Baker became a blue peg that was moved across a board called "Orientation" in Mr. Dannenberg's office. He absorbed lectures on Atomic Energy and International Security, the Crisis in Britain, India at the Crossroads, The Petropolis Conference, Greece at the Crossroads, Political Problems in Southeast Asia, The Crisis in Germany, France at the Crossroads, The Arab Crisis, Italy at the Crossroads, Why the Straits Are Vital.

When he had been pumped so full of lectures that it seemed his brain must burst, Dannenberg told him he had been assigned to Budapest and would finish his training on the Balkans desk. "You'll get the big picture of what's going on in your area," he explained. "You'll report to Mr. Matson in Temporary Building P."

"I want to thank you," Jeff said, "for all your help. That day I took the oral, I thought I'd never make it."

"Quite truthfully, I didn't either, for a while," said Dannenberg. "You know, Baker, sometimes agreeable silence is the best diplomacy."

"I see," Jeff said.

"I'd stick pretty close to Matson, if I were you. I'd try to understand his viewpoint. Since he'll be your division chief while you're at your first post, he'll have a good deal to do with the advancement of your career."

"What's Matson's viewpoint?"

"Well, just between us, Matson is a war-now man. I think he was a bit alarmed by what you said about war, and you'd do well to make your peace with him."

THE next day Matson found a desk for Jeff in the Balkans Division. Over this desk began to pass carbons of the incoming file of cables: An American lieutenant had been beaten by the Yugoslavs; three conservative leaders in Rumania had disappeared and were presumed dead; the Cominform in Belgrade was sending propagandists into the Caribbean countries; a Viennese doctor, escaped from a Russian bacteriological warfare laboratory, reported the Russians had been extremely successful in their experiments with anthrax and bubonic plague. Prague was excited about the stepped-up production of the uranium mines in Bohemia, and was wondering what had become of some of our agents in the area. Four Soviet tank divisions were maneuvering in Lower Austria. Budapest said a Swiss traveler had talked to a German scientist who had helped perfect an atomic bomb, in one of the factories beyond the Urals, which would fit into a suitcase. A hand grenade had been thrown at the legation in Tirana. The consul in Salonika was sending his wife home.

On the day that the Bulgarian Communists tried and executed Kenov for no greater reason than that he led the opposition, Matson called Jeff into his office. "Well, Baker," he asked, "still anxious for the Balkans?"

"Yes, I still want to go," Jeff said.

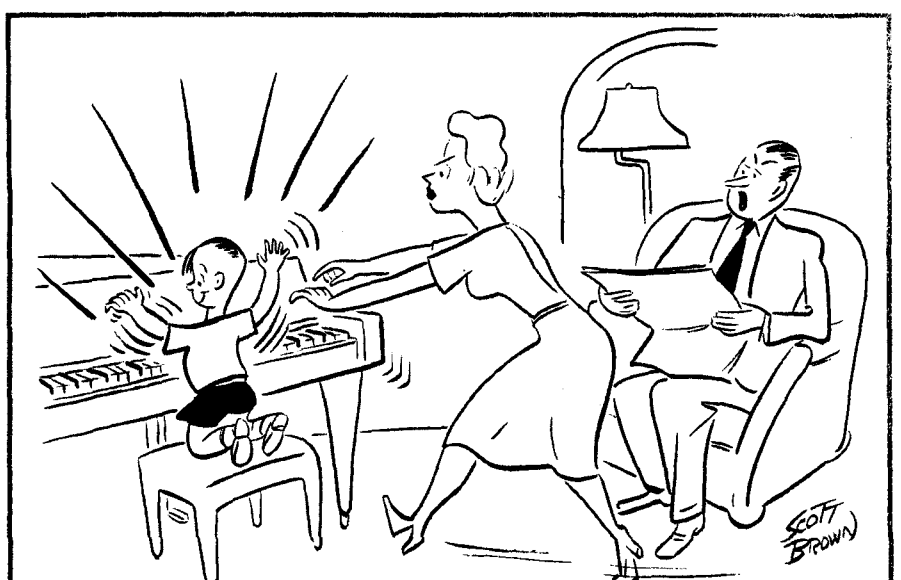
"You saw the dispatch about Kenov? He was a friend of mine," Matson said. "A good friend. Just as good a friend as any friend I have here in Washington. And he was a gentleman. Furthermore, he was a good public servant. He devoted his life to raising his people out of ignorance and poverty. He opposed the Nazi tyranny, and he opposed the Red tyranny, and now those damn' beasts have killed him."

"Do you think all of them are beasts?"

"Enough of them are so, sometimes I agree with those who say we can't be far wrong in wiping out the whole bunch, while there's time."

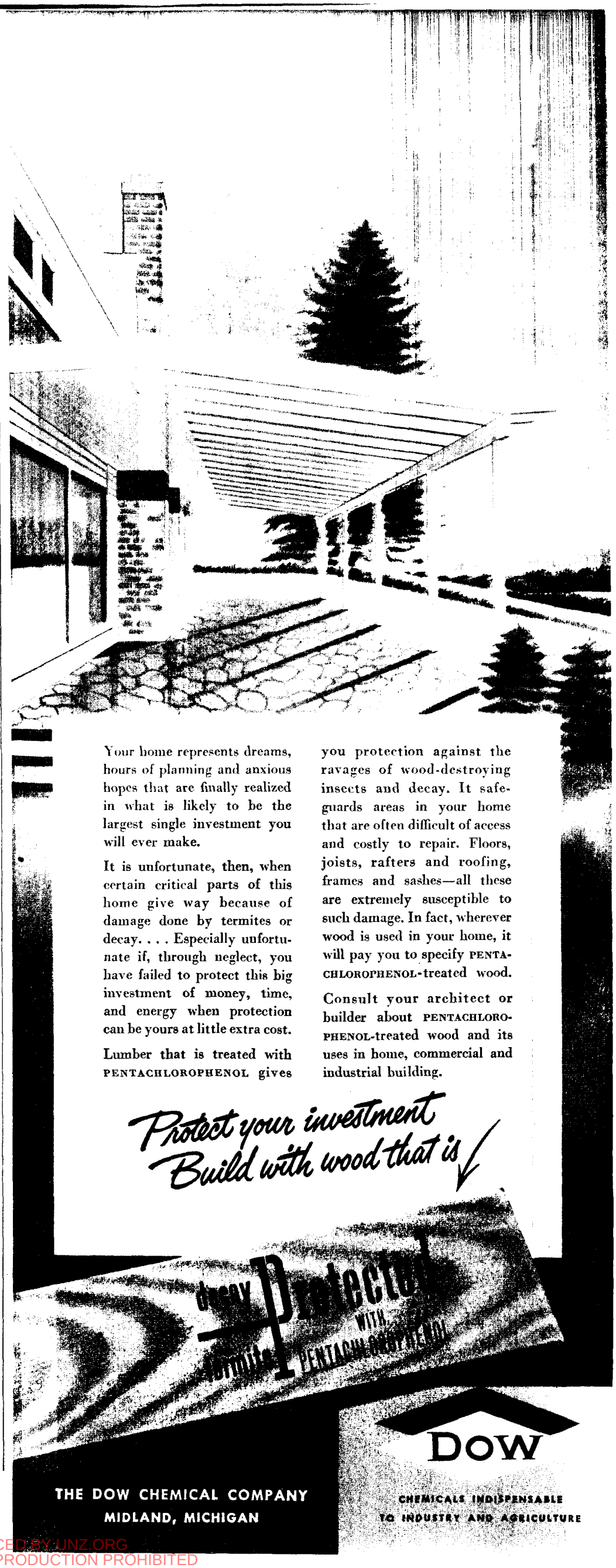
"You can't kill two hundred million people."

"Wouldn't have to. Just kill thirty or




COLLIER'S "Let's make him take piano lessons. That might cure him of wanting to pound it" SCOTT BROWN



Your home represents dreams, hours of planning and anxious hopes that are finally realized in what is likely to be the largest single investment you will ever make.

It is unfortunate, then, when certain critical parts of this home give way because of damage done by termites or decay. . . . Especially unfortunate if, through neglect, you have failed to protect this big investment of money, time, and energy when protection can be yours at little extra cost.

Lumber that is treated with PENTACHLOROPHENOL gives you protection against the ravages of wood-destroying insects and decay. It safeguards areas in your home that are often difficult of access and costly to repair. Floors, joists, rafters and roofing, frames and sashes—all these are extremely susceptible to such damage. In fact, wherever wood is used in your home, it will pay you to specify PENTACHLOROPHENOL-treated wood.

Consult your architect or builder about PENTACHLOROPHENOL-treated wood and its uses in home, commercial and industrial building.

*Protect your investment*
*Build with wood that is*

DOW

THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY
MIDLAND, MICHIGAN

CHEMICALS INDISPENSABLE TO INDUSTRY AND AGRICULTURE


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"WEEK END IN THE COUNTRY," by Austin Briggs. Number 19 in the series "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

# *Beer belongs...enjoy it*

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forty million, and hang the New York radicals from every lamppost on Fifth Avenue. That's what people are saying and perhaps that's the only answer."

"Isn't that genocide?" Jeff said. He knew he should be quiet. "Isn't that advocating the same thing for which we condemned the Nazis?"

Matson seemed whiter than ever, as if all the blood had fled from his face and hands to feed the hot ball of anger inside him. "I'll take my chances on being condemned," he said. "We are engaged in a struggle for survival—our world against theirs. You have been picked as one of the men to go out in the front line. You should have no doubts."

JEFF had to say it: "But I do have doubts. I'm confused. I feel like I'm wallowing around in a swamp and can't find my way out. I don't know what's right and what's wrong any more. Poor Winant must have felt like this, only worse, because he knew so much more than I know."

Matson had been doodling a set of round noseless faces across his blotter. He punctuated them with grim little mouths before he spoke: "What you've just said proves I was right. I don't mind telling you that you're in my division in spite of my protests. In times like these men of your temperament should be sent to Madagascar or New Zealand, whatever their experience. The Secretary insisted you go to Europe, and Dannenberg gave you to me."

"I didn't know that," Jeff said.

"I'm glad to have you, so long as you behave. You've been picked for Budapest, and you'll go to Budapest next week, and by God you'll go as a soldier. You'll take orders and carry them out."

"Yes, sir," Jeff said.

"I mean that literally," said Matson. "The legation in Budapest is on a quasi-military footing. We now consider the embassy in Moscow as nothing more than a garrison under siege, from which there can be few sorties for intelligence and information. But Budapest is a listening post and observation post deep inside the enemy lines. Exactly what you'll do there is up to Admiral Blankenhorn, as chief of mission. Maybe he'll let you work under Keller. Maybe he'll make you stable boy. I don't know."

Jeff knew from the cables that Fred Keller had arrived in Budapest a month before, and that his title was Special Assistant to the Minister. No reference to his work ever appeared in the cables. Matson guessed at Jeff's curiosity. "This is extremely confidential," he said. "It is probably the most confidential work going on in my area. You will have to know about it sometime, so I might as well tell you now. Mr. Keller is forming resistance groups inside Hungary. If it works out there we'll try it in other countries. We call this experiment the Atlantis Project. When war comes, we'll have an organization in Europe."

"When war comes?" Jeff said.

"Yes. War must come. I know it's not diplomatic to say it, but I'm a realist." He spoke with the finality of one who has stated the world is round. Jeff knew there was no use arguing, then or ever. Not with Matson.

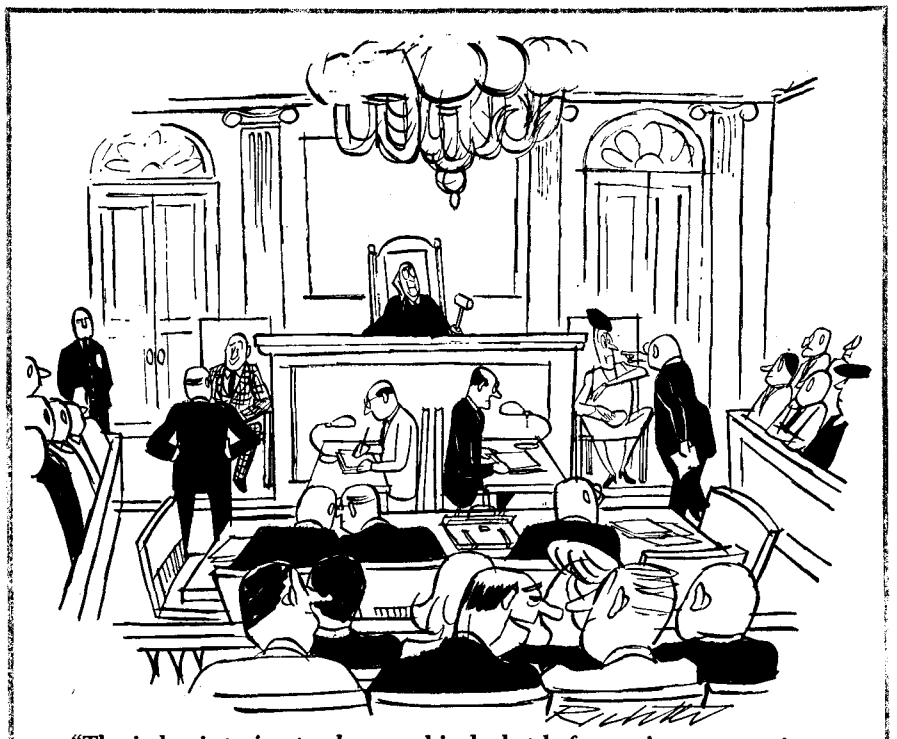
Gerald Matson anticipated war with Russia with the mingled confidence and impatience of one waiting for the last act of a play in which it is certain the villain will get his just deserts, the hero will get the girl, and everyone will live happily ever after.

He himself did not know at what precise point in his life he became aware of the Red menace. It may have started as far away as the dinner table in his boyhood, although it was not called a Red menace at the time, and indeed had no name. His father had his money in street railways in Pennsylvania and was harassed by agitators, radicals, strikers, the damned Socialists who were advocating public ownership, and the damned laborers who didn't know what was good for them.

While he was at Harvard he became alarmed at the radical talk among some of the undergraduates and wrote a letter to the Transcript. The letter was printed, and there was a good deal of comment. His father commended him, praised his literary style, and said the family at last had produced a statesman.

In his second year in the department he wrote an evaluation of the Lenin-Trotsky dogma of world revolution which was good enough to be used as source material for future studies.

In 1925, while he was in Bucharest, he met and married the lovely, sad-eyed Countess Anya Lewenska. She was Russian, and the Bolsheviks had murdered her father and mother and confiscated their estates. He was never able to forget this, for in the years that followed, their home became a port of call, refueling station, and sometimes a permanent



"The judge is trying to clean up his docket before going on vacation"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

harbor, for her brothers, uncles, aunts, nieces, nephews and cousins.

Gerald Matson's brothers, who now ran the family utilities holdings, kept him informed of the close connections between the Reds in Russia and the Pennsylvania Reds whose unions each year became more powerful and demanding. All his life a Red conspiracy had been closing in around him, and he knew that the only solution was war against Russia. As he constantly warned his colleagues, the United States was engaged in a battle for survival.

IT WAS about eight that night when Gerald Matson drove to his Alexandria home. For two weeks he had been working late in the department, for Count Igor Lewenska, his wife's younger brother, was their house guest. The count's dress shop had failed, and his perfume establishment had failed, and Matson knew he would be wanting capital to start another business.

After coffee Matson remarked that it had been a long time since they had been to a movie, and Bob Hope was playing in Alexandria. He was aware that the count professed to scorn American comedy.

The count, who had his sister's sad eyes, saw his opportunity. "I hear there is much money in Hollywood—much."

"When did you learn that?" Matson said.

"I hear it. I was told that if I had opened my salon in Hollywood I would have been a huge success."

Matson made a rude noise.

"Gerald!" his wife said. "Let Iggy say what he has to say!"

"Yes," the count said. "It came to me last night when I heard the government has ordered there should be anti-Bolshevik pictures."

"The government didn't do any such thing," said Matson. "Some congressman merely suggested it. The government can't order movies made."

The count shrugged. "When anti-Bolshevist pictures are made they will need technical advice. I will be there. It will be a great chance to make money and inform everyone about the Bolsheviks too."

"Meanwhile," said the countess, "Iggy can open a dress shop. He will no doubt meet influential people. When they need technical advice he will be available. I think it's a remarkable idea."

Matson knew he was trapped, yet he continued to struggle. "We'll discuss it tomorrow. I'm tired. They keep unloading pacifists on me. It's disheartening."

"Pacifists!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, pacifists." He told them about Jeff Baker.

"And if he goes to Budapest he will work on the Atlantis Project?" said Anya.

"He might." Anya was still beautiful, and an imaginative and popular hostess, and she had been a great help to him in his career, but sometimes he wished she would not speak so carelessly of secret matters.

"What is this Atlantis Project?" asked Iggy.

"I don't think it should be discussed here, Anya," Matson said.

"Now, Gerald, don't be ridiculous. Iggy is one of the family, and anyway he'd be the last person in the world to mention it."

"I don't want it discussed!" Matson said. He decanted a thimbleful of brandy into one of his King Alexander glasses.

"Gerald, you're so silly," Anya said. Before Matson could stop her she said, "I think it's the most wonderful idea, to build another underground."

"Shut up!" Matson yelled.

"Come, come," said the count. "No quarreling. I don't wish to know your secrets, Gerald, if you do not trust me." He poured brandy to the rim of his glass. "I drink to the downfall of the Bolsheviks!"

"To their end," Matson said mechanically, and raised his own glass. It had to come sooner or later, and it was his judgment that the sooner it came the better. To the war! The war would end this constant rasping of his nerves, his worry over money and his future in the department. The war would eliminate the radicals and emasculate the unions and placate his brothers. The war would give jobs to his in-laws and eventually send them back to their estates in Russia. For Matson, the war would mean peace.

THE day before Jeff was to leave for Budapest, Matson summoned him to his office and said, "I had a call for you from Horace Locke. He wants to see you before you leave. Friend of yours?"

"Horace Locke? No, but I've heard my father speak of him. I thought he was retired."

"He isn't, but he should be. He isn't very well liked in the department. He's outlived his time. I wouldn't take anything he says too seriously. That's just a friendly hint."

"Thanks," Jeff said. He had tried to follow Dannenberg's advice and understand Matson's viewpoint. He had been attentive, respectful and had muffled his own opinions as much as he could. He tried to agree, at least outwardly, with whatever Matson had to say, as he did now. But he could not bring himself to like Matson. When he talked to Matson he felt that his distaste, no matter how carefully he censored it from his voice and masked it from his face, must somehow show, for he knew Matson could feel it.

"If Locke has anything to say about this division I want a complete report on it. He sometimes tries to start trouble."

"Yes, sir."

Jeff found Horace Locke on the second floor of Old State, across the street from the White House. The department, in return for New War, had ceded Old State to the Presidential special agencies, so Horace Locke's office was like a forgotten island around which eddied and bubbled the activity of a foreign sea. On the office door hung a sign—Adviser to The Diplomatic Monuments and Memorials Commission.

There was no anteroom, no secretary, no typists or messengers. There was only a thin, wispy, white-haired man, dressed in tweeds that were soft and silky with years, small in his loneliness. On his desk was the minimum issue, for one of career-minister rank, of double pen set, water flask and glasses, metal calendar, two telephones, and in and out files, empty.

Jeff had expected he would be infirm, or dull-witted or cantankerous with age, but actually he didn't appear so old. He certainly wasn't any older than the Secretary of State, and he didn't seem much older than Dannenberg or Matson. His manner was composed and yet alert, his handshake quick and steady. "You're Baker, eh? Your father was Nicholas Baker, isn't that right?" he began.

"That's right, sir," Jeff said.

"I thought so. Didn't think there would be two Jefferson Wilson Bakers. Can you pull up one of those leather chairs?" He waited until Jeff moved the chair, and then he said, "How proud your father would have been—how very proud! Guess I'll have to be proud for him."

"I've heard him speak of you quite often."

"It was only luck that I knew you'd made the Foreign Service. Saw your name this morning in the department bulletin. That's all that ever crosses my desk, now, the daily bulletin."

Jeff knew he should say something, but he was afraid that whatever he said would be wrong.

For a moment Horace Locke remained silent, too, although his clear gray eyes were inspecting Jeff, drinking in detail, analyzing, judging. "If I had known sooner," he said, "there are some things I could have—" He shook his head. "No, I couldn't have been of any help to you. Sometimes I forget I'm no



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

longer a division chief. What's your job going to be?"

"I'll just be one of the third secretaries."

"Don't underestimate your own importance. Foreign policy is not made by speeches, or treaties, or directives or proclamations. It is made by men, and what they do. That's why I stay in the department. I've got too big a stake in the 20th century to pick up my chips and get out. Someday I might be able to do something again."

Jeff said, "Mr. Locke, I'm sure with all your experience you'll be called on eventually. But why can't you do anything now?"

Horace Locke didn't seem to hear. "We were so proud of the 20th century," he said softly. "Why, we even named a train after it."

"What happened to you? Why aren't you a chief of division any more?" Jeff hazarded.

Locke's voice was still low: "Because I have dangerous and unfashionable thoughts. Because I won't go along with the 'you're another' school of diplomacy. Because I believe we can have another war, or we can have civilization. But not both."

Jeff said, "Maybe I've got dangerous and unfashionable thoughts too."

"Knowing your father, I thought you would have. But we are not alone. We are only two in a great majority. True, it is a majority inarticulate, confused, and almost ashamed of displaying its consuming will for peace. We turned over our leadership to those who have a vested interest in war, and we have had trouble getting it back. My judgment tells me that we will never get it back, that the odds are for another war, and the dissolving of all our rights and freedoms. We will believe that thus we can beat the Russians, and survive. But if we survive it will be only as blind ants underground, fearfully guarding their eggs and breeding more soldier ants so they can continue to exist."

"That's a pretty black picture."

"I know it. We have the choice of believing Patton, who said, 'Man is war,' or of believing Sherman. I'm afraid we'll believe Patton."

JEFF thought of the *nebelwürfe* coming in on the slopes of Mount Altuzzo, and the terrible winter of '44, when it was always cold and always wet on Route 65, which the homesick doughs called Easy Street. "When it comes," he laughed, "I want to be the guy who hands out the doughnuts on the dock at Hoboken."

Horace Locke smiled, as though he had followed Jeff's chain of thought perfectly. "I don't think that would help you much. There was 'Remember the Maine,' and then there was 'Remember Pearl Harbor,' and the next one will be 'Remember New York.'"

He paused, and the smile disappeared. "In every country are men who want war for one reason or another. The military we can understand. They have been trained and educated for one purpose, and when they pursue their *raison d'être* it is understandable. But there are many others who want war, and their motives are not always so clear as, say, the greed of our local Krupps, and the fear of the men in the Kremlin. All of them have some personal reason—and to them a good reason—for bringing down the house of man in atomic shambles."

"So what can we do?" said Jeff.

"We do what we can. It won't be much, but more than most. Most people cannot make themselves heard above the din for war. In the Foreign Service you can observe, you can report, you can act."

"A third secretary can't do much."

"You'd be surprised what third secretaries have done. Of course they can bottle you up. They can stop all your reports. But there's even a way to get around that. It's been used many times. When you have something to say, and you cannot say it officially, put it in a letter to some friend in the department. A man you trust."

"Isn't there a regulation about that?"

"There is, but it's pretty elastic."

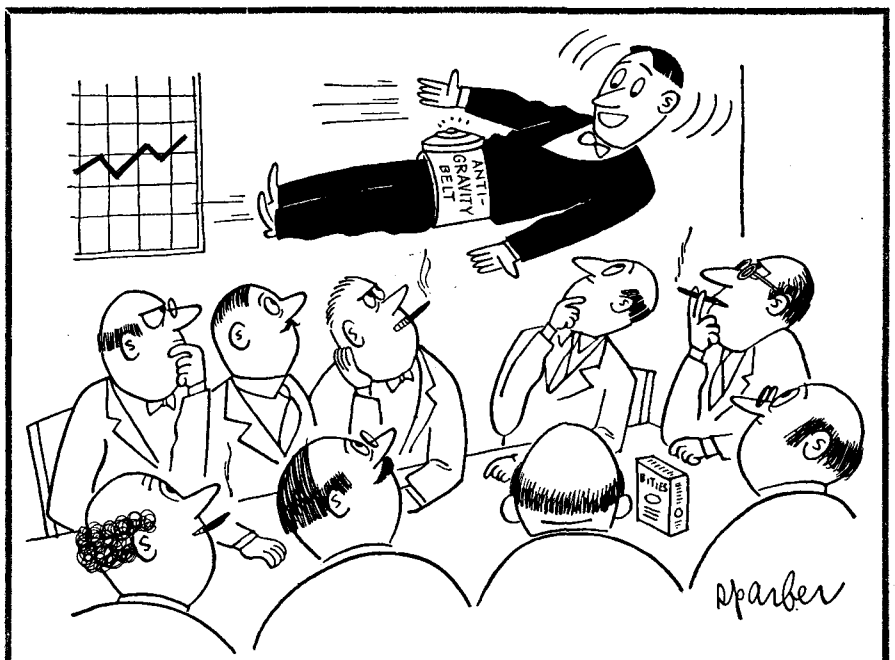
"I don't have any friends in the department," Jeff said.

"You can have me."

Jeff wondered whether he was engaging in a conspiracy. He didn't feel as if it were a conspiracy. It seemed perfectly natural and normal. "I'll remember that," he said.

"I don't know whether I'll be able to do anything with what you write me, if you do write," Horace Locke said, "but I'll try." He put his hands on the arms of his chair, and Jeff knew their talk was over. "I have to keep trying," Locke said as he rose, "until they finally kick me out of here. But I'm afraid it is hopeless. If there is to be peace, it must be dictated from up there." He pointed his hand toward the old-fashioned, soaring ceiling, not self-consciously, but matter-of-factly as if of a certainty there were something up there.

Jeff could not help but look, and there was nothing up there except an embossed great seal, dirty and yellowing, and Jeff realized this once had been part of the suite of the Secretary of State. . . .




"The question is, should we offer it to the government or keep it exclusively as a box-top premium?"

COLLIER'S HOWARD SPARBER

Jeff Baker spent the rest of that day completing the list of purchases recommended by the travel experts in the Processing Section. He bought vitamin pills, lighter flints, chocolate, sulfadiazine, a hundred razor blades and a spare razor, a portable radio adjustable for all current frequencies.

He went back to the apartment and began to pack. He found he could get almost everything he possessed, except his books, into the four-suiter, the two-suiter, and the Pullman bag, all new and unscarred by travel. He was even able to pack his maps. He collected maps as some men collect old theater stubs and programs, or first editions.

He had also bought a diplomatic dispatch case, of handsome pigskin, tooled in London. It had cost him forty-five dollars, and this seemed a lot of money, especially when he had nothing to put in it except a handful of personal papers. He was enamored of the dispatch case as a woman with her first mink wrap. It was the insigne of his rank. Anthony Eden could possess no better. He was admiring its austere beauty when Susan Pickett called.

She said she'd just heard from a girl in Balkans that he was leaving soon, and she hoped he'd drop in and see her.

"I'm flying at seven in the morning," he said.

"Oh! I didn't know it was that soon." She sounded upset. "I suppose you're awfully busy, packing and saying goodby."

"I'm all packed," Jeff said. "I've said all my goodbys."

"Except to me."

"Except to you."

"I wish you would come over," she said.

"I'll be over right away."

"Not too quickly. Give me an hour. I just got home."

"Okay. An hour."

He was at her apartment in an hour, exactly. She took his black Homburg, smiled as she smoothed the new felt, and dropped it on a bookcase. Then she turned and raised her eyes to his, directly, but all she said was, "Drink?"

"Please."

"Rye, right?"

"Right."

She seemed different. It wasn't her dress alone. She wore a white blouse with a gold pin at her shoulder, and a full skirt that seemed to possess rhythm of its own, and that eddied and swirled with her smallest movement. As she moved to the teak bar he noticed that her hair was different. It was loose and smooth like dark velvet brushing her shoulders.

Then he noticed that the room too was different. A room changes with the character of its owner, so slowly and subtly that it is always noticed first by the stranger, not by the one who lives there. Exactly how it had changed was difficult to say. Some pieces had been added, some subtracted. He believed the rattan occasional chair was new, but he could not be sure. The room seemed more colorful, yet it was bare of pictures. Even the photograph of the Marine Corps colonel was gone.

He sensed that this night would be different from the last time. He walked to her side at the bar. He took the just-made drinks from her hands and set them down on the dark wood. He put his arms around her, and he could feel her hands, wet and cold from the ice, at the back of his neck. He held her until he had to catch his breath, and then he kissed her eyes and her mouth and her ears and the base of her throat.

"You're ruining me," she said finally.

"I'll be on an airplane in eleven hours," he said, as if in explanation.

"That's time enough."

"It's no time at all."

"At least we can have our drinks. And why don't you admire my dress? I dressed very carefully for you, darling."

"Okay," he said. "I'm admiring." . . .

They left her apartment at an hour when all else in the city was still, and even the drying August leaves slept silent, waiting for the morning breeze from the river to shake them into life. They walked together without speaking, their footsteps strangely distinct on the empty pavement, her hand under his elbow, her shoulder pressed close to his arm. Jeff's legs felt hollow and numb. They didn't feel like part of him. They moved of themselves.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing."

"I was thinking of nothing, too. It's going to be bad, isn't it?"

"It's going to be rough." Her understanding was part of this miracle, this sense of joining, of union, of oneness.

THEY didn't talk much on the way to the airport. He said the Lincoln Memorial was always beautiful at this time in the morning. She said wasn't it, but she thought the Jefferson Memorial was more graceful. He said he liked the Jefferson Memorial too—particularly when the cherry blossoms were coming out around the Tidal Basin.

Then they were at the National Airport, clean and fresh from its predawn scrubbing and yet surprisingly busy for the hour, and the porters had his luggage. They walked to the counter, the uniformed ticket agent checked his name on the manifest, and he found himself caught up in the smooth conveyer belt that in twenty minutes weighs and loads exactly fifty-six thousand pounds of passengers, luggage, mail, and freight on a transatlantic plane. He exhibited his ticket, his virgin diplomatic passport, his government immunization register. His next of kin, he was forced to recall, was Aunt Martha, in Chicago, to whom he had neglected to write for six months, and who had no idea he was on the way to Europe.

"I suppose you'll carry your dispatch case with you, Mr. Baker," the ticket agent suggested.

"Oh, yes, of course." Not until then did he realize Susan was no longer at his side.

Then he spotted her. Her arms were loaded, and she was looking for him. He shouted across the waiting room, "Hey, Susie!" Other people turned and stared. But she heard.

She'd shopped the magazine stand. She said she thought he ought to have plenty of magazines. And cigarettes.

"Five cartons!" he said. "I don't know whether they'll let me carry that many through customs."

She dropped everything on a bench, and then tapped his dispatch case. "That's what this is for. Didn't you know?" She rubbed her fingers along the perfect grain of the leather. "That's a lovely thing. I hope someday it carries—I'm not sure what. Something to wipe our fear away."

"I thought you'd got over it."

"I've rationalized it, some, but I can't get rid of it. Who can? There isn't a person in this country, Jeff, who at least once each day doesn't think of war. It's a permanent hazard, tangible as a fog that never blows away. It colors everything we do. Nobody can make a decision—business or personal—without considering it."

"Susan, what's going to happen to us?"

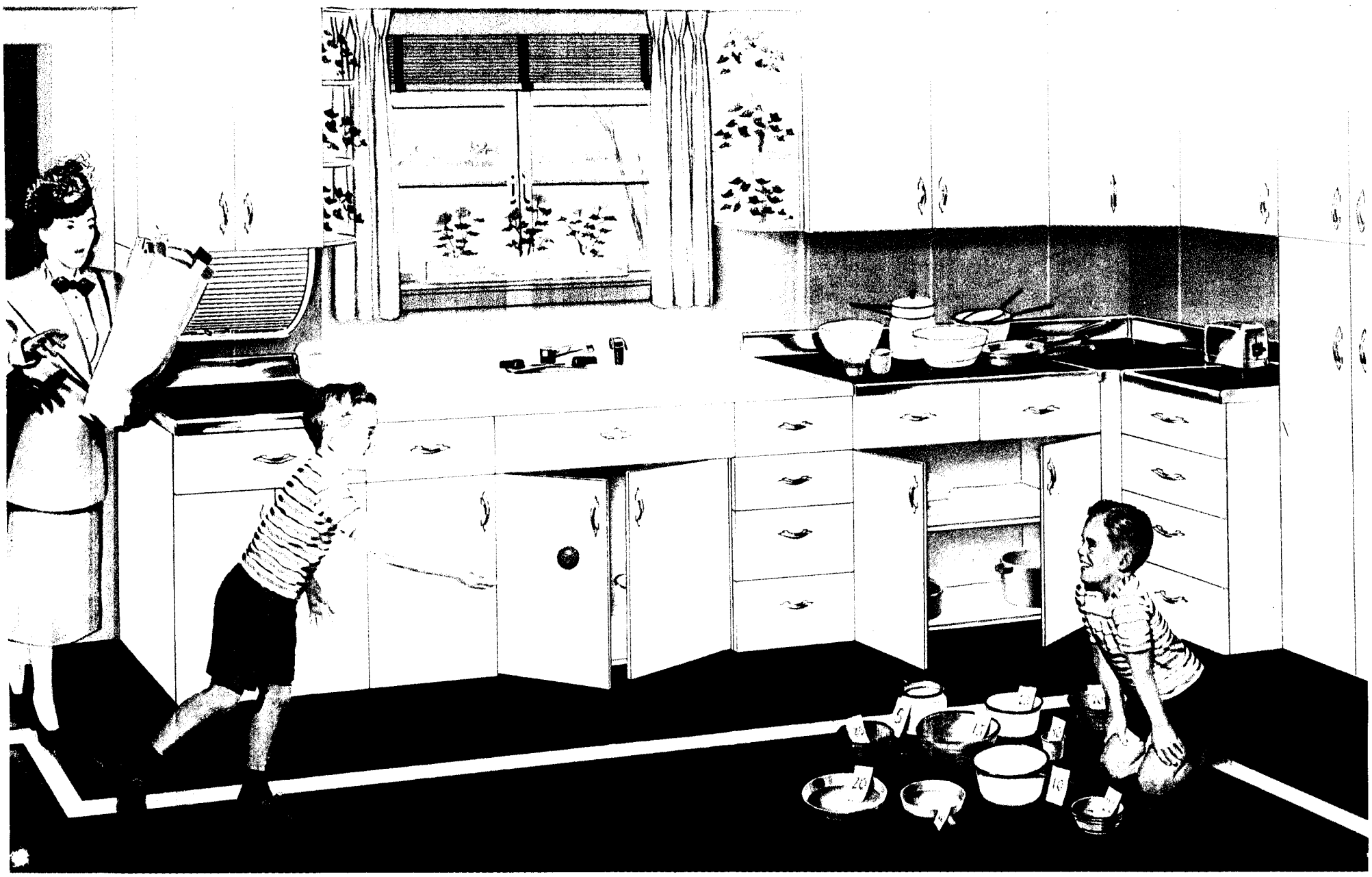
She looked at the clock. "There is so much we could talk about—and no time. I don't think we'd better plan."

"No, I guess not." He leaned over and kissed her hair, and said, "I wish I could take you with me, darling," and the loud-speakers began to whine, and somebody coughed into the microphone. Then the loud-speakers said Flight 86 was loading at Gate 3 for Shannon, Prague, Vienna and Budapest.

*(To be continued next week)*

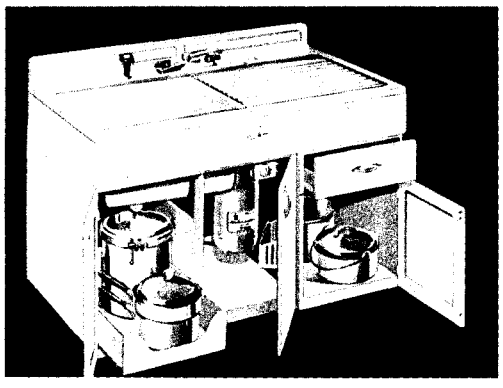


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Youngstown Kitchens of white-enameled steel fit every kitchen plan—old home or new. You'll marvel at the low price!

# Dream kitchens cost less than you'd think



**Here's** the 48" twin-bowl Kitchenaider—a kitchen wonder. Drainboard is sliding-removable. Second bowl *extra* deep—11". Sink top of acid-resisting porcelain enamel. Doors and drawers sound-deadened. You get still greater utility with the new Mullinaider, automatic waste-disposer unit. Optional equipment for all Kitchenaiders. Safe! Sanitary! Space-saving!

LOVELY, these Youngstown Kitchens.

But there's more to admire than their gleaming, efficient beauty. Just wait until you see the price!

The kitchen illustrated gives you an idea of what you can do with Youngstown Kitchenaider cabinet sinks, base and wall cabinets and accessories.

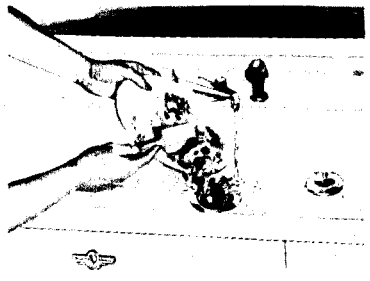
The 66" twin-bowl Kitchenaider speeds kitchen chores from food preparation to dishwashing. Like loads of work surfaces? You'll have them. How about storage space? Swing open the cabinet doors—open the smooth-sliding drawers. Indeed, here's a kitchen that only the leader, Youngstown, could build.

Best of all, this Youngstown Kitchen costs only about $16.00 a month (complete installation)—financing through dealer or bank. Others are equally low.

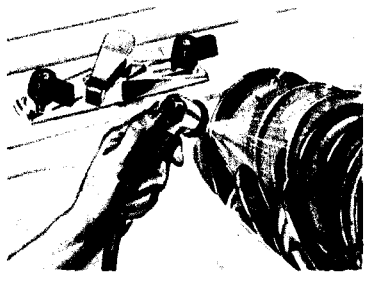
Your Youngstown dealer is the man with kitchen ideas—get acquainted! If you're building, specify a Youngstown Kitchen.

**MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION**
**WARREN, OHIO**
**World's Largest Makers of Steel Kitchens**

## Youngstown Kitchens
### BY MULLINS



**Like magic!** Mullinaider automatic waste-disposer grinds away food scraps. Just turn on cold water, flip Mullinaider switch, scrape waste down drain opening. Free home demonstration.



**See the** swinging mixing-faucet and speedy rinse spray. Spray reaches all parts of sink top. Great for dishwashing and cleaning vegetables. Typical Youngstown value. See your dealer.

**SEND COUPON TODAY!**

**GET THIS EXCITING BOOKLET!**
20 pages featuring beautiful Youngstown Kitchens in color. Full details on Youngstown units and tips on arranging a new kitchen. Enclose 10c in cash. No stamps, please.

Please send me your Youngstown Kitchen booklet. I enclose 10c in cash.

I plan to remodel ☐

I plan to build ☐

I want Free Home Demonstration of Mullinaider ☐

**Youngstown Kitchens**
**Mullins Manufacturing Corporation**
**Dept. K-848, Warren, Ohio**

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE

COUNTY STATE ★

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Chicago Sheraton 42 floors of Hospitality at the beginning of Chicago's "Magnificent Mile"

**try Sheraton first**

**Throughout 22 Sheraton cities, you can count on hospitality of the same high standard. Courteous, friendly service, attractive rooms, kept in immaculate condition, the best food—and, because of Sheraton's efficiency of operation—more for your money in every way.**

**Reservations are simpler, more easily obtained. Any Sheraton gladly reports room availabilities in all 28 Sheraton hotels. Reservations speedily confirmed by teletype.**

**Just call or wire your nearest Sheraton next time you plan to visit any of the cities listed.**

Twenty-Eight Sheraton Hotels

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| BOSTON | | |
| PROVIDENCE | | |
| NEW YORK | | CHICAGO |
| NEWARK | DETROIT | ST. LOUIS |
| PHILADELPHIA | ROCHESTER | BROOKLINE, Mass. |
| BALTIMORE | BUFFALO | NEW BRITAIN, Ct. |
| WASHINGTON | SPRINGFIELD, Mass. | ANNAPOLIS, Md. |
| PITTSBURGH | WORCESTER, Mass. | DAYTONA BEACH, Fla. |
| AUGUSTA, Ga. | PITTSFIELD, Mass. | RANGELEY LAKES, Me. |

Now shaving's faster, easier, far more convenient!
NEW! Notched bar permits instant blade changing
Improved
Gillette
Super-Speed
RAZOR SET
● For utmost shaving ease and convenience get this ultramodern shaving combination. Twist—the razor opens. Zip—it's loaded. Twist again—and enjoy the slickest shaves ever.
SAVE ON THIS SPECIAL OFFER!
Gillette One-Piece Razor and 10-Blade Dispenser
$1.00 $1.50 VALUE


# MRS. O'BRIEN HOLDS THAT TIGER

Continued from page 29

examinations in 1927. The people next door had to call the police to stop the noise. Do you think he'd let a Princeton man take a girl away from him? And another thing. Do you know Mr. Drayton's mother?"

"Now wait a minute," I said. "I know she's got money, but don't you think she'd be a little bit old for me?"

"Awful," said Mrs. O'Brien. "Really awful. Gracie Allen with two million bucks. She doesn't let that boy of hers alone for a second. The two of them were in and out of here for a whole month before college opened last fall. Picking out new draperies for William's room. Getting new slip covers for William's furniture.

"The slip covers I had on there were good enough the year before for a son of a Morgan partner and good enough the year before that for a man whose family breeds the best hunting horses in Virginia. But they weren't good enough for Mrs. Drayton's dear child William. She calls him up long-distance from Pittsburgh three times a week, mind you, to make sure he wears his glasses when he reads. I wouldn't be surprised if she— Oh, how do you do, Mr. Drayton."

I turned to see the dear child William himself climbing the porch steps with a green bag full of books slung over his shoulder. I hoped he wouldn't notice that I was blushing slightly. But his mind seemed miles away, or at least a half mile up the street, where Emily Adams lived. He smiled at us vaguely and went on into the house.

MRS. O'BRIEN listened to his footsteps reaching the first landing on the stairs and then allowed him time to get to his destination on the third floor.

"Did he hear me, do you suppose?" she asked. "Anyway, as I was saying, even if I didn't have Mr. Lydecker's interest at heart, because Mr. Lydecker is a Yale man, I would hate to see a nice girl like Emily Adams tied up with that Drayton woman's son. Why, that Mrs. Drayton will be calling on them every morning before breakfast to make sure his eggs are boiled exactly three and a half minutes."

"For two million dollars," I said, "I'd be glad to let my mother-in-law time the eggs. I'd even buy her a stop watch."

"Ah, two million dollars," Mrs. O'Brien snorted. "Her two million dollars hasn't got her into society and, believe me, she's breaking her neck trying to get in there. Social climber. You know why she picked this house for her son to live in? I had a Yale man from Pittsburgh here two years ago. You'd know him if I could only think of his name. His family is real society out there."

"Billy Conn?" I asked.

"No, one of the big steel families. The kind of people Mrs. Drayton wants to know in Pittsburgh and doesn't. Well, she told me her William just had to live here because that Yale man lived here. She wanted to go back to Pittsburgh and tell everybody her son was living in the same house in Cambridge that so-and-so had lived in."

"You won't ever have that trouble with the mothers in my town," I said. "If you didn't like Mrs. Drayton, why didn't you tell her you had no vacancies?"

"Well," said Mrs. O'Brien. "I happened to need some ready cash that day. And she offered to pay six months' rent in advancce. What could I do?"

I stood up and reached for my books. "This is all very fascinating," I said, "but it is now four forty and I have a date to play squash at five."

Mrs. O'Brien was hurt by my lack of sympathy. "By the way," she said. "Is Mr. Lydecker upstairs or is he still at the library?"

"He must be upstairs," I said. "I can hear his phonograph. But he can't do you any good. I happen to know he has only one dollar and seventy cents to his name."

Mrs. O'Brien frowned. Then she caught herself and made out as though she was shocked. "Mr. Robbins," she said, "do you think I'd be so coldhearted as to ask Mr. Lydecker for a loan at a time like this? He must be on the verge of a nervous prostration worrying about Mr. Drayton and that Adams girl." . . .

While I kicked off my shoes and unbuttoned my shirt, I inspected our room for evidence of prostration but I didn't notice any. My roommate, Jerome, the rejected lover, did not seem to be acting like one of the male members of the cast of John's Other Wife. He was doing exactly the same thing he had done between four and five every afternoon of the eight months I had roomed with him at Harvard Law School and every afternoon of the two years I had roomed with him before that at Yale College: He was sitting on the edge of a chair with his chin on his fists, listening to his collection of ancient and well-worn jazz records.

There was, however, one significant change in the normal routine. Instead of favoring Fats Waller and the Benny Goodman Quartet as he usually did, Jerome was repeating over and over again the plaintive strains of Bunny Berigan's I Can't Get Started With You.

"How are you standing the strain?" I asked.

He was too lost in the music to hear me. A few moments later when I was struggling into my sweat shirt, he had to get up and change the needle so I tried again.

"Is it true that you are threatening to sabotage the escalators in Bill Drayton's department store in Pittsburgh if he continues to date Emily Adams?"

Jerome was a man of few words. In fact, the conversation he did produce on rare occasions sounded like a transatlantic cablegram. Now he delivered what for him was an oration.

"Hoped that girl and I were beginning an understanding," he said. "But now she goes out with Drayton on Sundays as well as Saturdays. How can I compete against that kind of an automobile? And that kind of spending money?"

I COULD see the situation was much more delicate than I thought it was. "Mrs. O'Brien is organizing an underground movement to help your cause," I said. "I understand she's circulating an anti-Drayton petition that already has more than eighteen hundred signatures on it."

Jerome managed a weak smile. "You know well as me the real reason Mrs. O'Brien pulls for me," he said, as he started the Berigan record again. "She just can't stand anybody from Princeton getting even a little bit of enjoyment out of life."

I put on a pair of tennis shorts and decided to wear a raincoat over them so that the hair on my legs would not horrify any young ladies from Radcliffe that I might encounter on my way to the courts on Plympton Street. I took the first game from Sam Grant, but he murdered me in the last two. I staggered back to the room, showered and dressed and started out for dinner.

At the foot of the stairs I met Mrs. O'Brien who was climbing up from the basement with an armful of clean towels. As I stood aside to let her pass, the telephone rang. Both of us were within

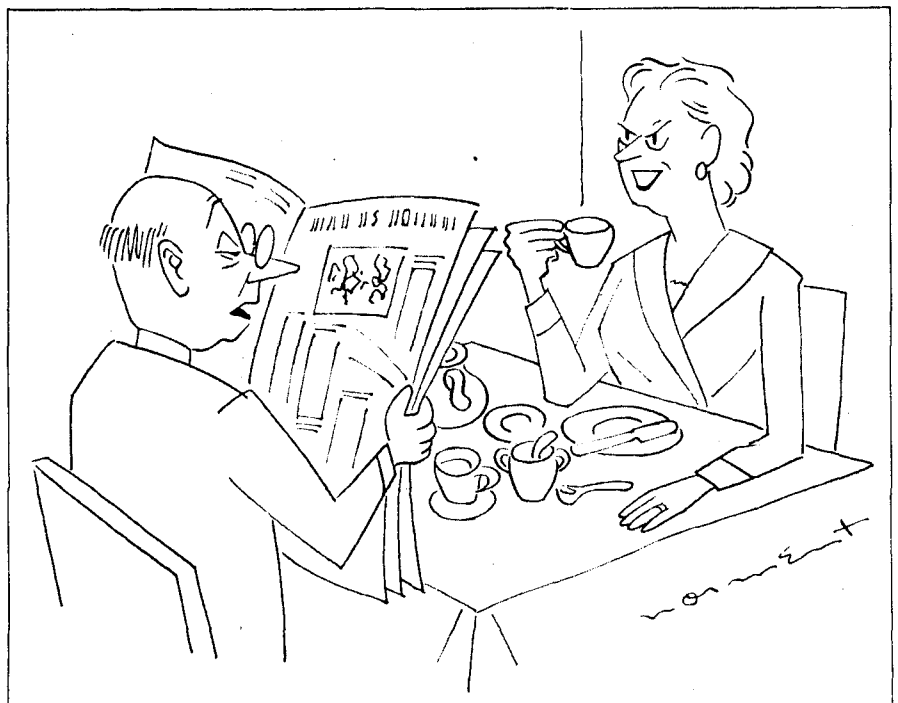
COLLIER'S

"I finally said 'yes' to his proposal on condition that he forgets about the whole thing!"

JARO FABRY



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"I've invited Joe Stalin, Tom Dewey, Lana Turner and Earl Warren to dinner this evening."
"Yes, Dear."
"Yesterday Junior invented a repellent for the Atomic bomb."
"Yes, Dear."
"I have a date in twenty minutes with Clark Gable."
"Yes, Dear."
"Lookit me—I'm standing on my head."
"Yes, Dear."
"Give me nine dollars to buy a new hat."
"You don't need a new hat."

COLLIER'S JOHN NORMENT

reaching distance of the receiver, but Grant had said he might call if he wanted to eat with me, so I answered it. The operator said Pittsburgh was calling Mr. Drayton.

"Long-distance for Drayton," I told Mrs. O'Brien.

I opened my mouth to yell upstairs for him. But I found no noise coming out because my mouth was being covered firmly by somebody's hand. I realized that nobody was in the hallway but Mrs. O'Brien and myself so the hand must have belonged to her. Then it went away and I turned and saw Mrs. O'Brien with the receiver at her ear, talking calmly into the telephone.

"Is that you, Mrs. Drayton?" she was saying. "Mr. Drayton says he'll be down in a few minutes. I imagine he's dressing."

My face must have been a study in perplexity. Mrs. O'Brien glanced at me and winked. I started to say something but she waved at me to be quiet.

"Oh, Mr. Drayton looks much better," she was saying into the telephone. "More color in his face and he seems more energetic. Yes, I think he's taking those capsules you sent him. But maybe this new romance has something to do with it. Oh, my heavens, Mrs. Drayton, I thought you knew all about it!"

Mrs. O'Brien turned to me, nodded at the receiver and rolled her eyes.

"Well, good Lord, Mrs. Drayton, don't ever mention to Mr. Drayton that I said anything to you about it because, if you do, he'll never speak to me again. Yes, it's a Massachusetts girl. And not just an ordinary Massachusetts girl, mind you. It's an Adams girl."

Mrs. O'Brien paused with a smile of satisfaction and listened to an excited stream of chatter. Evidently, she had started something in Pittsburgh.

"Yes, that's right," Mrs. O'Brien said. "One of *the* Adamses. Same family as John Quincy Adams and Henry Adams. The whole town here is talking about it. Have you read that book, The Proper Bostonians? Well, you can imagine how sensational it is for an Adams girl, a girl from the best family in Boston society, to fall in love with a man from Pittsburgh. It's simply unheard of. Her kind of people think you folks in Pittsburgh are still shooting Indians. Mrs. Drayton, I mustn't say another word now because I hear Mr. Drayton coming downstairs. Now remember, for Heaven's sake, don't tell him I told you."

Holding her hand carefully over the mouthpiece, Mrs. O'Brien bellowed, "Mis-ter Dray-ton! Tel-a-phone!"

There was a muffled response from the third floor and then the sound of descending footsteps.

"I think it's your mother," Mrs. O'Brien added sweetly, as if she didn't quite know for sure.

TWO mornings later I found Drayton looking over my shoulder while I was inspecting the mail on the front-hall table. I did him the honor of inviting him to walk with me to our nine-o'clock class, but he said he was cutting classes that morning. He had to drive to the airport to meet Mother, who was coming on from Pittsburgh for a short visit.

I don't know what was Mother's idea of a short visit, because it must have been ten days later when Jerome mentioned that Emily Adams was more inaccessible than ever. "Not one but two Draytons battling me now," he said. "When she's not having dinner with him, she's having tea with his mother. Nights he studies, his mother takes Emily to theater. Looks like Mama is making sure nobody else gets near her."

I passed this intelligence along to Mrs. O'Brien the next time I found her alone on the front porch.

"I don't know what you're trying to do," I said, "but it seems to me you've committed a tactical error. I might even go so far as to say it seems to me you've gummed things up properly."

Mrs. O'Brien appeared to be unperturbed. "That little talk I had on the telephone with Mr. Drayton's mother," she said. "Have you mentioned it to Mr. Lydecker or anybody else?"

I hadn't.

"Well, don't. Remember this old gray head is wiser and more experienced than yours, even though you are a Phi Beta Kappa. Just let Nature take its course."

The situation continued to look black for Jerome until one afternoon several days later when I came back from lunch and saw Emily Adams and a woman, who must have been Mrs. Drayton, sitting together outside our house in the front seat of Drayton's long red convertible. They must have been waiting for Drayton, who was probably upstairs changing into a fresh Tattersall vest. Mrs. Drayton was talking Emily's ear off and Emily was not enjoying it.

I knew Emily pretty well myself because she and Jerome, in the happier days, had tried to fix me up with one of her old classmates from Miss May's School. When Emily saw me, she leaned across Mrs. Drayton's lap and shouted, "Hello, Jack!"

It was one of the biggest hellos I had ever received from a good-looking girl in my entire career. But it had a frantic note in it, like the greeting somebody on a raft would give to a passing ship after going without food for twenty days.

I COULD see that Emily was dying for me to stop and engage in some small talk. But Mrs. Drayton glanced at me as though I was someone who had just been arrested for annoying women in a movie theater. So I merely smiled politely and said, "Hi, Emily," and turned into the front gate.

Jerome was at his desk, copying somebody's criminal-law notes. I asked if he had heard from Emily lately. He shook his head.

"I have a feeling you will soon," I said.

He took off his glasses and laid down his pen, full of interest. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," I said. "Don't worry about it. Just let Nature take its course."

The very next night about eight o'clock the telephone rang and it was for Jerome. He came back up the stairs without touching a single step.

"Emily wants me to buy her a beer," he said.

Before I could summon an appropriate comment, he was gone. He returned at eleven thirty, looking radiant.

"Drayton's down the drain," he announced. "Too much mother. Emily said high-pressure and constant sales talk became unbearable. Emily feels same way about Princeton men now as Mrs. O'Brien does." . . .

The next morning was warm and sunny and I found Mrs. O'Brien among the forsythia bushes behind the front fence. She was thinning the lower branches with a pair of rusty shears.

"I see where Princeton got beat again," I said.

Mrs. O'Brien straightened up and paused to survey the result of her labor. She wiped her brow. "So I understand," she said. "Poor old Nassau. Hold that tiger!"

"Listen," I said. "I was asking Jerome last night about Emily Adams' ancestors. She is not a descendant of John Quincy Adams and she is not related to any of the Boston Adamses. Her grandfather was born in Scotland and he was running a livery stable in Toledo when her father was born. You knew that all along, didn't you?"

Mrs. O'Brien pointed at her disreputable-looking tomcat, who was rubbing his back against one of the forsythia bushes. He had had a bad night. One of his ears was torn and the white fur on his nose was chewed off, exposing the pink flesh.

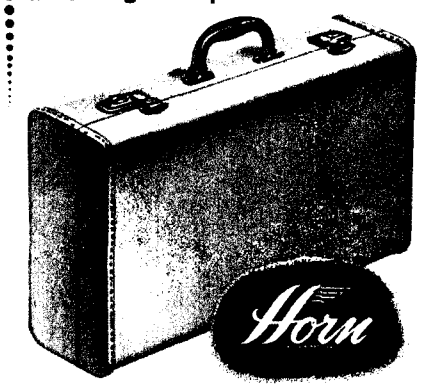
"Look at the red nose on that cat," Mrs. O'Brien said. "Sometimes I think he must be a heavy drinker."

When I started to walk away, she called me back.

"By the way!" she said. "Have you got six dollars that you could spare until Monday?"

If I had it, I think I might have handed it to her.

THE END

Only $5.95
AT GOOD STORES NEAR YOU
Revolutionary construction principle brings you this amazing low price!


HORN-LITE
LUGGAGE
HORN, one of the most famous names in luggage, now brings you frameless HORN-LITE. Strong enough to sit on, light enough to lift with a finger. Actually looks like leather; entirely washable. If you don't know your nearest dealer's name, write us.
3 sizes 3 colors
20-inch size—$5.95
24-inch size—$6.95
27-inch size—$7.95
A PRODUCT OF RICE-STIX MANUFACTURERS
ST. LOUIS

MY GOODNESS . . .
SUCH GOODNESS

©1947 JAMES O. WELCH CO.
Welch
QUALITY 5¢ CANDIES



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# How to Kill Two Birds

During the war, The Springs Cotton Mills was called upon to develop a special fabric for camouflage. It was used in the Pacific to conceal ammunition dumps and gun emplacements, but the Japanese learned to detect it because of its lack of jungle smells. To overcome this, when the fabric was dyed, it was also impregnated with a permanent odor of hibiscus, hydrangea, and old rubber boots. The deception was so successful that when Tokyo fell, the victorious invaders hung a piece of this fabric on a Japanese flagpole.

This process has been patented, and the fabric is now available to the false bottom and bust bucket business as SPRINGMAID PERKER, made of combed yarns, 37″ wide, 152 x 68 approximate count, weight about 3.30, the white with gardenia, the pink with camellia, the blush with jasmine, and the nude dusty.

If you want to achieve that careless look and avoid skater's steam, kill two birds with one stone by getting a camouflaged camisole with the SPRINGMAID label below your trademark.

**SPRINGS MILLS**

200 CHURCH STREET • NEW YORK 13, NEW YORK

CHICAGO DALLAS LOS ANGELES

*Coming soon . . .* SPRINGMAID *sheets, pillowcases, diapers, broadcloth, poplins, and tubings.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 26

plain common sense. Wars grow in size, in death and destruction, and in the inevitability of engulfing all nations, in inverse ratio to the shrinking size of the world as a result of the conquest of the air. I shudder to think of what will happen to humanity, including ourselves, if this war ends in an inconclusive peace, and another war breaks out when the babies of today have grown to fighting age.

As Roosevelt said those words he knew that one month previously at Stagg Field in Chicago the first self-maintaining nuclear chain reaction had been achieved—"the halfway mark on the road to the atomic bomb."

### Precautions Give Rise to Rumors

Late in the evening of January 9th, Roosevelt and Hopkins left the White House to travel by train to Miami. So complete was the secrecy surrounding this journey that the usual crew of Pullman porters, waiters and cooks was taken off the cars and replaced by the Filipino sailors from Shangri-La. Despite all precautions, the word was quickly passed around Washington that the President had gone off on an important trip; he was said to be heading for various destinations all the way from Siberia to Baghdad.

On this trip to Casablanca, Hopkins carried with him for the first and, so far as I know, the only time an unusual certificate of identification, as follows:

January 9, 1943

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

This is to certify that the bearer, Mr. Harry L. Hopkins, whose description appears below, is a member of the party of the President of the United States.

Age: 52
Height: 6 feet
Weight: 165 lbs.
Hair: Brown
Eyes: Brown

signed: FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

The journey from Miami to North Africa was made in a Pan American Boeing Clipper. During the trip across the South Atlantic and after the arrival at Casablanca, Hopkins wrote some descriptive notes, as follows:

**Monday evening, January 11th, '43. Trinidad: We left Miami at 6:05 this morning and landed here at 4:45 P.M. all this after two nights and a day on the train from Washington. Eleanor and Louise (Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Hopkins) said good night at the rear door.**

**I shall always feel that the reason the President wanted to meet Churchill in Africa was because he wanted to make a trip! He was tired of having other people, particularly myself, speak for him around the world . . . He was sick of people telling him that it was dangerous to ride in airplanes. He liked the drama of it. But above all, he wanted to make a trip!**

**I told the President that the next major strategic move should not be made without consultation with Stalin. Twice Stalin refused the urgent invitation of the President to meet with himself and Churchill. The Russian front was too urgent. The next best thing was a meeting between Churchill, Roosevelt and their respective staffs. And the President wanted to meet in Africa! Churchill agreed . . . And we are off to decide where we shall fight next . . .**

**The President was carried onto the plane this morning in the dark—it taxied out of the harbor and, long before sunrise, took off with few people knowing the President was on his way to Africa. I sat with him, strapped in, as the plane rose from the water—and he acted like a sixteen-year-old, for he has done no flying since he was President. The trip was smooth, the President happy and interested. Dr. McIntire was worried about the President's bad heart—nothing happened—he slept for two hours after lunch . . .**

The next notes were written by Hopkins during the flight from Belém, Brazil, to Bathurst, West Africa:

**We had a leisurely breakfast with Admiral Oldendorf and General Pratt—the President still treats it as a first-class holiday—he told some of his old favorite stories and seemed to be in no hurry to get off though the Secret Service were having fits . . .**

**The ship took to the air beautifully and the ride all the way to Belém—we landed at 3:15 P.M.—was as smooth as glass. We flew, though, at about 9,000 feet and McIntire was quite disturbed about the President, who appeared to be very pale at times . . .**

**We drove to the Officers' Quarters (at Belém)—and were given a first-class rum drink—(I wangled two bottles and a cold turkey to take to Africa). Jonas Ingram who commands our operating fleet in the South Atlantic was there—a hearty, ribald, fighting admiral that suits me . . . We left at six, getting off just at dark.**

**Bathurst, West Africa. They serve cocktails on this flying boat—everybody was feeling pretty good so we had one before dinner last night. But everyone was dog-tired so we turned in early. The President slept late, his first night on an airplane, and woke up in the best of spirits . . .**

**We landed in this big harbor at the mouth of the Gambia River—an old slave post. The cruiser Memphis and one of our destroyers are in port. We took a trip around the harbor in a motor whaleboat. The President was hoisted to the deck and one of the men carrying him slipped as he stepped onto the cruiser and the President landed on his rear . . .**

The final entry in these handwritten notes was made after the arrival at Casablanca.

**We landed at the airport about 15 miles from Casablanca. The President's son Elliott was there to meet him. Much "hush-hush" and the President, Elliott and I were hustled into a car—the windows of which were blacked-out with mud to drive to our villa. It is a lovely, modern, California bungalow—part of a hotel—taken over by the Army . . .**

**Churchill has a house about fifty yards away. I went over to bring him back for a drink before dinner. He was in fine form but looked older. We walked back—and the three of us had a long talk over the military situation. The British Eighth Army is attacking tonight.**

(NOTE: This was the attack at Buerat which led to the capture of Tripoli eight days later and the subsequent advance into Tunisia from the east.)

The Chiefs of Staff had been in session for three days prior to Roosevelt's arrival discussing various operations that might be launched after the final defeat of the Germans in Tunisia. The targets for attack which were considered included Sardinia, Sicily, Crete, Rhodes, the Dodecanese Islands and the mainland of Greece.

By Monday, January 18th, four days after Roosevelt's arrival, the Combined Chiefs of Staff had agreed on the decision to attack Sicily, and this proposed operation was given the code name HUSKY.

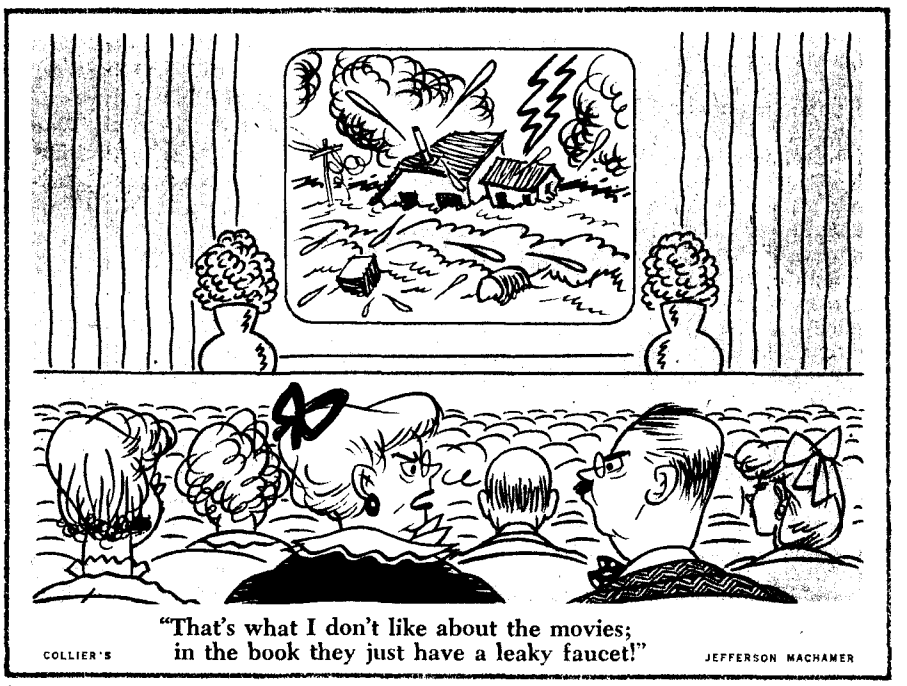
The purpose of the Casablanca Conference had been almost entirely military but Roosevelt and Churchill immediately became involved in the politics of the inescapable French situation. There had been another and even more violent outburst of criticism in the United States and Britain over the tendency to deal with the discredited men of Vichy. This criticism was all the more bitter because of the emphatic assurances given by Roosevelt in his "temporary expediency" statement.

Before Darlan's assassination, Robert Murphy had sent a message to the State Department saying that Darlan felt that Marcel Peyrouton would be of great help to him in the government of North Africa, since Peyrouton had a reputation as an able administrator in that area. Murphy therefore urged, in Darlan's behalf, that Peyrouton be given authorization and transportation to Algiers from Buenos Aires, where he was living in self-imposed exile.

Hull approved this, and arrangements were accordingly made in a routine manner and, as Roosevelt later stated, without his knowledge. Peyrouton went to Rio de Janeiro to await transportation by air to Africa and, early in January, press correspondents discovered his presence there and the probable reasons for it. The newspapers presented the unsavory details of Peyrouton's record as a particularly brutal Minister of the Interior in the Vichy government.

When Sumner Welles learned of Peyrouton's presence in Rio he gave orders for the cancellation of his further passage and when Hull learned of Welles' orders he overruled them, taking the position that the State Department should not assume responsibility for denying a request by Murphy which had been transmitted with the authority of General Eisenhower. (All cables out of North Africa were signed with Eisenhower's name.) So Peyrouton went on to Algiers, arriving there about the same time Roosevelt arrived at Casablanca. The outraged protests from the United States and Britain were plainly audible in the Villa "Dar es Saada."

On the first day of the Casablanca Conference, Roosevelt conferred with Churchill, Hopkins and Eisenhower. After the first of these meetings, Roosevelt remarked to Hopkins, "Ike seems jittery." Eisenhower had ample reason to seem jittery. He had been suffering from a bad cold pretty steadily since coming to North Africa, and he had been forced to take to his bed with severe grippe just before the assemblage of "top brass" was to descend on him at Casablanca, and he had found himself involved in a bewildering political mess for which he was so ill prepared. The fact that this was not his own fault did not alter his present responsibility for it.



"That's what I don't like about the movies; in the book they just have a leaky faucet!"

COLLIER'S — JEFFERSON MACHAMER

### Eisenhower's Side of the Story

However, he stated his case to the President and Prime Minister with courage and candor. He made no attempt to disguise his ignorance of European politics, having spent most of the prewar years in the Philippines. He said that when the name of Peyrouton was mentioned to him by Darlan and Murphy he had no idea who the man was and no knowledge of his background except that he had once been a successful official in Algiers, Tunisia and Morocco. Eisenhower felt that this appointment should be checked with the State Department which first said yes to it and then no and finally yes. (Eisenhower, of course, did not know that the no was from Welles and the final yes from Hull.)

It was on this occasion that Eisenhower made the previously quoted remark to Roosevelt that generals could make mistakes and be fired but that governments could not. He was entirely ready to take the rap for whatever went wrong.

For a time there was some doubt whether Eisenhower would remain in supreme command for HUSKY (Sicily invasion). General Alexander, who outranked him, was now moving into Tunisia from the south with the victorious British forces under the field command of General Montgomery. Here was tough professional competition for Eisenhower at a moment when his own position was most insecure, and I believe he would not have been greatly surprised if he had been put under Alexander or transferred elsewhere. However, he was given the supreme command and a fourth star, which made him equal in rank to his subordinates, Alexander, Cunningham and Tedder.

In announcing this later to the House of Commons, Churchill said, "I have great confidence in General Eisenhower. I regard him as one of the finest men I have ever met." What weighed most heavily with Churchill and Roosevelt in arriving at this decision, aside from Mar-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speed Sweep
+ Arbitrin

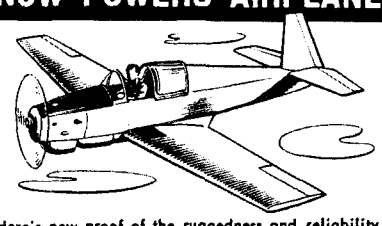
Speed Sweep, the brush with the steel back, is designed for cleaner, faster, easier sweeping and to outlast ordinary brushes 3 to 1. Arbitrin sweeping fluid, sprayed on the floor before sweeping, eliminates sweeping compound, disinfects and deodorizes. These and other advantages (16 in all) have proved the perfect answer to effective, low cost floor sanitation in factories, offices, schools, stores, etc. Write for complete facts.

MILWAUKEE DUSTLESS BRUSH CO.
530 N. 22nd St. • Milwaukee 3, Wis.

STOP Scratching
Mosquito-Other Insect Bites

Relieve the itching caused by insect bites, athlete's foot—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Quiets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for D.D.D. Prescription.

Crosley Car Engine* NOW POWERS AIRPLANE



Here's new proof of the ruggedness and reliability of the revolutionary Crosley 4-cylinder Cobra (COpperBRAzed) engine. It recently was certified for Type Certificate No. 255 by the C.A.A. for use in the Mooney Plane. The plane averages 50 miles per gallon of gasoline at cruising speed.

Al W. Mooney, president of Mooney Aircraft, Wichita, Kan., recently wrote Powel Crosley, Jr., Crosley Motors president:

"All tests were passed with indications that the life of the Crosley Cobra engine will be exceptional by aircraft as well as automotive standards. Ground testing has extended over 2 years; flight testing more than a year. In that time we have had the most trouble-free service from this engine that we have experienced in 23 years in the industry. In our opinion, your engine is as fine a mechanism as is in existence." *dual ignition added.

In countless other ways, too—commercial refrigeration, farm equipment, materials handling, marine power—the Cobra is setting new performance records.

STATION WAGON: All Steel: seats 4 or 2 and ¼-ton load. Priced $600 to $700 under other makes; costs about ½ as much to run. Powered by the Crosley liquid-cooled engine.

CROSLEY
a FINE car

For beautiful, full-color catalog, write: Crosley Motors, Inc., 2532-CN Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

shall's persistent faith in Eisenhower, was the tremendous admiration and affection for him of the British officers who had served with him, most importantly Admiral Cunningham, a fighting sailor who was held in very high esteem by the two naval persons (Roosevelt and Churchill). Thus, Eisenhower had achieved his first important victory in the merging of officers of two nations and three services into one effective and harmonious command.

After Hopkins returned to Washington from Casablanca he told me that Eisenhower had said to Patton, "I don't mind if one officer refers to another as that — — —. He's entitled to his own opinion. But the instant I hear any American officer referring to a brother officer as that *British* — — —, out he goes."

### An Extra Adjective for Berlin

Eisenhower maintained that basic policy with historic success all the way into Berlin where he added the adjective "Russian" to "British." His phenomenal and painful education of himself in the immeasurably complex politics of Europe was perhaps the most brilliant of his great achievements.

On January 16th, Roosevelt cabled Hull:

I have arranged with Prime Minister to bring De Gaulle here Monday. Giraud coming tomorrow . . .

Roosevelt's statement that De Gaulle would arrive "Monday" proved overconfident. De Gaulle did not arrive until the following Friday. In the meantime, Anthony Eden was having plenty of trouble in London. On January 17th, Eden handed De Gaulle the message from Churchill inviting him to Casablanca. "When he had finished reading it," Eden reported, "he expressed no pleasure."

De Gaulle was offended because he had not been notified in advance of this impending conference, as he had not been notified in advance of the landings in North Africa. Eden could hardly explain that both these circumstances had been due to Roosevelt's insistence that previous information to De Gaulle might jeopardize military security. This implied no disrespect for the general as a military man of honor. It reflected Roosevelt's belief that the De Gaulle organization contained a superabundance of press agents.

De Gaulle told Eden, and through him, Churchill that he had sent Giraud several messages suggesting a meeting but had received no favorable response. He said he would be glad to conduct "simple and direct talks with Giraud" but not in "the atmosphere of an exalted Allied forum." He felt that such an atmosphere would suggest to the world the application of "pressure" on the two French leaders.

Roosevelt became more and more irritated by De Gaulle's refusal to budge. Roosevelt knew what the criticism would be if he returned to Washington without having achieved any *rapprochement* between De Gaulle and Giraud. The situation was essentially a serious one and everybody knew it.

On January 19th Hopkins dictated the following notes to Chief Ship's Clerk Terry who generally traveled with the President as a secretarial aide:

I attended the conference between the President and Giraud . . . I gained a very favorable impression of Giraud. I know he is a Royalist, and he is probably a right-winger in all his economic views, but I have a feeling that he is willing to fight . . . He spoke with a good deal of modesty, but with confidence. Had a feeling that he had made up his mind that he was going to do whatever the President wanted in Africa.

Giraud laid out his problems (adequate arming of the French army, adjustment of exchange rates, the organization of a new French layout with Giraud in charge and De Gaulle as number two man plus some vague business about French sovereignty) . . . The President settled them all to Giraud's complete satisfaction but on the sovereignty point he was adamant, and insisted that Giraud, at the moment, act only as a representative in North Africa, and that he not in any sense speak for France, and that the understanding about all other French possessions should be worked out only when De Gaulle arrived . . .

On January 21st the welcome news was received that Eden had at last prevailed with De Gaulle and that the leader of the Fighting French would arrive in Casablanca on the morrow. Hopkins received a note from Churchill suggesting a program for this important day, which included this item:

Dinner. At the White House (dry, alas!); with the sultan. After dinner, recovery from the effects of the above.

(Roosevelt's villa was always referred to by Churchill as the White House.)

**From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: Congressmen complained: "The only time we get to find out what's going on in the war is when the British Prime Minister visits Washington and tells us."**

Hopkins later wrote the following note on the first meeting of Roosevelt and De Gaulle:

The general arrived cold and austere accompanied by his aide, and for the first time met President Roosevelt.

In the middle of the conference I noticed that the whole of the Secret Service detail was behind the curtain and above the gallery in the living room and at all doors leading into the room, and I glimpsed a tommy gun in the hands of one. I left the conference and went out to talk to the Secret Service to find out what it was all about and found them all armed to the teeth, with, perhaps, a dozen tommy guns among the group. I asked them what it was all about. They told me they could not take any chances on anything happening to the President.

None of this hocus-pocus had gone on when Giraud saw the President and it was simply an indication of the atmosphere in which De Gaulle found himself at Casablanca. To me the armed Secret Service was unbelievably funny and nothing in Gilbert and Sullivan could have beaten it. Poor General de Gaulle, who probably did not know it, was covered by guns throughout his whole visit . . .

I attended all the meetings of the President and De Gaulle . . .

There developed out of these meetings at Casablanca an apocryphal story which I think the President encouraged. The story was that at the first conference De Gaulle compared himself to Clemenceau, while at the next conference he indicated that Joan of Arc was perhaps more his prototype, and the President is alleged to have said to De Gaulle that he should make up his mind which one of these he was really like because he surely could not be like both of them.

This story is pure fiction . . . although I heard the President tell the story, indicating that that was the kind of impression General de Gaulle made on him during the various conferences they held. Later, as the President told the story, I have no doubt it took on more authenticity and finally came to be accepted as a fact. Naturally, this story must have got back to General de Gaulle as it was printed very widely in the American papers.

Hopkins dictated more notes to Terry on the afternoon of January 22d:

Had breakfast with Robert [Hopkins' son], who told me more of his experiences at the front. The President did not get up until ten, and I went in to talk to him about calling off the press conference which was scheduled for twelve. It was perfectly clear that there was no meeting of the minds as to the exact statement that should be released. In view of the fact that De Gaulle was just arriving, it seemed to me that the wisest thing to do was to postpone the press conference until we were ready to make a final statement.

The President rather reluctantly agreed to this, but I told him that it was essential that we have a meeting of the minds with Churchill. The question of whether any reference to Stalin's having been invited must be decided, and a careful statement relative to the Southwest Pacific ought to be included, and if the De Gaulle thing might be in the bag in another 24 hours a much better statement on that could be made. The President told me to go over and see Churchill and tell him the conference was called off.

I found Churchill in bed in his customary pink robe and having, of all things, a bottle of wine for breakfast. I asked him what he meant by that and he told me that he had a profound distaste on the one hand for skimmed milk, and no deep-rooted prejudice about wine, and that he had reconciled the conflict in favor of the latter. He commended it to me and said he had lived to be sixty-eight years old and was in the best of health, and had found that the advice of doctors, throughout his life, was usually wrong. At any rate, he had no intention of giving up alcoholic drink, mild or strong, now or later.

We discussed the state of the conference for some time and he seemed satisfied with the outcome. I told him it seemed to me like a pretty feeble effort for two great countries in 1943.

I told him, however, that I had watched this war develop for a long time now, and realized that the Chiefs of Staff may agree to do nothing today, but tomorrow, when the President puts the heat on they will suddenly decide they can do a little more than they think they can at this conference. At any rate, everything seems to be settled from a military point of view. The Prime Minister told me that De Gaulle was definitely arriving at noon and that he hoped they would get somewhere . . .

Churchill said he wished the pictures were going to be taken later in the day, because he didn't look his best at 12 o'clock, but that he liked the idea of pictures because he loved publicity. He told me he could put on a very warlike look whenever he wanted to . . .

I lunched with [Lord Louis] Mountbatten and Averell [Harriman], and Mountbatten told me a fantastic story about a nonsinkable ship made of ice which the British are working on, and he wants our co-operation. Mountbatten also believes very strongly that we should attack Sardinia rather than Sicily, because it can be done three months earlier and he believes it is very important to keep the Germans on the run, once we can knock them out of Tunisia. Mountbatten claims all the younger officers in the British layout agree with this, but the big boys on the Chiefs of Staff have overruled their subordinates.

Mountbatten told me that crossing the Channel was a hell of an enterprise. The Germans have armed to the teeth. He is working on a new explosive which he thinks the British have got, which would permit the explosive to be loaded into an antiquated submarine



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and banged up against a cliff 50 feet high on the French coast, and the explosive can be so regulated as to permit them to blow a road right into France, which would be followed by his commandos. He says he gets no more interest in this, however, than he does in his nonsinkable ship made of blocks of ice. Mountbatten always gives you the impression of being a courageous, resourceful, fighting man, but I fancy the British Chiefs of Staff push him around pretty much . . .

The President had been lunching with Marshall and I came in on the tail end of that. Marshall was talking about the difficulties of not having Eisenhower a full general. He said it was difficult to do in view of the fact that Eisenhower's army is mired in the mud and the President told General Marshall that he would not promote Eisenhower until there was some damn' good reason for doing it, that he was going to make it a rule that promotions should go to people who had done some fighting, that while Eisenhower had done a good job he hasn't knocked the Germans out of Tunisia . . .

The sultan arrived at seven-forty, which caused me to put on my black tie for the first time on this trip. He came loaded with presents—a gold dagger for the President, and some gold bracelets for Mrs. Roosevelt and a gold tiara which looked to me like the kind the gals wear in the circus riding on white horses. I can just see Mrs. Roosevelt when she takes a look at this. The sultan wore white silk robes. Apparently the etiquette prevents the drinking of liquor publicly, so we had nothing alcoholic either before, during or after dinner. I fortified myself an hour earlier.

Also no part of a pig could be eaten, and the sultan didn't smoke. He had a young son there with a red fez on, which he kept on while eating. He was a kid about thirteen and seemed quite bright. At dinner I sat next to General Nogues, the governor who is the bird that De Gaulle wants pitched out of here. He has been the resident governor here for many years. He obviously likes it because he lives in a big palace and is the big shot in this part of the world. I wouldn't trust him as far as I could spit. He didn't seem to me to be in a very easy frame of mind because I imagine that he knows perfectly well that we may throw him out at any minute.

Churchill was glum at dinner and seemed to be real bored. A smart British Marine walked in about the middle of the dinner with a dispatch, but I have a feeling Churchill cooked that up beforehand because I saw the dispatch later and it certainly wasn't one that required the Prime Minister's attention at the dinner . . .

The Prime Minister then told the President about his visit with De Gaulle. He said he had handled De Gaulle pretty roughly and told him that he had to co-operate with us and Giraud, and suggested the President see De Gaulle at ten thirty in the morning . . .

Two days later Hopkins reports:

Giraud arrived at 11:30—De Gaulle was with Churchill by this time. The conference went well. Giraud will play ball with De Gaulle.

Giraud goes out [of the conference room], De Gaulle and his staff come in, De Gaulle calm and confident—I liked him—but (he insists there be) no joint communiqué and Giraud must be under him. The President expressed his point of view in pretty powerful terms and made an urgent plea to De Gaulle to come to terms with Giraud to win the war and liberate France. The Secret Service called to tell me Churchill was outside. He was talking to Giraud saying goodby to him. Churchill walked in and I went after Giraud believing that if the four of them could get into a room together we could get an agreement. The President was surprised at seeing Giraud but took it in his stride De Gaulle was a little bewildered Churchill grunted. But the President went to work on them with Churchill backing him up vigorously. De Gaulle finally agreed to a joint statement and before they could catch their breath, the President suggested a photograph. By this time the garden was full of cameramen and war correspondents who had been flown down [from Algiers] the day before.

I don't know who was the most surprised—the photographers or De Gaulle . . . I confess they were a pretty solemn group . . . The President suggested De Gaulle and Giraud shake hands. They . . . obliged—some of the cameramen missed it and they did it again. Then the Frenchmen and their staffs left and Churchill and the President were left sitting together in the warm African sun . . . to talk to the correspondents . . . It would be flashed around the world the moment a release was fixed.

### Farewells at Casablanca

Hopkins' next notes were written on arrival at Bathurst, West Africa, the following afternoon, January 25th:

Up early for breakfast—very cold—said goodby—Churchill was up and we talked a bit. Drove to the field with Robert and saw him fly off to the front again. The big ramp was rolled up again and the President pushed up on his wheel chair. Churchill had suddenly decided to drive out to the field with us, wearing his ever-flaming bathrobe, bedroom slippers and the inevitable cigar. Churchill and I took one last walk together—he is pleased by the conference—expressed great confidence of victory—but warned of the hard road ahead.

We had an uneventful trip of eight hours to Bathurst—we skirted the Atlas Mountains because McIntire did not want the President to fly so high. Incidentally, Churchill has his paints and palette with him and promises to paint the mountains from the tower in the villa. He told me he was going to send it to the President as a remembrance of the conference. The President has a bad cough and looks very worn. When we got to the Memphis he had a little fever. Everybody went to bed by nine. I went to sleep reading a history of the Gambia River. The British can have it.

Tuesday, January 26th

Aboard the Memphis. Slept well and long. The President is still running a little fever—but it seems to be nothing very serious. I think the fishing we had planned is off. Ross says that he won't let the President go to Liberia unless the fever clears up. But I don't believe anyone can stop the President from going. Loafed all morning. All lunched together. Lord Swinton, the British High Commissioner, is coming aboard at four and—doctor or no doctor—the President is going to get on a tug and go up the Gambia.

That is the end of the Hopkins' notes for this trip. Roosevelt did go up the Gambia on H.M.S. Aimwell, a seagoing tug that had been built at Bay City, Michigan, and transferred to the Royal Navy under Lend-Lease. At seven ten the following morning the President made the four-hour flight to Liberia for lunch with President Edwin Barclay, then back to Bathurst for dinner, and at eleven thirty that night took off on the flight across the South Atlantic to Natal, Brazil, where he met the next day with President Getulio Vargas. (A week later, Brazil entered the war.)

*(Next week: Italy Down for the Count.)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# JUDGE GOLDSBOROUGH TAKES THE STAND

Continued from page 20

was Zearfoss, who caught for the New York Giants; Nichols, the Philadelphia Athletics' shortstop; Smoot, the great St. Louis center fielder; and pitcher Jack Townsend, the old Washington and Pittsburgh hurler. As captain of this awesome aggregation, Goldsborough was one of the first sought by the big-league scouts. But he decided to go to the University of Maryland Law School instead.

Here, the brilliant young Goldsborough hastened through the three-year course in two, and settled down to practice law in Denton, Maryland, the county seat. In 1903, he ran successfully for State's attorney for Caroline County. During his four-year term of office he cleaned up gambling in the county, eliminated the bootlegging of liquor, and handled his routine murder and robbery cases with efficiency and dispatch.

### Gains Prestige as Trial Lawyer

When the young man retired to private practice in 1908, he became known as a top-notch trial lawyer all over the state. In one celebrated case, he set precedent before the U.S. Supreme Court by proving that a railroad section-gang cook named Alfred E. Smith was engaged in interstate commerce when the camp car in which he was working was hit by a freight engine near Easton, Maryland.

The Supreme Court supported Goldsborough's argument in its decision, saying, "The repair of bridges used in interstate commerce must be considered as being work in interstate commerce. The cook was employed by the defendant (the Pennsylvania Railroad) to assist the work of the carpenters by keeping their bed and board close to their place of work." This, the first affirmation of an important principle, was quite an achievement for a country lawyer.

The Goldsborough reputation became solidly cemented in 1914, when he became involved in one of the most sensational murder cases of that period. In Chestertown, Maryland, in December, 1913, two young Negro boys, James Paraway and Norman Mabel, admitted slugging a white man named James Coleman with a crowbar, for the purpose of relieving him of $30 he had flashed. Coleman died, and Circuit Judge William H. Adkins appointed Goldsborough to be one of the Negroes' public defenders. Goldsborough arrived just in time to help State's Attorney Harrison Vickers, Sheriff William E. Brown and a handful of deputies fight off a furious lynch mob. Goldsborough succeeded in moving the trial to Elkton, in near-by Cecil County.

There, Goldsborough turned in a defense still used as a classic in law textbooks. He emphasized the youth of the boys (Paraway was sixteen and Mabel eighteen), and he attacked the society which denied them any advantages or even medical treatment for the feeblemindedness they displayed. He proved that there was no premeditation. He proved that Paraway's mother had sold him in exchange for a pig, and that the boy had been working without wages ever since to pay off the debt. Some jurors wept. Instead of the gallows, Paraway and Mabel got sentences of life and 18 years respectively.

From then on, Goldsborough was the top defense attorney in his neck of the woods. In 1920 the local Democratic politicos induced him to run for Congress in Maryland's First Congressional District. He beat the Republican incumbent, William N. Andrews, and was reelected like clockwork until he became dean of the Maryland delegation in the House of Representatives.

When Goldsborough first reported to Democratic Minority Leader Claude Kitchin for committee assignments, Kitchin said to him, "Do you know that you're the only Democrat in the United States who defeated a Republican incumbent in the last election?" Goldsborough said no, he didn't. "Well," said Kitchin, "because of your triumph, I'm going to put you on the powerful Ways and Means Committee."

"No," said Goldsborough to the astounded Kitchin, "I'd rather be on Banking and Currency." And that's where he did most of his work. Every session for 13 sessions, he and Congressman Henry Steagall of Alabama introduced bills calling for a Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, to protect the funds of bank depositors. Then, after the American people had lost millions of dollars in bank closings in 1932 and 1933, Goldsborough, in a slick parliamentary move, finally got his measure passed by refusing to let one of Senator Carter Glass' banking measures out of committee until that venerable legislator agreed to include Goldsborough's FDIC bill in it.

Goldsborough first donned his judicial robes on April 5, 1939. The court on which he sits is the federal district court for the District of Columbia which, because of the complexities of life in the district, is the most unusual court in the country. Not only does it try violators of federal laws, as do all the other federal district courts, but it also does the work of a state court. State courts try such purely local crimes as murders, rapes, robberies, embezzlements, sluggings, divorces, etc. So, Judge Goldsborough (and his 11 associate justices) may pass on a great constitutional matter one week, and then spend the following week listening to the details of how a man beat up his mother-in-law.

### Four Miles Walk Every Day

Such a schedule requires considerable mental and physical agility, and for a gentleman of seventy Judge Goldsborough carries it off well. He walks the two miles to his chambers every morning from his Connecticut Avenue apartment, arrives promptly at 8 A.M., has the juice of a lemon and a pint of milk for breakfast, and then puts in a full day until five fifteen, when he walks home again. He allows himself just one cigarette a day, and that is smoked with ceremony after breakfast.

Goldsborough probably is the only major judge in the country who does not write his opinions. He talks from scraps of paper. In his Congressional days, a reporter asked him for a copy of the two-hour speech he had just delivered: Goldsborough told him he never used written speeches: "They just get in my way."

When things are quiet in the courtroom, the judge is not averse to closing down a bit early and hastening over to watch his beloved Washington Senators in action. On rainy days or in winter, he hunts a Western movie instead, since Mrs. Goldsborough (an Eastern Shore girl whom he married in 1909) prefers more cultural pursuits of an evening. The Goldsboroughs have two married daughters, and a former Marine artillery officer son, currently an expert in the Department of Agriculture in Washington.

The judge feels deeply about having to rule against labor, which he always supported in Congress. In his most recent ruling against John L. Lewis, for example, he said, "No one could think any more strongly than the court that it would be a national calamity for the unions to be destroyed, or that anything should happen that would interfere with their effectiveness." But when Lewis persists in violating specific laws specifically, the judge, who is sworn to uphold the law, feels he must enforce them. He feels that Lewis and the railroad brotherhoods put him on the spot by removing their disputes from the realm of labor controversy into the area where the government can charge them with creating a national emergency.

"In these cases," he says, "the rights of labor are absolutely of secondary consideration. It is ridiculous to say that in order for a railroad worker to secure more wages, he has the right to stop all the trains in the country. This can lead to chaos and his own slavery, by wrecking the social structure of the nation."

The labor people call him antilabor, not because he enforces the laws, but because he issues his injunctions too fast, before there actually *is* a national emergency, and before the union can consolidate its bargaining position.

This, however, is only a small part of the big controversy over Goldsborough. The main argument revolves around his common-sense methods of deciding a case, as in the child custody suit when he said, "I consider the welfare of the child to be the primary consideration, not something printed in a lawbook." This typifies the major controversy splitting the American bench today. The other side—led by Felix Frankfurter and Learned Hand—holds that "unless a judge tempers his own opinion of a case with a liberal study of precedent, our entire legal system will descend to chaos."

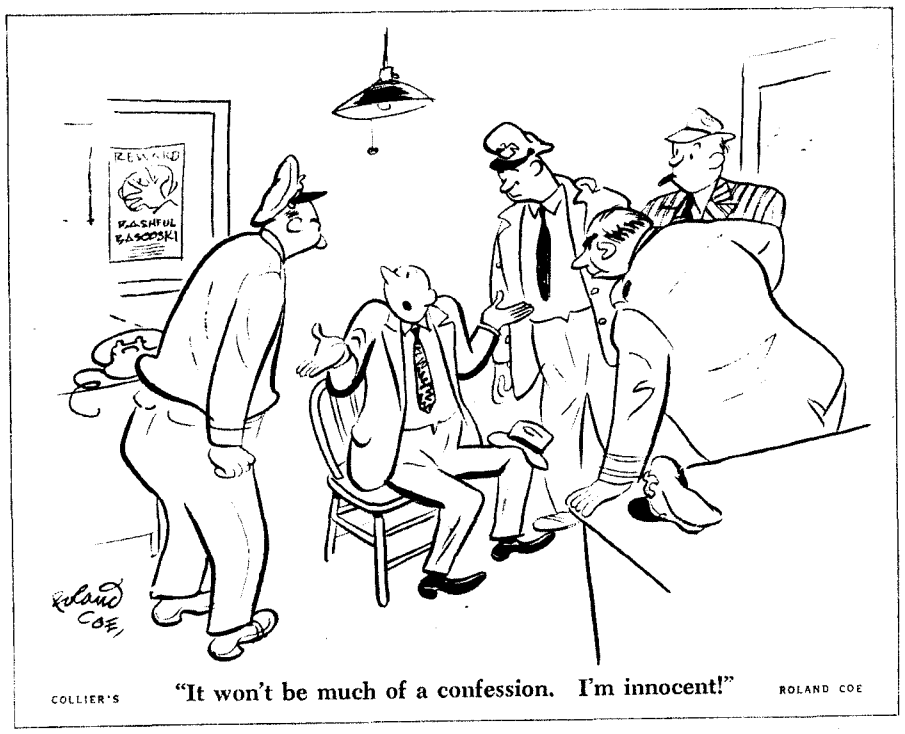
To this Judge Goldsborough retorts, "A judge can make up his mind either way on a question, and then have his law clerk dig up enough precedent to support either decision."

He further says, "The only time a judge goes against his own convictions is where the letter of the law is so plain that it is not subject to construction—and that happens in relatively few instances."

Today, it is difficult to say how Goldsborough's concept of justice will fare in the widespread difference of legal opinion. All experts agree, however, that he is a formidable antagonist: The other side has to work hard to counter Goldsborough's picturesque statements of his judicial philosophy.

"Justice," he said in one of his recent decisions, "is like a hotel with a side entrance for employees and a front entrance for guests. It is a strict rule for the employees not to use the front entrance. But then the hotel catches on fire and the side entrance is blocked. The employees escape by the front entrance. Wouldn't it be ridiculous to say that the employees broke the rules by going out the front door?"

THE END






PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sorry Bill,
our date is off . . .

*" . . . we're working overtime again."*

Everybody loses in this little tragedy. Betty loses her date, Bill his temper, and the boss his reputation as an efficient manager. Yet the scene is being repeated, with minor variations, in hundreds of offices throughout the country. For with the increased volume of figuring, accounting and statistical work required today, many businesses have found themselves unequipped for the job. Their machines are too few and too antiquated . . . and the result is excessive overtime, costly delays, soaring office costs.

Modern, efficient Burroughs adding, calculating, accounting and statistical machines offer a simple, direct solution to this problem. They do more work in less time, with less effort, at lower cost. That's why they're built—and why they're bought. Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit 32, Michigan.

*WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S* **Burroughs**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**HELP YOURSELF TO QUICK RELIEF WITH QUINSANA —COOLING, SOOTHING, ABSORBENT!**

Quinsana Foot Powder helps give cooling, soothing relief to burning tired feet! Quinsana helps to absorb excessive perspiration, to keep feet dry, comfortable —and to combat foot odor.

**Amazing results on Athlete's Foot!** Tests prove that 9 out of 10 get complete relief from itching, burning Athlete's Foot after 30-day Quinsana treatment.

Quinsana's *antiseptic* action helps prevent the growth of the *fungi that cause* Athlete's Foot. It works fast to end the misery of itching, cracking, peeling between toes. And daily Quinsana use helps prevent recurrence of Athlete's Foot!

**Shake Quinsana on your feet. Shake it in shoes to absorb sweat. Use Quinsana every day!**

**MENNEN QUINSANA**
**FOOT POWDER**

**Tobacco Yello**

$1
Protects fingers, teeth, mouth and throat from tar
the cigarette holder that stops TOBACCO TAR
Stops ¼ lb. of tar in a year if you smoke a pack a day
1 This special alloy fitment causes tar to condense and deposit here —can be easily cleaned
2 Smoke with 66.5% of tar removed, enters through this passage
Holder is made of briar of beautiful grain. Cigar holders of similar effectiveness, $1. Same old pre war price and pre war quality.
KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC.
630 Fifth Avenue N. Y. 20, N. Y.


# THE HIGH COST OF COLLETTE

**Continued from page 17**

The huge face was impassive. "The other one is, though."

"The other one?" Dexter felt a vague sinking sensation. "Oh. The other one."

The large man said, "Conan Plascow, Mr. Lawson. House detective."

Tiny beads of perspiration started from Dexter's brow. The elevator door opened behind him, but he made no move to take it. "House detective? Oh. It's good to know we have such—such fine men guarding our life and property, eh?"

The pale eyes were fixed on his face. "We don't get much robberies here," Plascow said. "I consider the biggest part of my duties is protecting the moral reputation of this establishment."

"Now see here," Dexter said. He paused and dabbed a handkerchief at his brow. "I could just as easily phone up to Collette, couldn't I? It would save time."

"Sure," Plascow said. "Why not?" He walked with Dexter to the house phones, and waited while he asked Collette to meet him in the lobby. "It's an interesting situation," Plascow said as Dexter hung up.

"What is?"

"You and your wife and this other one, in the same apartment. The way I see it, it's like one of them old Greek tragedies you read. You know, where everybody is mixed up together."

"This is not a Greek tragedy," Dexter said in a loud voice. "Nobody is mixed up together. As a matter of fact, I sleep on the studio couch!"

Plascow's eyebrows rose slightly.

Dexter flushed. "Will you stop?" he said. "You're framing an innocent man. I'll report this to the management."

"They reported it to me," Plascow said. He nodded and ambled off. When Collette came down, Dexter took her arm and piloted her quickly to the street. He was conscious of Conan Plascow's eyes on him all the way. In a cab, Dexter leaned back and wiped his brow.

"You are *fatigué,* Dexter?" Collette said. She sighed. "It is like life, no?" Collette was tall and slender, with sharp, dark features and full red lips. Her attitude was one of dogged boredom. Her French was the product of one strenuous year in high school. While the rest of her education had largely evaporated, she had clung firmly to her French.

"Everything is set for tonight, Collette," Dexter said wearily. "After we are done shopping, I will take you to the Ritz-Halton. Charley Kendall will pick you up there. Okay?"

"*Bien entendu,* Dex," she said languidly. Her voice, unrecorded, did not have all the force it had in transcription, but it had power to spare. Her "*Bien entendu*" seemed to mean a good deal more than "of course."

"You will sell cologne by the ton," Dexter said fervently.

IT IS in the nature of a talent agent's work to perform many personal services not usual in other forms of salesmanship. Where the product to be sold is a living person, no detail about that person is beyond the scope of the alert agent's personal scrutiny.

In the lingerie section of Benson's Fifth Avenue, Dexter approached a matronly saleslady and said, firmly, "This lady wishes to fill a conspicuous lack."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Falsies," Dexter said.

"Oh," the saleslady said. "You mean gay deceivers."

"Great Christopher!" Dexter said. "All right, gay deceivers. Only not too gay. I'll wait."

He took a chair and rested his head in his hands. The role of the star maker, he thought bitterly, is not without hazard. The decision to equip Collette with falsies had come only after careful analysis. Charley Kendall had been sold by a voice. They couldn't risk unselling him by the vision of Collette. Dexter's head ached as he ran over the possibility of any last-minute angles. Then he looked up and saw Mary Alice. His wife was standing before him with a strange look on her face.

"Mary Alice!" Dexter shouted and leaped to his feet. "Darling—"

"What are you doing here, Dexter?" Her voice seemed to come from a great distance.

"Doing?" Dexter repeated. "Doing? Why, nothing!"

"You couldn't have picked a cozier spot," Mary Alice said. It was at that moment that Collette emerged from the fitting room.

"How do I look?" she said, striking a pose.

Mary Alice looked at her carefully. "Something new has been added," she said.

"*Bien entendu,*" Collette murmured.

Dexter said, "Mary Alice, I know this is subject to misinterpretation, but—"

She wasn't listening. She beckoned to a salesgirl.

For the first time Dexter noticed something black and filmy hanging over his wife's arm.

"I've decided not to take this after all," Mary Alice said. "I don't think I'll have any immediate use for it."

"Darling," Dexter said hopelessly, "may I drop dead this minute if I so much as—"

"You needn't worry," Mary Alice said coldly. "I'll go through with your party tonight. But after that, you're on your own." She turned and walked quickly away.

Dexter sat down slowly and returned his head to his hands.

Collette sighed. She said, "It is life? No?"

Dexter looked up. She was beautifully rounded where she had not been before. "We will take the next larger size," he said dully. "What can we lose?"

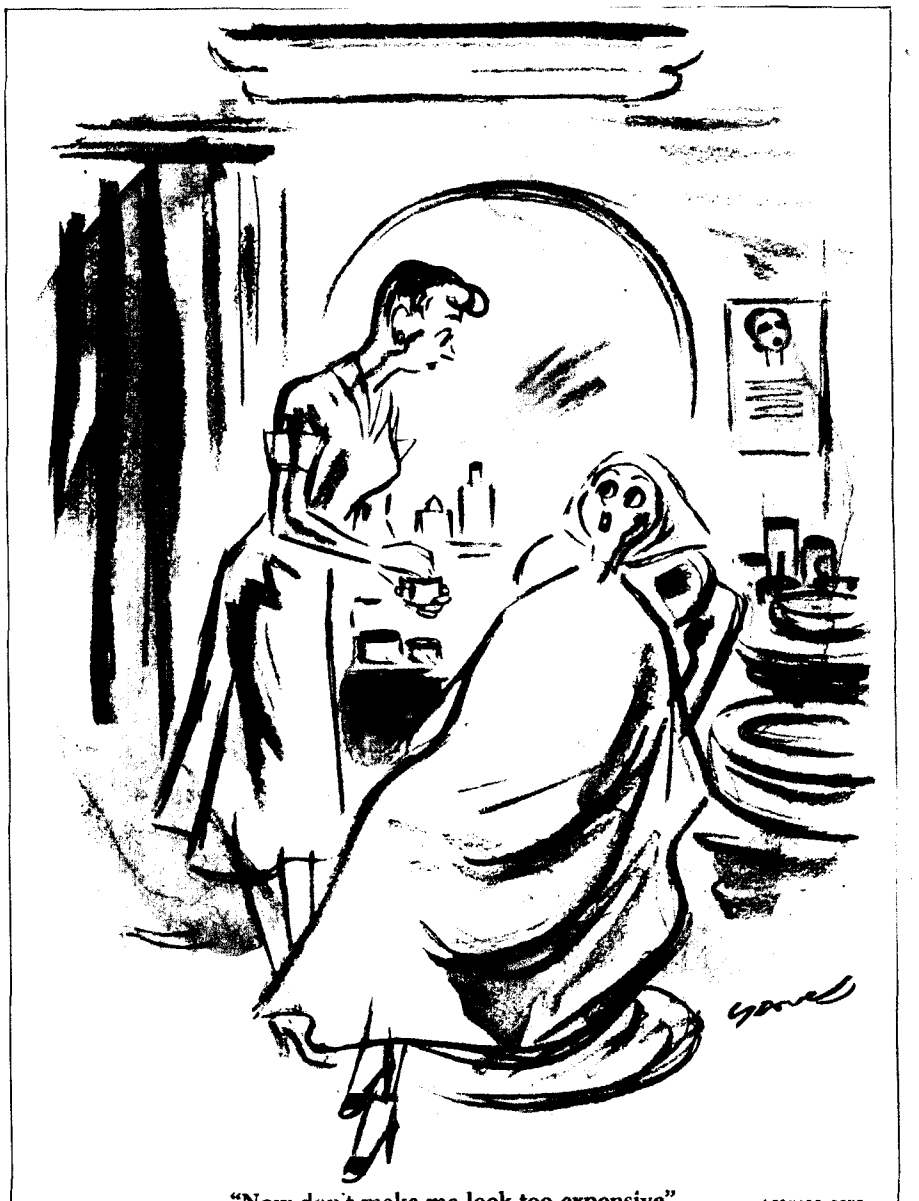
COLLETTE and Charley had not arrived by nine o'clock. The party, which Dexter saw as through a haze, darkly, was doing as well as could be expected. Mary Alice was a gracious hostess, cool and charming. Dexter noticed, throughout the evening, that she kept her eyes studiously away from him. He had to call on hidden reserves to force a smile for his guests.

Mr. Radcliff, the sponsor, was a Hollywood caricature of a sponsor. He was portly, bald, and aggressively jolly. His wife was a thin, nervous lady with hawk-like features and a stern eye.

"Our star, Collette, will be along in a little while," Dexter said, passing the cocktails. "You will love her, Mr. Radcliff."

"I wouldn't dare, Lawson. Not with my wife around," Mr. Radcliff said. "Eh, Bessie?" He laughed extravagantly. His wife permitted herself a tight smile. Dexter grinned weakly.

The head of the Baylor agency lighted cigars for Mr. Radcliff. His wife lighted cigarettes for Mrs. Radcliff. Dexter lighted cigars and cigarettes indiscrimi-



COLLIER'S "Now don't make me look too expensive" LEONARD DOVE



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nately. He smelled strongly of Brute cologne.

It was not until ten o'clock that Dexter began to worry in earnest. Collette had not appeared. Charley Kendall was missing. Dexter caught Mary Alice in the kitchen and said, "Darling, do you suppose anything could have happened? My God, she could have got into an accident and been killed!"

Mary Alice looked at him then, and smiled in a tight cold way that sent chills down his spine.

"You don't mean that," he said. "Do you think I ought to call the police?"

"I'd put The Sender on," she said. "The party is dying."

"Yes, yes," Dexter said. "The Sender." He dimmed the living-room lights and introduced his singer, who had consented to entertain. Mary Alice accompanied him on the piano.

The Sender sang in a soft, mellifluous voice. His selection was a song high on the popularity lists, I Love You in War and Peace, adapted from the novel of the same name. He followed with Remembrance of Things Past ("I get that . . ."), another popular adaptation.

By the time he was doing Crime and Punishment ("What is my crime that you hand me this punishment, darling?"), Dexter was frantic. The head of the agency took him aside and inquired anxiously about Collette. Dexter reassured him nervously. The Sender sang Vanity Fair ("Is your vanity fair when you're so unfair to me?").

IT WAS ten thirty and Mr. Radcliff had pulled out his pocket watch three times when the phone rang. It was Charley Kendall.

"Charley, thank heavens," Dexter said. "Where are you?"

Charley's voice was a distant scratch in the receiver. "You oversold me, Dex. We're down in Delaware."

"Delaware? Did you say—"

"We were married ten minutes ago. Here. I'll let you talk to her."

"Collette?" Dexter said vaguely. "You're married?"

"*Bien entendu,*" the familiar voice said. Charley's voice came back on. "Never be able to thank you enough, Dex. Got to run. 'By."

Dexter hung up slowly. He said, "We should have got the next *smaller* size." Then he froze. He whirled and pointed a trembling finger at the phone.

"Married?" he yelled. "Did you say married?"

A knock on the door stopped that line of questioning. Dexter hurried through the foyer, muttering, "They're here. It was a gag. Ha, ha." He opened the door and faced a vast expanse of blue serge.

"Conan Plascow again, Mr. Lawson," a voice said from above his head.

"Now see here," Dexter said.

"The management asked me to investigate further," he said. "Mind if I come in?"

"No!" Dexter said wildly. "Not now! I'm entertaining! She's not here!"

The front of the blue serge advanced.

Dexter planted his feet firmly. "You can't do this, Plascow!" he shouted. "You'll ruin me."

"You should have thought of that before you started in," Plascow said gently. "You got such a nice wife, too."

Dexter leaned against the blue serge and pushed. "Out!" he said. "Out!"

"Now take it easy," Plascow said.

A JOVIAL voice behind Dexter said, "My wife just gave me a wonderful idea, Lawson, when you have a minute."

Plascow said, "Mister, maybe you can give me some information."

"No!" Dexter yelled. Something inside him said, "What the hell!" He closed his eyes and swung. His fist landed solidly on the blue serge and kept on going until it ran into something hard.

Dexter remembered thinking: My God, I've gone clean through to his spine! Somewhere a voice was singing Twelfth Night ("You kissed me on the twelfth night, but I'd lost you in two weeks"). Then there was a bright flash, and everything blacked out. . . .

Mary Alice bailed him out early the following morning, and led him silently to Mike's Bistro, where she ordered him a double Scotch.

Dexter sipped the drink silently. A night in the city jail, for assault with intent to do bodily harm, had taken whatever starch was left out of him.

He downed his drink and waved for another. "It was kind of you to bail me out, Mary Alice," he said.

"That's all right," she said.

"All is lost," he said. "All."

"Next time you swing at somebody, don't pick odds of two to one," she said.

"Who's the two?"

"Conan Plascow. He pulverized you."

"I remember now."

Mike brought over his second drink and he stared at it glumly. "Collette?" he said.

"Married."

"How do you like that, hey?"

"Fine," she said. "Mr. Radcliff is buying The Sender."

"You mean—"

"His wife said so. She swooned during Crime and Punishment. She would have hated Collette."

"Yes, yes," Dexter said. "You did this for me, Mary Alice. Thank you." Mike came by and mopped their table. Dexter sighed.

"It's a shame, in a way," he said. "A voice like Collette's. Loaded. And she has to get married."

"It's a healthier outlet," his wife said.

Dexter said, "Mary Alice, I want you to know that, throughout, there was nothing between Collette and me."

"I know," she said. "I slept afternoons."

Dexter looked up. "Then you wouldn't—I mean, would you—No, I guess you wouldn't."

She smiled. "One thing I'm going to do," she said, "is to plug up that guest room. If I have to turn it into a nursery."

Dexter raised bloodshot, incredulous eyes. "But, darling—if I'm on the studio couch—I mean to say—"

She lowered her eyes and her face was pink. "*Bien entendu,*" she murmured.

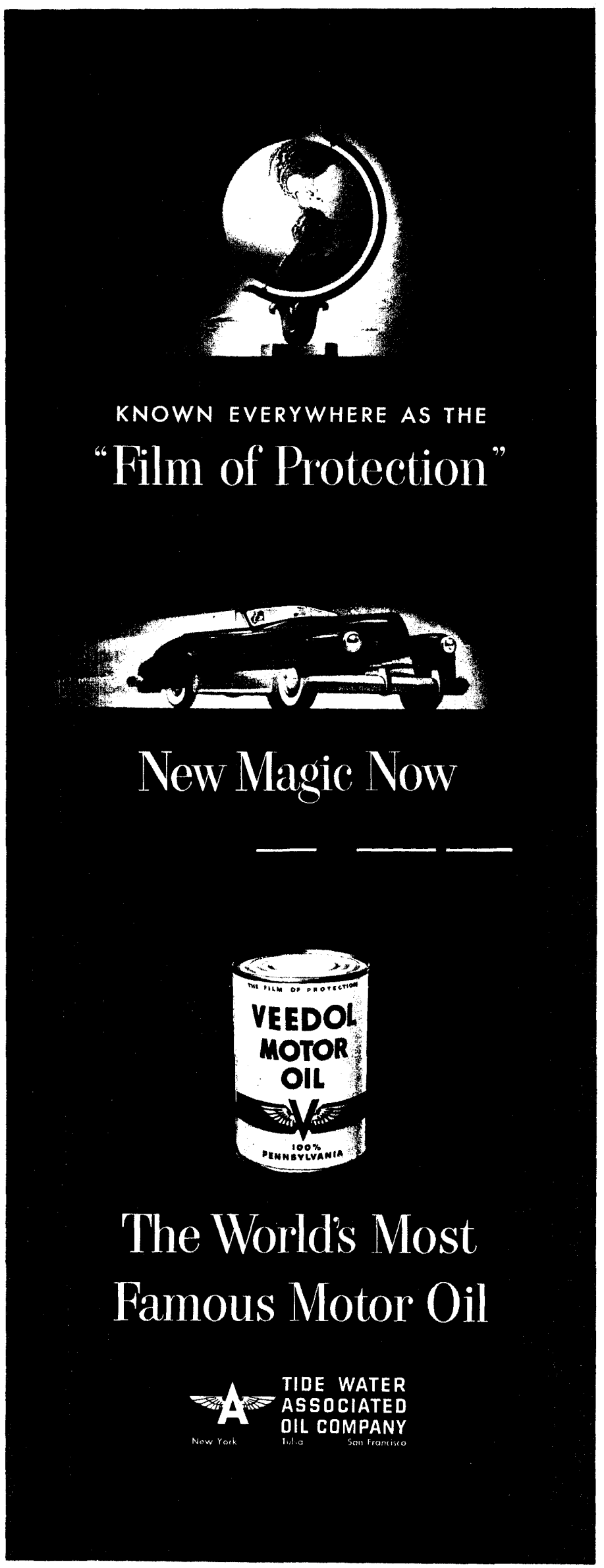
THE END

### LEAP-YEAR SONG SOBER CHOICE

**I'll take the man with savoir-faire**
**And the suavely sympathetic air,**
**The avuncular yet mellow glow**
**That only riper years bestow.**
**Dignified—that's him, and courtly,**
**As imposing as he's portly,**
**Crammed with old-time charm and breeding,**
**Gallant, though his hair's receding.**

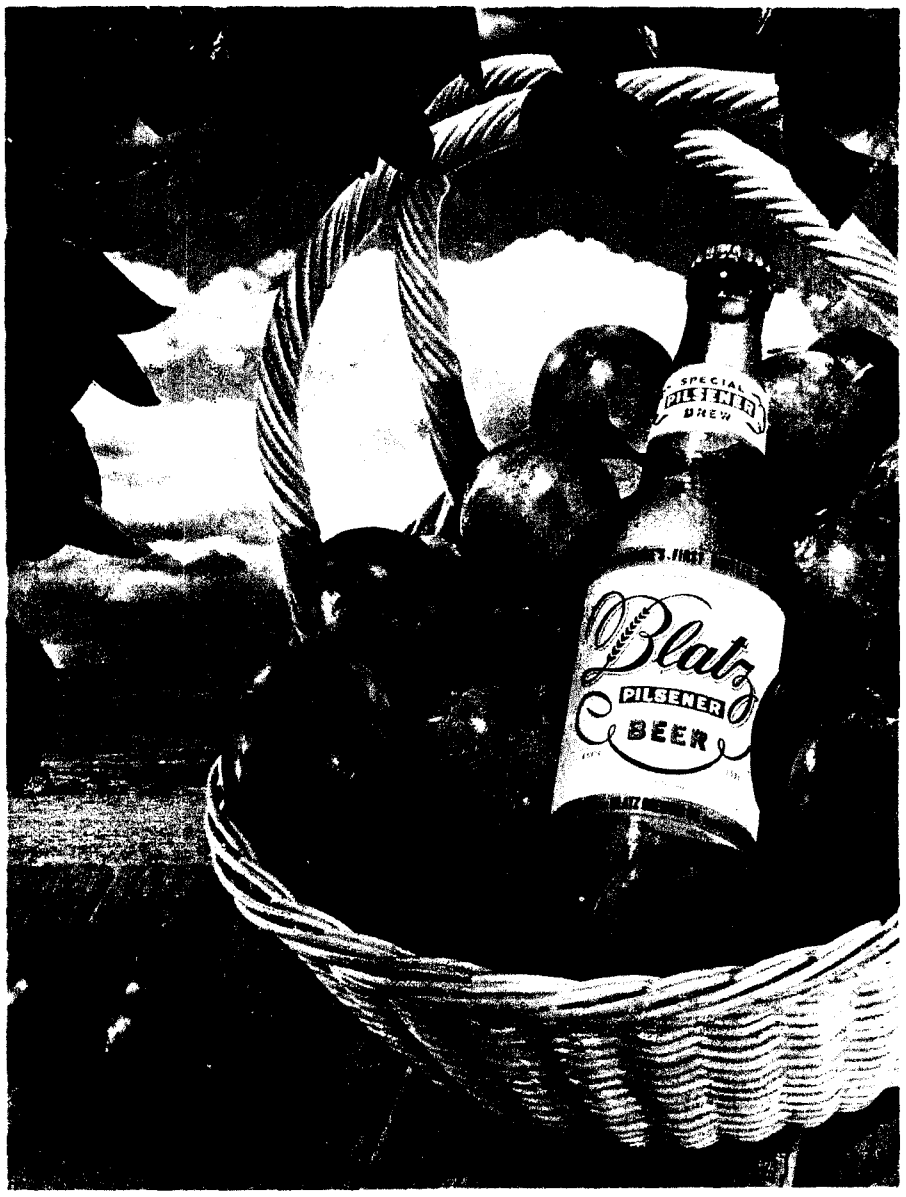
**Though he boasts a modest dewlap**
**And could really use a new lap,**
**Wise the eyes behind bifocals.**
**Who would smile on callow yokels?**
**Shallow youths? Not me, I'm sure.**
**I prefer them more mature,**
**And distingué—that is to say,**
**Not spry enough to get away.**

**—Ethel Jacobson**






PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




KERLEE


# At the Peak of Flavor

When you stop to think about it, a tall, thirst-quenching glass of Blatz Beer has a lot in common with a fine tree-ripe plum. *Both* have matured and mellowed to the peak of flavor. For 97 years we've brewed *only* in *Milwaukee* . . . and Blatz is Milwaukee's *first* bottled beer. Try Blatz today . . . we think you'll agree it's America's *finest* beer too!

MILWAUKEE'S first
AMERICA'S finest
BOTTLED beer

Blatz
BREWING BETTER BEER
FOR THE 97TH YEAR

Valentin Blatz — *Master Brewer, son and grandson of Master Brewers — Founder, Blatz Brewing Company, 1851.*

©1948, Blatz Brewing Co. • Est. 1851 in Milwaukee, Wis.


# PHILADELPHIA: CORRUPT AND NOT CONTENTED

**Continued from page 15**

treatment. When they were brought before him he discharged them in droves. In more serious offenses, where required by law to hold them for a higher court, he imposed instead a fine of, say, $100. Then after witnesses and prosecutor had left the courtroom he would, in direct violation of the law, secretly reduce the fine or let the offender go scot-free.

Not all Philadelphia judges are dishonest, but some who are not are strangely careless. Among the more odious local rackets was one involving the solicitation of advertising for the convention program of a so-called firemen's organization. It was a smooth deal, engineered by a notorious promoter who had a Better Business Bureau record dating back to 1921. He collected $34,292 in a year for a program never published, and he used for a mailing address and phone calls the City Hall offices of a respected municipal court judge.

### Petty Crime in the Subway

Small crime thrives in Philadelphia like weeds in an untended cabbage patch. In the cavernous, ill-lighted subway system, a checkup showed 69 crimes in six months. Almost all of them were against lone women and most of them were committed practically under City Hall. Newspaper typesetters were constantly setting the same headlines: War on Crime, Crush Numbers Racket, New Crime Drive, Crime Crack-down, Cleanup Drive.

A typical crime drive is the seven years' war against the world's largest outdoor crap game on the Philadelphia docks. It once earned its operators $10,000 a month. This game rented out a soft-drink concession and ran an extension cord to a city lamppost for free electricity. On January 31, 1940, police started a concentrated effort to break it up. By July 13th, last year, 19 raids and 358 arrests later, police admitted that the racket had not yet been cleaned up.

To every rookie on the Philadelphia police force it must be apparent that "enterprise" pays off. Although illegal, business side lines are not uncommon. One cop has a jewelry business and carries a small case of samples with him while on duty. Another has contracted carpenter jobs. Another operates an automobile agency in a suburb, although recently he cautiously transferred title to his son. Still another serves as bouncer in his brother's saloon, even while on duty.

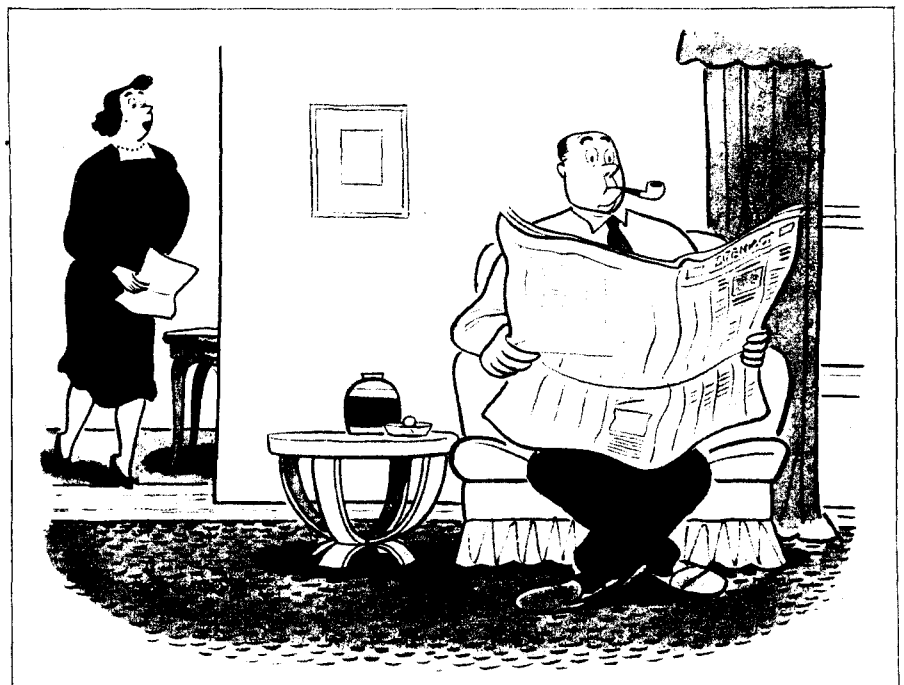
Most erring police enter less formal avenues of trade, however. At a busy midtown corner one police official collected 25 cents from a store for every customer he permitted to park illegally. Other cops deal directly with the consumer. All-day parking in some half-hour central city zones can often be arranged for a flat $1 a week. Obviously a cop with ten or 15 such steady customers has a happier financial outlook.

Some Philadelphia police are above pecuniary considerations. Pleasant associations and freedom from onerous routine are often preferred, like teaching ceramics on city time to neighborhood children, chauffeuring the wife of a prominent business executive or guarding the home of a local Philadelphia judge, a personage worth the full-time services of six policemen working around the clock in three shifts. Since the judge's protectors would be bored if they had to stand constantly with guns at the ready, they are said to be relieved by such light-housekeeping duties as cooking, chauffeuring, butlering and lawn cutting.

To get ahead in the department, it is quite helpful for a Philadelphia cop to have the support of his ward leader. In some precincts he can get the best details. No patrolman desiring a transfer can feel certain of getting it through police channels. If he's smart he may go to his ward leader. His assignments are usually considered to be an accurate barometer of his political influence. The special plain-clothes details are regarded as the aristocracy; the peasants are the district cops. Promotions are sometimes given on merit, but today there are very strong indications that the going price is $500.

The third largest city in the country has an airport but very poor hangar facilities. There is not even an adequate shop where an engine can be repaired. The runways are too short for some of the big modern planes. Philadelphians have no adequate air service to many important cities. Air time to many others, like Boston and Chicago, is snail-slow. From Philadelphia to Miami it is ten and one half hours, while the time from near-by Washington to Miami is three and one half hours by air.

One reason for such retarded growth

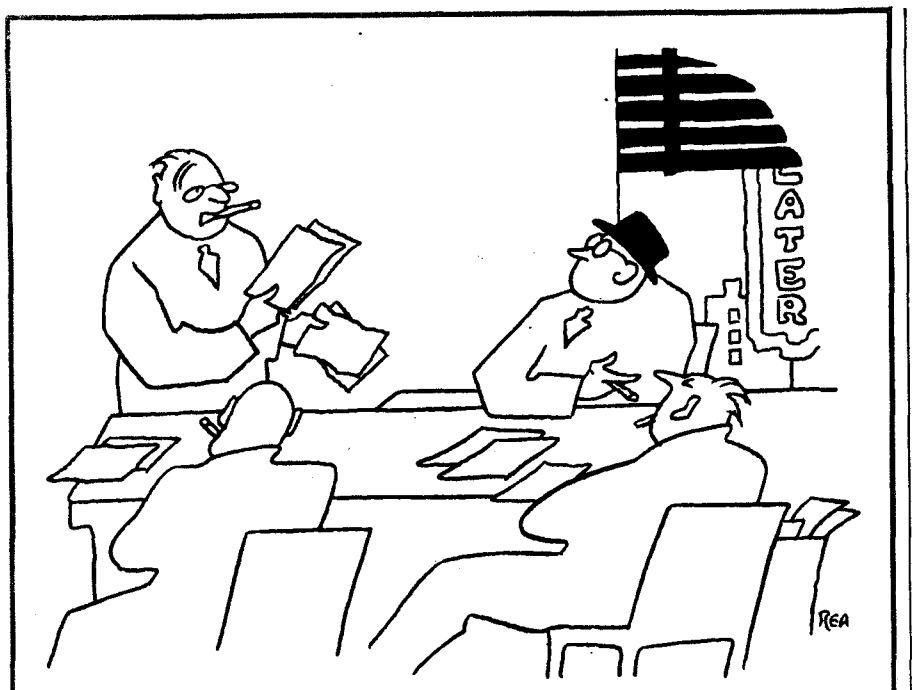


"Darling, I got a jury summons. Will you please run down and pay it?"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




"As I see it, all we have to do is rewrite the whole thing around that laugh we got in the second act"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

was an early effort to get graft from the construction of two airports, on opposite sides of the city, instead of merely from one. And one result of this has been that neither port has had enough money to operate efficiently. A second is the machine's deep suspicion of Democratic money, which is regarded as tainted even when it comes from such an obviously unselfish enterprise of the federal government as an airport.

This distrust of federal funds has had a profound effect on Philadelphia's housing shortage (there are 112 families for every 100 dwellings). In an unguarded prewar moment, federal funds were accepted for a Philadelphia housing project. The project embraced several square blocks, and when the ward leader stopped one morning to watch demolition begin he became suddenly aware that several thousand voters he had been nursing for years had been forced to move out of his district! His screaming could be heard in Camden.

Another federal offer of $19,000,000 was made for 3,500 homes. The city turned it down.

It isn't that Philadelphia doesn't want improvement. The city boasts many commendable projects which, unfortunately, were never finished. The Locust Street subway, begun twenty years ago, is still boarded up. Under the Schuylkill River there is a four-track tunnel built fifteen years ago for $6,500,000, to relieve congested traffic. The tunnel has never been opened. Razing of the Chinese Wall, the horrendous structure for railroad tracks running to the center of the city, has been periodically announced for more than 22 years. The Delaware River bridge was built a generation ago without proper approaches and stands today as a monumental answer to the question: "How careless can you get?"

### Water Polluted with Chemicals

The Port of Philadelphia, for 133 years the greatest in the United States, is slipping rapidly with a postwar drop from second to fourth place. The water is fetid with gases and chemicals, and the floating matter in it is bad for ships' condensers. Among the wastes sometimes dumped into the river is a highly inflammable substance, a gas that is readily ignited and burns upon the surfaces at docking spaces. Some Philadelphians drink this water; shipowners and captains hate it.

The machine has kept Philadelphia broke. Despite nation-wide skyrocketing of property values, the city's assessed real-estate valuation dropped $700,000,000 between the depression of 1932 and the boom of 1948.

The hodgepodge of assessments is unbelievable. In some districts the poor have been soaked so heavily that assessments have been more than 150 per cent of sales prices, while higher-priced homes are assessed as low as 40 per cent of sales price.

Nor do all assessors make an effort, as required by law, to keep the assessments near actual value. One tenement assessed at $4,500 earns its owner $2,700 rents annually. In the 26th Ward a typical house assessed for $4,200 ten years ago sold for $3,250. Recently this house was resold for $8,600, but its assessment was unchanged. In the 35th Ward a check of 181 homes shows that ten years ago their assessment represented 97 per cent of their sales value. When resold recently the average assessment was only 54 per cent of sale price. Students of municipal government regard this as unsound.

Contented Philadelphians seldom live in the city; they reside and vote in lovely, well-run suburbs. The Philadelphians most concerned with the present state of the city are the vast and impotent middle class and the poor who are awed by power. They don't want any trouble.

But neither do they want a city where so many bars and restaurants are without adequate fire extinguishers; where cops shake down auto-parked spooners; where some of the county detectives are machine committeemen; where one hospital is so crowded with mental and tubercular patients who don't belong there that its facilities are limited by 40 per cent, while another hospital operates at only 10 to 30 per cent of capacity; where statistical evidence of crime is confused by records listing snatched purses and picked wallets as lost, and thug-beaten citizens as accidents; where an unheeded garbage scow sinks slowly into the Schuylkill; where an occasional fire inspector takes $10 to $65 to pass an oil or gasoline tank installation, and where some inspectors' agents of the Bureau of Buildings ask $5 to $50 to approve business signs.

They don't want city employees to hold two city jobs, as some do, and work at neither. They don't want to pay $153,000 a year unnecessarily because the council refuses to refund airport bonds. They don't want an annual $600,000 expenditure for police stations, unless they get a reasonable benefit from it.

The people of Philadelphia are not contented with these affairs. They have merely suffered them. How long they will continue to suffer is a question that not even the politicians can answer.

THE END

Fair_But Cooler!
PEGGY, CAN'T YOU THAW OUT ENOUGH TO TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG? PLEASE! MAKE WITH THE FACTS!
IT'S TOO HARD TO FACE A FACT LIKE— LIKE BAD BREATH, TOM! GET YOUR DENTIST TO TAKE OVER, WON'T YOU?
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH— HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES —STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE CLEANS TEETH BETTER THAN COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
SINCE I TOOK UP BREATH REFORM THE WEATHER FORECAST'S FAIR AND WARM!
COLGATE
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# A SUCKER DON'T WANNA BE TOLD

Continued from page 23

"How much money have you got to bet?" he asks, all business.

You do rapid mental calculation and tell him $10. Or $20. Or maybe $100. Whatever you tell him, Ben shakes his head in disappointment. It isn't enough.

"How do I know you've got any real money to bet?" he demands, once again the old, suspicious stranger. "Let's see how much money you've got on you."

You take out your wallet and Ben firmly removes it from your shaking hands. He starts taking the money out of the wallet bill by bill. You watch, hypnotized, for a minute, and then make a frantic effort to get the wallet back. Big Ben glares and threatens to call the whole deal off. He counts off two or three more bills. Then you grab the wallet with such desperation that he lets go of it. Big Ben then hands back the money with a nice flourish.

"One hundred and ten dollars," he says clearly. "Bet it all on Number Five to win. I'll see you here after the race is won. The syndicate's commission on all bets is 20 per cent."

You clutch your Number Five tickets in a moist hand and stagger out to watch the race.

If Number Five does win, Big Ben has got you. Solid. You're convinced that he knows all about racing. He's the guy with the inside dope. He's the guy that won you the money. He's your pal. He admits it. But he firmly refuses (after taking the commission for his big syndicate) to give you the winner of the next race unless you make a *really* big bet.

This time you must make a really *big* bet because the next race is—Shhhhhh! —the next race is fixed. It's the Jockey Ring race. All the jocks are in on it. But if you're going to go along with Ben as your partner you've got to act like a partner. Half of your big bet on this sure winner has got to be for Ben. You've got to give him the tickets *before* the race. Because Ben has to collect the money and pay off all the crooked riders.

That's the story you get from Ben if Number Five, the horse he gave you first, was a winner. If Number Five lost, even if it ran last, you may still go along with Ben on the next race. Because by the time Ben gets through explaining things to you, when you come back to him furious and accusing, it's even money that you'll be back in his clutches. This maneuver is known in touting as "cooling 'em out."

### How to Deal With a Sore Loser

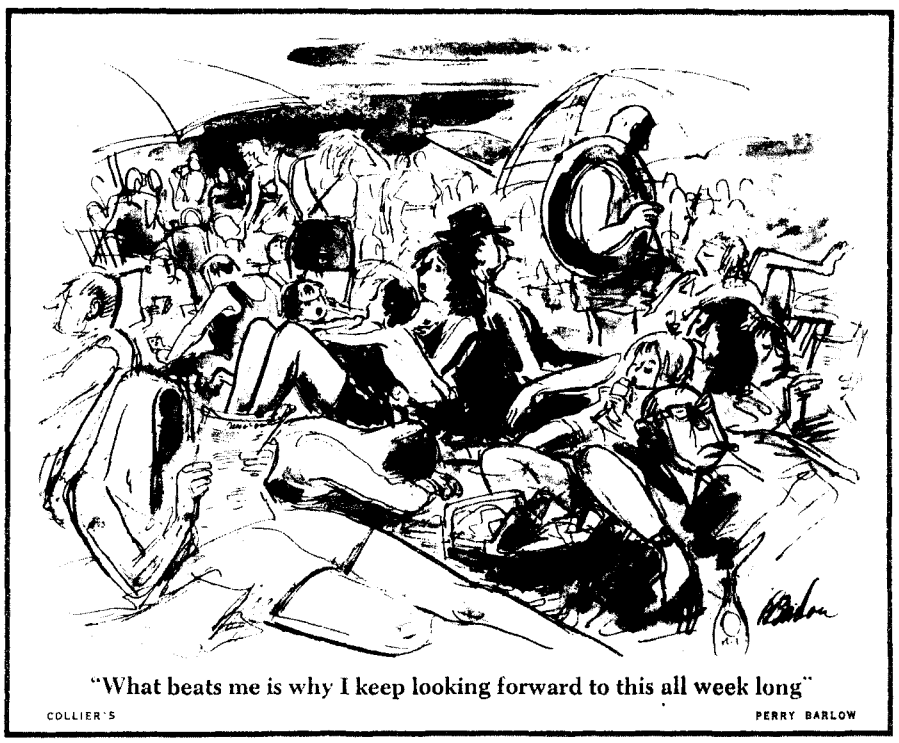
"The first thing you do with a sore loser," explains one veteran double hustler, "is start hollering louder than he does. No matter what he lost, the hustler claims he lost ten times as much. He explains the race briefly but in detail, telling just where the horse slipped his stifle and stepped on his fetlock and finally got caught in an air pocket. The tout throws in a lot of other nonsensical horsy talk. All the while he is sliding in hints that the syndicate isn't worried. The syndicate will get even on the sure thing coming up, the big bet of the day, and so on. By the time a first-class double hustler is through with an egg who's a loser the egg is about ready to apologize for causing so much trouble."

While the great percentage of fleeced eggs accept their swindling with silent fortitude—"They stand still for anything," as the touts say—there is, every now and then, an anguished and bleating complaint from some sucker who can't be cooled out.

These stubborn complainants invariably storm into some track official's office and blame all their earthly troubles on the management. Even if the track operators aren't actually involved then, they're still to blame for allowing such burglary. Such squawks and accusations embarrass and frighten track operators.

Thus, the tracks do their best to harry and chivy the double hustlers. For almost as long as anybody can remember the harrying of track touts has been the sole chore of a special section of private detectives of the Pinkerton Agency. For years the headman of the Pinkerton track detail was Edward Grogan (recently transferred to other duties) a veteran Pink who knows more about touts than anybody else in the world.

Grogan is a small, unassuming man who looks somewhat like Barry Fitzgerald and has a photographic memory for faces and dates which is fairly unbelievable. For years he and his men have been nabbing double hustlers day in and day out.



"What beats me is why I keep looking forward to this all week long"

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW

There is one small faction of race-track touts for whom even the double hustlers have little but amused contempt. These are known as The Buttonholers. They are *personae* of such complete *non gratae* that they don't dare to sneak into the tracks. Instead, they stay outside and beckon at horse players through the wire fences. If anybody just comes close enough to hear what they're whispering about, the tout gets two fingers through the wire and grabs on to a lapel or shirt collar—i.e., buttonholing—while he tells The Story.

The double hustlers feel that buttonholing is very undignified.

If the double hustlers and the other race-trackers are overendowed with gall and brazen effrontery, the linesmen are scarcely the timid souls of the touting trade. The linesmen, remember, are the boys who work away from the track by telephone and personal interview. Their customers are off-the-track bettors.

The good linesman realizes that the more doorbells he rings the more business he'll get. Once you have made your first bet with him, your name is on a sucker list that will cost you annoyance and, possibly, considerable cash for years to come.

If a linesman tout wins for a new egg he immediately starts what is known to the trade as "playing the uppers." Playing the uppers is comparable to what Big Ben did to you when you won that first bet. Remember? Ben wouldn't let you in on the "fixed" race unless you promised to bet a fairly frightening amount of money. The linesman's technique is the same.

The linesman tout, using the names of famous jockeys he has no possible connection with, usually works as follows:

You are sitting in your office and wishing, rather wistfully, that you could have another run of luck like you had out at Belmont last fall. It would be nice if you could pick up a couple hundred dollars for the wife's . . .

The telephone rings.

"Hello, Mr. Jones," says a breezy voice. "This is Bill Dokes." Pause, while you try to place the name. "Bill Dokes," comes the voice, breezier than ever. "Ted Atkinson's partner. Remember?" You don't.

Mr. Dokes is sorry but he must have made a mistake. Ted Atkinson, the famous jockey, he says, told him to call Mr. J. Jones of the kitchen equipment business in your city. Just a mistake. Sorry.

But, you say quickly, you *are* Mr. J. Jones of said city and said business. What did Teddy Atkinson want? Oh, no, it's not to be that easy. Mr. Dokes explains crisply that Atkinson has a highly confidential piece of information for Mr Jones. A short pause. Are you *sure* you're not the right Mr. Jones?

You're sure, all right, but you're also sure that you'd sure like to know what Ted Atkinson, the famous jockey, has on his mind. From here on in, the telephone technique varies slightly. Perhaps you are led into—or insist upon—making an admission that you sometimes take a flier on the races. Mr. Dokes at this point seems half convinced that you must be the right Jones. Finally Mr. Dokes decides he'll have to talk with Ted again. If Ted says okay, he'll make a personal appointment with you.

In due time the breezy voice phones again and makes an appointment. When he arrives, Mr. Dokes may bring the electrified saddle. He may arrive with the Saddle Cloth Story. He may offer the Radar Wire setup. Or he may bring some other story that sounds much more plausible.

Now, how do you know Mr. Dokes is really from Ted Atkinson? You don't, but you're going to find out soon enough. Mr. Dokes tells you Atkinson is busy riding at a race track in a near-by city or a distant city. But you are to call Atkinson at his hotel room at such and such a time.

Now, should you be cute enough to double-check on Mr. Dokes and phone the hotel in question as soon as he leaves your office, you will learn from the hotel switchboard operator that Mr. Ted Atkinson isn't there but that he has a reservation for the very day you were instructed to call him. And when you do call at the specified time, you will be immediately connected. A strange voice asks you to hold the phone a minute. While you're holding it you may be able to overhear a lot of horsy conversation such as, "James sure pulled that horse nice for us today, Teddy," and so on. Then the breezy, familiar voice of your old pal Mr. Dokes is talking with you and telling you how much to bet and how much of what you bet is to be bet for Ted Atkinson, the famous rider who has fixed up this specific boat race No, Mr. Dokes can't tell you the horse just now. The name of the horse will be wired to you at noon of the day of the race.

Actually, of course, Atkinson has no more to do with this caper than the writer. Anybody can register at almost any hotel as Theodore Atkinson or T. G. Atkinson or even Ted Atkinson.

### The Build-Up for Larger Bets

Mr. Dokes can't tell you the name of the horse when you call the mythical Atkinson because neither Dokes nor the bogus Atkinson know which standout favorite the real Atkinson will be riding tomorrow, if any. They've got to wait for a top-heavy favorite. They've got to wait because they want you to win this bet even if the horse pays only $2.50 to $2. They want to build you up to a bigger bet. If they lose this first bet —as, too often, they do—they stand a chance of losing you with it.

Assuming that you have bet only $100 or even less, on this first "fixed" race, it seems hard to believe that a linesman tout would go to the trouble and expense of traveling a considerable distance to call on you, doesn't it? Well, remember that you're not the only horse player in your particular city. The day Mr. Dokes called to see you he also called to see several other friends of "Mr. Atkinson."

Maybe, indeed, on the day of the big fixed race he gives each horse player he contacted in your city a different horse. That way he comes out of the deal with at least one fresh new egg.

There is no limit to the expense and trouble a linesman tout will go to corral a really good sucker. The touts' grapevine is one of the quickest information conveyer belts in the world. A bettor who is making important wagers anywhere in the country soon comes to the attention of linesmen from coast to coast.

"I took an airplane from New York to nail a Louisiana contractor who was going good," a linesman told the writer. "I found his office building, went up to his office. Just as I opened the door the egg came out and who should have hold of his arm but a California tout I've known for years. I turned around and took the next plane back to New York. I don't feel the expense was wasted. When the California tooter gets through with that egg he'll be decent enough to give me the next crack at him. He'll even tell me what story he used so that I can use a different one."

The linesman has a choice of two ways to collect his part of the suckers' wages. He can, and frequently does, demand cash in advance for the tip on the big fixed race. Or he can take a percentage of the egg's bet and hope that the horse wins.

When a good linesman gets lucky with an off-the-track bettor he can build the



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Try This One For Size—For Songs—For Spectacle—For Sheer Surprise—As 7 Academy Award Winners Bring You The Tongue-In-Cheek Musical Romance Of Yankee Traveling Salesman Bing Who Sells A Snooty Countess A Scandalous Bill Of Goods!

Waltz In And Dance Out With A Song In Your Heart As Bing Sings "The Kiss In Your Eyes" and "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame" —When It's Really Joan's Red Lips He's Aiming For! It's The Biggest Thing That Ever Happened To Bing . . . Or To You!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUICK RELIEF
FOR
SUMMER
TEETHING

EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby Specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION
*Just rub it on the gums*

look right!
feel right!
WEAR
WRIGHT
HATS

AT BETTER
DEALERS EVERYWHERE
ROTHSCHILD BROS. HAT CO.
ST. LOUIS • CHICAGO

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS
(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST
Use DERMOIL

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1935 LAKE LAB

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 847, Northwestern Station, Dept. 6323, Detroit 4, Mich.

SAFE EYE-GENE
Relieves TIRED EYES In SECONDS!

Wonderful EYE-GENE! Just two drops in your eyes that are tired or irritated from wind, glare, overwork, lack of sleep, reading, driving or movies—will relieve, rest, refresh, clear them in seconds. Use it every day. EYE-GENE is safe and gentle. 25¢, 60¢, and $1.00 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists everywhere. Insist on EYE-GENE!

*Weary, irritated one minute...*

*Relieved, rested, cleared the next!*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

subject up to gambling amazing sums of money. Linesmen insist that there are countless instances of eggs who started with $5 bets, were built up to $1,000 bets, and finally worked out until they had nothing to bet at all.

There is a police record of one case in which a Chicago furrier bet $100 and won $380. The $380 was pyramided to $1,000, went up and down for a while, and then another win upped the furrier's profit to $2,500. The linesmen "worked" the furrier into betting the $2,500 on a horse appropriately named Hoodlum. Hoodlum won. The furrier now was $28,000 ahead. He was directed to bet his entire $28,000 on Grand Love. This horse won and the furrier's total profit was now $305,000.

Not bad, running $100 up to $305,000. But the touts disappeared and took all the money with them. The furrier went to the police.

The writer recently asked a psychiatrist why horse players behave in the silly way they do.

"Don't come in here with your stories about horse races," this psychiatrist shouted. "Just a few months ago I got a phone call from a man who said he was a friend of one of my patients, a nervous case who gambles heavily. He talked me into betting $5 on a horse. Within two weeks I was betting $100 a race and he finally worked me up to a $1,000 bet. The whole thing cost me over $2,500 and every time I think of it I lie down on a couch in the dark and probe my own brains, if any."

When the psychiatrist cooled out a little he supplied some details which indicated that he had been in the hands of a reasonably honest tout. This tout had started him on a winning streak, and once the doc was a well-done egg, the tout called on him in person and laid $100 on the doctor's desk.

"I'm going to give you the name of a horse," the tout said straightforwardly, "and you can bet whatever you want on it. But if you take my information you must also take this $100, add $100 more to it, and bet $200 in all for me. After the race you give me back my original $100 and the winnings on the $200 bet."

### Touts Sometimes Lose, Too

Strangely enough, there is no catch to this. It is the system usually used by touts who have an authentic connection with some stable, trainer or jockey. If their tip loses, the sucker loses his money, including what he bet to match the tout's "insurance deposit." But the tout loses his money, too. The only advantage the method has is that it makes the egg much easier to cool out. It shows sincerity.

It is only fair to add that there actually are touts who do have good connections with racing stables and with jockeys. So the tout sometimes does have good information. Better information, at least, than you could get yourself. Sometimes. More often the touter is just stabbing.

At this point it is appropriate to examine the premise and possibilities of "fixed" races. Although it is impossible to convince habitual horse bettors that 99 per cent of racing is honest the touts are, strangely enough, the first to admit it. In this matter the touts and the racetrack authorities find themselves in complete agreement.

There have been crooked races. Racing history lists some and indicates still more. Numerous cases of stimulation of race horses have resulted in official action. There have been other visible instances of favorites being pulled or purposely prevented from winning. In a sense, each of these races was a fixed race. Not even the touts deny it.

But the touts deal in races which are supposedly fixed so that a certain horse will assuredly beat all the other horses in the race. This, the touts will admit privately and somewhat perversely, simply cannot be done with any assurance.

Of the three types of touts, the tipping offices are without doubt the most businesslike. Not more honest, just more businesslike. To run a tipping office the tout must have a legitimate mailing address. Worse, since he has an address, it is also necessary to pay the telephone and telegraph bills. This hurts, but there's no way out.

You've seen the tipping-office advertisements. They are usually headlined in bold black type with the words WON! WON! WON! and are followed with the names of long shots who scampered home yesterday just as the tipping office predicted they would.

The tipping offices don't want much, if you read their ads. Just send 25 cents and they'll send you their list of horses which are sure winners next time out.

So you send in the quarter and, sure enough, back comes a pamphlet which gives you the inside information that Old Naggy should win next out. If you knew how to read the workout times in the Morning Telegraph, the Racing Form or any other legitimate racing paper you'd already know that Old Naggy is training nicely. But if you knew how to read the legit racing papers you wouldn't send a tipping office your quarter. That makes you an egg right away.

So you read about Old Naggy and you read the rest of the tipping-office pamphlet. The pamphlet is full of columns under names like The Unknown Clocker and Our Own Patrol Judge. These columns have a lot of vague patter about killings and sure things and big fixes coming up. By some strange coincidence, there is always a big ad right near to these fascinating articles. The big ad suggests that any reader who wants to get in on a real killing better send in $1 for the Weekly Special. The weekly special is coming up soon. Better hurry.

So you send in a buck. You get several weekly specials. And with them you get the advice that you'd better not get left out on the terrific special special which is coming up. Just send in $5. When any of the specials lose, the tipping office literature is full of excuses and explanations. The "cooling 'em out" maneuver can be handled by mail almost as well as personally.

Preparing this article, the writer set out to call on the operators of twenty advertised New York tipping offices. All but three proved to be nonresident renters of a mailing address with stenographic firms or desk-space agencies. Of the three "turf advisers" who could be found in their offices, two were old tout teams wise enough to talk big but offer no direct information to an unknown stranger. The third was just as uncommunicative, but somewhat funnier. His ad carried a small picture of a Kentucky gentleman in regulation chin whiskers, horseman's hat and mint julep raised aloft. Tracked down, he proved to be about 40 years younger than his picture.

The operators of tipping offices, all of whom are so ready to give you racing advice for a modest fee, keep away from their "offices" for solid reasons. When an egg complains about being swindled by a tipping office he is able to give the police an actual address. The smart tip-office proprietor picks up his mail by proxy or pays the desk-space rental agent to forward it to him secretly.

Sometimes the complaints can be more bothersome than the cops. In one case, a complaint was definitely fatal.

### A Ruined Man Wreaks Vengeance

This complaint occurred over a year ago in Los Angeles. A jeweler who had been ruined by betting on tips walked in on the touts one afternoon and started blasting with a revolver. When the police arrived the tipping office proprietors were dead. So was the jeweler, who had turned his gun on himself.

Three wasted lives. Wasted because, despite the newspaper furor, police activity and resultant drive to clean up the California tipping offices, the three violent deaths didn't even interrupt the regular business tenor of the tipping office.

Even before the slain men were buried, the widow of one was in the office taking care of the sucker mail. She attended her husband's funeral and returned immediately to the office. This tipping office is still doing business at the same old stand under the same old name. Probably the same old suckers, too.

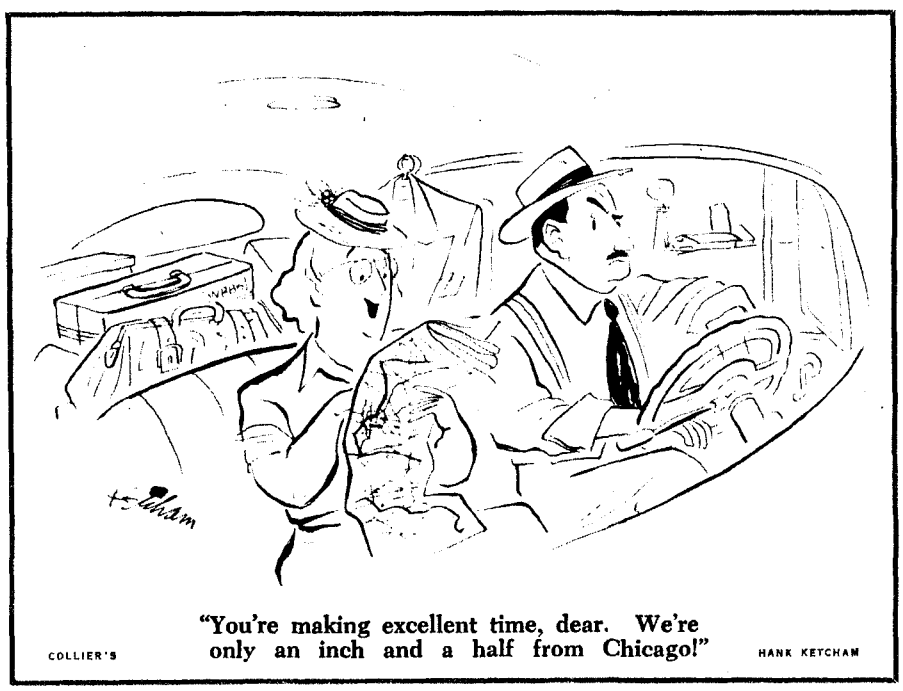
The proof of the frailties and gullibility of the inveterate or the uneducated horse player was long ago furnished by Dan Parker, sports editor of the New York Daily Mirror.

Parker has for years ridiculed, attacked and exposed the working of race-track touts, particularly the tipping-office specialists who develop new stories. A few years ago he printed in detail the operations of one tipster whose literature was so inane as to be almost burlesque. Parker not only printed this tout's story but also tore its claims and promises apart with a professional analysis.

So what happened? So hundreds of Parker readers who were also horse players sent Parker money and requested him to bet it on the system he detailed in yesterday's paper!

After several similar experiences, Parker decided that exposing touts was a waste of time. He agreed with the touts —that a sucker don't wanna be told.

THE END



"You're making excellent time, dear. We're only an inch and a half from Chicago!"

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# BUT NOT NECESSARILY SWEET

Continued from page 19

for domination that went on between them had begun almost from the day Steve had come to live with the commodore after Captain Williams, Steve's father and the commodore's lifelong friend, had died years before. Doris had been fifteen then and Steve a year older. Doris had been slim and pretty and already running the commodore's household with highhanded efficiency. She had immediately tried to bring Steve under her small thumb, too.

But Steve, tall and lean and sardonic of feature, had seen it just the other way. Neither would yield to the other and neither seemed able to leave the other alone. The commodore had often wondered, somewhat fearfully, just how it would all end—whether they would become involved in a shin buster that would drive Steve away or whether they would discover that their trouble was love. But at the moment what mattered was that Doris' admission of Steve's achievement was comforting reassurance regarding Harlequin.

IT HAD been, until the letter had arrived the previous afternoon. The letter had read: "Dear Commodore Dinsmore: Unfortunately business will keep me in New York for at least another month. Rather than inconvenience you, and since Harlequin is to be my daughter's boat anyway, I am entrusting the matter to her. She is as good a sailor as I am. She has already left for our place in Cliffport accompanied by Mrs. Riggs and one of my junior partners. You should be in contact with her within a day or two after receipt of this letter. I will accept delivery on her approval. Yours, Cornelius Riggs."

There was nothing in the letter, the commodore told himself firmly, to justify the uneasiness he had felt since receiving it. If Cornelius Riggs considered his daughter qualified to pass judgment on a boat there was every reason to assume that she probably was. There was no reason to think that she would be like one prospective buyer's wife had been—a woman who had refused a real bargain because the cockpit locker seats had been dark green instead of red leather. In spite of himself, however, the commodore emitted a small sigh. He had never been certain of the rules of the road when dealing with members of what he called the "rocking-chair fleet."

It would be close to disastrous if for some feminine reason this girl should decide against Harlequin. A small boat yard could not afford to battle a man like Cornelius Riggs through the courts to enforce a contract. Nor could a small boat yard afford to have the money Harlequin had cost tied up in a boat for which buyers were few and far between, and they would be especially few and far between once it became known that Cornelius Riggs had refused delivery.

The commodore's thoughts were interrupted by the sound of Steve's impatient voice upstairs. "For the luvapete, Doris! You've been in there for half an hour. After this let your teeth soak in a glass of water overnight and it won't take so long to brush them in the morning."

"Oh, go soak your head. I was here first," Doris yelled back. "I'm taking a shower. Come in and scrub my back if you want me out of here sooner."

Steve's reply was lost in a clear, soprano voice lifted in carefree song. The commodore heard Steve come pounding down the stairs and go into the kitchen.

A moment later there was a gasping screech from the bathroom. "Ste-e-eve! Turn that hot water on again!"

"Are you coming out?" Steve bellowed up the stairs.

"If you don't turn that water on again you'll be sorry!"

Steve came out on the porch. He was wearing a bathrobe over pajamas. There was a wide, pleased grin on his face. "More than one way to skin a cat."

"And people clear to Portland have just heard about it," the commodore said dryly. "Did you turn the hot water on again?"

"No, I want her out of there."

"You'll probably regret it."

Steve chuckled. "This is my inning. She'll be cooled off."

"Oh, she will, will she?" an anything but cooled-off voice demanded.

Steve turned in time to see the screen door open to a kick from within. A small, bare foot had done the kicking. Doris stood there, a dressing gown clinging to her wet body. In her hands she held a bucket.

"Hey!" Steve cried in warning. "Take it easy with that—"

"You take it!"

Steve gasped as he was drenched with cold water. The next instant the empty bucket hurtled by his head. Steve made a grab for Doris but she had closed the door and latched it. Steve glared at her through the screen.

"You might have broken my head with that bucket!" he shouted angrily.

Doris sniffed. "When better buckets are made they still wouldn't hurt that head. And don't think you'll get a warm shower until you crawl."

The commodore closed his eyes wearily. They were still at it from the night before. The commodore supposed that in a way he had started it. But all the commodore had actually said was wouldn't they like to drop over to the yacht-club dance for a while. The commodore wanted to be alone to brood over Cornelius Riggs' letter. Doris had murmured that it would be nice but Steve would probably think it was something like taking his sister.

"Oh, I guess I can take a hint," Steve had said, amiably enough.

"When it's beaten in with brass knuckles," Doris had replied.

"Yeah?" Steve growled, bristling a little. "Well, you might be asked oftener if you'd leave those brass knuckles off once in a while."

The dress in which Doris had reappeared a little later offered no place of concealment for brass knuckles. It was a pale blue, off-the-shoulder affair which contrived a demure effect without losing a single curve of the slim body in it. It was a dress which demanded an appreciative comment. It was unfortunate that the best Steve could do was to say, "You're apt to catch cold, aren't you?"

The commodore had sensed this as being complimentary in some obscure way but Doris' smile had chilled right then and there. She had said, with dripping sweetness, "Perhaps I'll find someone to keep me warm."

AT BREAKFAST the commodore tried to make believe that none of this had happened. He tried to make conversation. "How was the dance?" he asked.

There was malice in Doris' smile. "I had a lovely time. I wouldn't know about Steve. He was busy picking wall flowers."

"Is that so?" Steve said. "Celeste—"

"Celeste!" Doris sniffed. "Means heavenly body. Too bad whoever named that one couldn't have known that she would grow up with ribs sticking out like a beached wreck."

Steve flushed angrily. "Well, it was better than the cold shoulder you were giving me."

Doris smiled. "Was it cold? No one



America's Most Useful* Hobby Tools

¼" HOBBYIST MALLDRILL $22.50 in U.S.A.

Now Available for Home and Farm

*Each of these high quality tools can be quickly and easily converted to a number of other handy tools by simply interchanging attachments.

$54.95 in U.S.A.

MODEL 60 2" CAPACITY

MallSaw

CUTS EVERYTHING FROM WOOD TO STEEL

Used as a hand saw, the Model 60 MallSaw cross-cuts, rips and angle cuts all kinds of materials, grooves mortar joints, scores tile, concrete, etc. When set in its sturdy, all-metal table stand, it serves as a table saw—complete with rip fence and miter guide. Other available attachments equip it as a shaper, sander, grinder or wire brush.

Mall Table Saw Stand $32.50 Without Saw

¼" HOBBYIST MallDrill

Mall Drill Stand $17.50 Without Drill

EASILY CONVERTED TO 10 OTHER TOOLS

Takes the work out of drilling in wood, metal or plastics, sanding, wire brushing, grinding, rotary filing, sawing wood or metal, counter-sinking, shearing metal and hole sawing. Special stand converts it to a drill press.

A ½" Hobbyist MallDrill is also available. Both models operate from any regular electrical outlet.

Preferred by Master Craftsmen

See Classified Telephone Directory for nearest Mall Dealer. FREE Booklet "Mall Portable Power Tools" sent upon request. Write TODAY.

MALL TOOL COMPANY

7880 SOUTH CHICAGO AVENUE • CHICAGO 19, ILLINOIS

FEET HURT?

Quick Relief from Tired, Aching Feet, Weak, Fallen Arch

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer and exercise quickly relieves tired, aching feet; rheumatic-like foot and leg pains or sore heels, due to weak or fallen arches or flatfoot. Thin, light, flexible. Fit in any shoe like an insole. Expertly fitted at Shoe, Dept. Stores and at Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Shops. $5.00 pair.

Dr Scholl's FOOT-EAZERS

SINGLE OR DOUBLE EDGE 12 for 25¢

Guaranteed by MARLIN—Fine Guns Since 1870

CAPTURED FLAVOR

THE DIFFERENCE YOU CAN taste

One of the 12 fine wines from our famous cellars.

TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE Burgundy

THE TAYLOR WINE CO. HAMMONDSPORT, N.Y.

Vineyardists and Producers

CAT'S PAW

Finest Rubber Heels & Soles!

Hi-Life

9 out of 10 DOGS LIKE IT!

CANNED DOG FOOD

PUP CHEF

Vitamin Rich!

At your Grocer

READY FOODS CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

What to do for PRICKLY HEAT

When the burning, itching misery of prickly heat bothers you, don't reach for an ordinary salve or cream—reach for the genuine HOBSON'S DERMA-ZEMA OINTMENT. Made from a doctor's prescription, HOBSON'S DERMA-ZEMA OINTMENT has been helping folks for 50 years to overcome prickly heat quickly, comfortably and thoroughly. Just bathe prickly heat sore spots with soap and rub in DERMA-ZEMA. You'll feel just wonderful almost immediately. But, by all means, get HOBSON'S DERMA-ZEMA OINTMENT today. But don't just ask for DERMA-ZEMA. Insist on the genuine HOBSON'S DERMA-ZEMA OINTMENT at your drug or department store—59c.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*"I was curious...*

*I tasted it...*

*Now I know why Schlitz is...*

*The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"*

© 1948, JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

else seemed to think so. Next time remind me to be served up in flaming brandy with an apple in my mouth."

"Next time," he snapped, "remind me not to take the queen of the stag line to a dance and get stuck with a librarian from Boston." He rose abruptly from the table. "If you don't mind, I'll go down to the yard."

The commodore derived little comfort from the pleased look that came into Doris' eyes when Steve slammed the door behind him. An hour later, as he walked down to the yard with Doris, the commodore was still wondering how he could bring about an armistice between them so that he could depend on their co-operative efforts in the matter of Cornelius Riggs' daughter if the need arose.

The commodore, however, had no opportunity to do anything about it. There was a girl sitting in the office talking with Steve when the commodore and Doris entered. A lovely, expensive girl. Steve introduced her.

"Miss Riggs," he said. "We've just arranged to try Harlequin out tomorrow."

The commodore sat down. This, as the saying went, was it. He murmured, "Of course. That will be quite convenient for all of us."

Miss Riggs smiled. "Would you have any objection if just Steve and I go out? I mean, Harlequin is supposed to be rigged for two to handle. I'd like to be certain of that."

The commodore experienced a vast feeling of relief. Miss Riggs apparently had been around. She knew about boats and their crews. That was all the commodore wanted to know. Then, out of the corner of his eye he noted that Doris was standing very still and very stiffly. Doris was not pleased. There were, in fact, storm warnings in her eyes.

"That will be perfectly all right," he said to Miss Riggs. He hesitated. "Of course, unless you particularly prefer Steve, my niece here always sails our boats and, perhaps, knows more about Harlequin's sailing characteristics—"

Miss Riggs smiled again. "I *do* particularly prefer Steve."

The commodore surrendered to a customer's whim. "By all means," he said quickly. "It was just a thought. We'll be delighted to arrange it."

Miss Riggs stood up. For a moment she and Doris faced each other. There was no indication in Doris' eyes that she was delighted to arrange matters any way Miss Riggs wished. The flicker of an amused little smile touched the corners of Miss Riggs' lips.

"I hope you don't mind either," she murmured.

"Oh, not at all," Doris said.

Miss Riggs turned to Steve. "I'll have the launch bring me over from the yacht club in the morning." She smiled once more.

"Well!" Doris breathed after Miss Riggs had gone. "She got to the 'Steve' stage quickly enough! How do you like that?"

Steve's grin was slightly malicious. "Oh, I don't mind too much. Especially since her ribs don't stick out."

IT WAS late the next afternoon, just before the breeze died as was its custom during that season, when Harlequin slipped gracefully into the harbor after her day's run. A launch came out immediately from the yacht club and took Miss Riggs off. Steve had completed snugging the cutter down for the night by the time the commodore rowed out to get him.

"Was anything wrong?" the commodore asked anxiously.

"Not that I know of. But she wants to go out again tomorrow."

The commodore was silent for a moment. Then he said, "I think it will be best not to discuss it too much with Doris."

Steve grunted. "Okay. I won't say anything, only I don't get many chances like this."

"There's too much at stake," the commodore said urgently. "You know what Doris can be like at times."

"Amen," Steve said solemnly. "But one of these days I'm going to batten down her ears—you see if I don't."

"Any time, my boy, any time," the commodore said. "After Harlequin is delivered."

HALFWAY through supper that night Doris looked across the table at Steve and said, "All right, is it a military secret?"

"Huh? Is what a military secret?"

"What that woman thinks about Harlequin."

"Oh. Well, she didn't say."

"All day she didn't say?"

"That's right. Lila—"

"Lila?"

"Well, that's what she told me to call her."

Doris was silent for a moment. Then she said, softly, "How chummy! The only thing she said all day was, 'Call me Lila'?"

Nervously the commodore watched the color climb Steve's neck. Steve put down his fork and looked steadily across the table at Doris. "Look," he growled, "you wanna fight?"

Doris tossed her head disdainfully. "With you? I couldn't be bothered."

The commodore was not in the least reassured, but during the ensuing week he almost forgot about Doris. At the end of each day's sail all Steve reported was that Lila Riggs had been noncommittal about Harlequin and wanted to go out again the next day. Doris heard these reports without comment. The commodore heard them with increasing concern. Was Lila Riggs' decision going to be based on some feminine whim after all?

It was on the seventh day that the commodore was sitting on the veranda thoughtfully watching Harlequin through field glasses. The cutter was far out beyond the harbor. So far as the commodore could tell she was performing beautifully in a stiff breeze. The commodore lowered his glasses, frowned and then sighed. What in the blazes did that girl want a boat to do? At that moment Doris spoke and voiced the commodore's thoughts quite precisely.

"Seven consecutive days they've been out sailing," Doris muttered. "Nobody needs all that time to find out about a boat."

The commodore considered the person of his niece stretched out on the porch hammock. She was wearing shorts and a halter and the commodore thought that if she would only get that sulky look off her face she would be quite irresistible to anyone, including, possibly, even Steve.

"My dear, what is there for him to say? Miss Riggs just seems hard to please."

Doris snorted. "There's only one thing that will please that she-wolf." She said venomously, "That's to get Steve along with Harlequin."

The commodore shook his head. "There is something more to all this than meets the eye," he said.

"In the clothes that woman wears there's practically nothing that doesn't meet the eye," Doris snapped. "I've watched them go out and come in through those glasses. You don't think she's hanging her damn' legs out in the breeze just to get goose flesh, do you?"

"But she's only known Steve for a week."

Doris flared. "How long do you think it takes a girl to make up her mind?"

The commodore did not reply immediately. But he looked steadily at Doris. Then he asked, quietly, "Well, just how long *does* it take?"

Doris regarded the commodore for a moment with widening eyes. Then, suddenly, she flung herself down on the hammock and began beating the cushions with furious little fists. "Damn damn, damn!" she squealed. "He can't do this to me! I'll tear the stubborn brute's ears off!"

Remembering what Steve had so recently said about her ears the commodore shivered. "Please!" he said fervently. "Not until we get Harlequin off our hands."

"To blazes with Harlequin!" Doris stormed.

The commodore raised his eyes and murmured, "Dear Lord!" The fat was

in the fire for fair now and there was no telling what might happen. . . .

Aboard Harlequin at that very moment, Steve was looking at Lila Riggs without particularly noticing how attractive she was in a playsuit that was indeed more revealing than concealing.

Lila, at the tiller, caught Steve's glance. She smiled. "Penny for your thoughts, Steve."

"They're for free. I'm asking myself just what more you want this boat to do. She's done everything but sail underwater."

Lila's smile became impish. "Don't you like to go sailing with me?"

Steve regarded her uncertainly. "I don't know just what that's got to do with it. I'm just trying to show you that Harlequin is all the boat your father ordered. The point is, we're building other boats and I've got to get back on the job."

"Oh, you're all alike!" Lila said. "Men! You seem to think girls should be perfectly content with any old odd moments you can conveniently spare from your jobs."

Alarm came into Steve's eyes. "Hey! We were talking about boats!"

"Well, good for us." Lila said crisply. "Let's keep right on talking about them—and sailing them."

Steve swallowed. "Look, we could sail around the world and you wouldn't know any more about Harlequin than you do right now. This is my last day. Tomorrow I'm going to Portland to see about rigging for some other boats."

"What time will you be back?"

"Too late to go sailing," Steve said quickly. "The wind would die just as we got out a way."

"The auxiliary would bring us in."

Steve felt the need of mopping his brow. "I can't do it."

The same mulish look he had seen so often in Doris' eyes came into Lila's. "Tomorrow," she said sweetly, "you will not only go sailing with me as soon as you come back from Portland but in the evening you will take me to the yacht-club dance."

Steve stared at her. "Listen, Lila, I—"

"Lamb, do you want father's check for Harlequin?"

Steve felt the tiny beads of perspiration gather on his brow. "Let's have this straight," he growled. "What is this?"

But Lila merely smiled. "Relax, Steve. You can always save the last bullet for yourself."

TOWARD the middle of the forenoon the next day, a tall, well-dressed young man entered the outer office of the Dinsmore Yacht Works. Doris was there alone, absently doodling on a pad of paper. The doodle suggested a man being torn apart between two horses. The expression on Doris' face was as taut as the ropes stretching the man between the horses. So it had come to the point where Lila could make him go right out sailing in the late afternoon after a trip to Portland and back and then take her to a dance in the evening, had it? The point of the pencil snapped, and Doris became aware of the young man in front of her desk.

"I'm Tom Fletcher," he said.

"Yes?" she said.

"I am a junior partner in Mr. Riggs' firm," he said.

Doris forgot her doodling. She motioned to the chair beside her desk. Tom Fletcher sat down. He shifted uneasily, flushed slightly and then almost blurted, "What I wanted to find out is how much longer is your man Williams going to demonstrate that boat to Miss Riggs?"

Tom Fletcher came into very sharp focus. Doris noted his generally haggard and unhappy expression. She noted the flush and the way he squirmed slightly. She began to tingle with feminine intuition. In fact, she began quietly to exult. Because suddenly everything was quite clear. This young man was being punished for something, and the lengths to which Lila Riggs was going to make him feel wretched was proof, among girls, that she was very, very fond of him. Lila wasn't on Steve's trail. She didn't care two pins about Steve.

Doris noted that Tom Fletcher had a solid jaw, a good spread of shoulders and capable hands. She noted also that he was a very earnest, sincere sort of young man. In his present distraught state almost anything could be done with him. He was practically tailor-made for her purpose.

"I'm glad you dropped in, Mr. Fletcher," she said. "We were beginning to worry about that ourselves. Especially when we learned that Steve is taking Miss Riggs to the dance tonight." Doris quivered happily at the distinct spasm of pain that passed over Tom Fletcher's face. She went on, softly, "You see, we wouldn't want to lose Steve. He's an ex-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Famous Quality
Finest Results

WHITTEMORE
SHOE
DRESSINGS

RESET LOOSE SCREWS

EASY! No skill required. Handles like putty . . . and hardens into wood.

PLASTIC WOOD

A CELLULOSE FIBRE FILLER

IN CANS OR TUBES

WON'T CHIP OR CRACK

Now She Shops "Cash and Carry"

Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

PULVEX FLEA POWDER

TWO KINDS

WITH 5% DDT . . . for dogs. Kills fleas and lice quick. Keeps fleas off 5-7 days. Many home uses.

OR WITH ROTENONE . . . for cats, dogs. Quickly kills fleas, lice. Kills fleas when put on a single spot. Pre-war formula.

EITHER KIND: 25¢ & 50¢

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Protect your money when you travel!

ALWAYS CARRY

BANK of AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES

Acceptable everywhere, self-identifying. Backed by the resources of a five billion dollar bank. Sold by banks and travel offices everywhere. Issued by

BANK OF AMERICA N. T. & S. A., CALIFORNIA

London · Manila · Tokyo

New York representative, 44 Wall Street

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

cellent marine architect. I might as well be frank, Mr. Fletcher. It's possible that Steve doesn't want to be a designer in a small yard all his life. We're afraid that he may be thinking of Miss Riggs as his big chance to get everything he wants quickly."

Tom stared at her. "Why—why, the heel!"

"Let's be charitable," Doris murmured. "Let's say he's ambitious."

"Ambitious!" Tom growled. His jaw came out. "I may as well be frank too. Miss Riggs and I were almost engaged. I worked hard to make good and get into the firm." He looked at Doris. "Maybe that's part of the trouble—perhaps I've been working too hard at making good with Mr. Riggs and not hard enough at making good with Lila."

"I'm sorry," Doris said.

Another spasm twitched Tom's features. "That part's all right," he said. "Lila is free—except that I can't stand by and see some heel hurt her."

"Well, I wish there were something we could do."

Tom stood up. He was a little white around the mouth. "I'm very grateful to you. Maybe I can think of something at the dance tonight."

"I hope you do," Doris said. "Only, of course, I wouldn't be too surprised if they didn't get to the dance."

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"Perhaps Steve has planned this very carefully. Perhaps his Portland trip is just an excuse to get started sailing late, so the breeze will die while they're still out there."

"Isn't there an auxiliary?"

"There will be a full moon tonight," Doris murmured. "Engines stop and other things begin under a full moon."

Tom's large hands became large, white knuckled fists. "That I don't believe Lila would fall for. Would you care to come to the dance with me tonight?"

IN HIS own adjoining office, where Doris had forgotten his presence entirely, the commodore sat still until he heard Doris leave the reception office after Tom's departure. Then, casually, as though checking on the work in the main shed, he followed Doris. He saw her select a pair of heavy pliers from a bench and go down to the landing float where she got in a dinghy and rowed out to Harlequin. Later, a little before noon when Doris had gone up to the house to prepare lunch, he rowed out to the cutter. After a little search he found where the copper gas line from the forward tank to the engine aft had been squeezed together. No one not suspecting sabotage would think to look for that sort of trouble in that spot.

For quite a while the commodore pondered what to do. He could, of course, have a man come out and quietly repair the pipe. But then Steve and Lila Riggs would get to the dance as scheduled and meet Doris and this Tom Fletcher. The commodore shuddered. There was no telling what young Fletcher might say or do with Doris there to prod him. Cornelius Riggs would hear about it and very likely cancel his order. Gossip would spread among yachtsmen the length of the coast. Steve's name would become mud. That would be a body blow to the yard. Wondering bitterly if he would ever get Doris and Steve straightened out so he could simply go about an honest business of building and selling boats, the commodore rowed ashore without touching the pipe.

At eleven that night there was a soft, yellow moon, a mere breath of a breeze and a strong ebb tide. On the porch of the yacht club Doris leaned against the rail and looked out across the water. Harlequin was not at her mooring. Tom Fletcher stood beside Doris. He too was looking at where the cutter was not. He had been coming out with Doris every fifteen minutes to look at that vacant patch of shimmering water. Doris said, "Why don't you just go home and get drunk, Tom? There isn't anything we could do about it if they stayed out until morning. We're just a little too late."

"Morning?" he barked. "He can't keep her out all night!"

"What's to stop him?" Doris inquired softly.

FIFTEEN minutes later Doris sat on the leather-cushioned seat of a big speedboat roaring across the moonlit sea. At the wheel Tom was a grim young man whose eyes swept the sea in all directions.

"It's all right for you to keep saying there isn't anything we can do," Tom shouted at Doris. "But what you don't seem to understand is that when a man loves a girl he doesn't just sit around while some wolf takes advantage of her innocence."

Doris smiled serenely. There would be a big scene which could be worked around to give Lila her big chance to be sweet and forgiving to Tom and leave Steve looking very foolish indeed. The powerboat would tow Harlequin in. Before dawn old Zeke, who would do anything in the world for Doris and say nothing, would have replaced the damaged pipe with a new one. There would be nothing, absolutely nothing, Steve could say in self-defense. Then she, Doris, could be sweet and forgiving too, making certain, of course, that Steve thoroughly understood how big she was being about it all.

"There they are!" Tom grunted suddenly.

He switched on the searchlight. The powerful beam picked up Harlequin almost dead ahead. She was moving slowly with her sails barely filled. Steve and Lila were sitting in the cockpit. They raised their hands to shade their eyes against the brilliant light. Tom throttled the engines and eased the powerboat alongside the cutter. "Make fast at the bow," Tom growled to Doris.

Neither Steve nor Lila said anything nor made any move when Doris jumped aboard the cutter with a bowline. She made fast to the cutter's bow bitts and Harlequin began to tow slowly alongside the big powerboat. Tom kept the searchlight beamed on the cutter's cockpit. Lila turned her face away from the light but Steve looked at Doris and then toward Tom with an amiable grin. The grin irritated Doris. It also irritated Tom.

"All right, Williams!" he barked. "What's the story?"

Steve grinned some more. "Regular third degree with lights and everything, eh? Well, we've got engine trouble and this breath of air won't take us in against an ebb tide."

"What's the matter with your engine?"

"It won't run," Steve said mildly.

"Why aren't you trying to fix it?"

"We've been waiting for a mechanic to come along."

Tom emitted an inarticulate roar. Then he was leaping aboard Harlequin. Lila cried out, "Tom! What are you going to do?"

But Tom did not throw the punch. Because at that precise instant the benign features of the commodore appeared in the companionway. The commodore regarded Tom with some disapproval. "Young man, is that any way to come aboard a boat? Thumping your feet on the deck so the watch below can't sleep?"

Uncertainty replaced Tom's pugnaciousness. It was difficult to reconcile the commodore's presence with any foul plot Steve might have in mind. "What are *you* doing here?" Tom blurted.

The commodore raised an eyebrow. "I am trying to sell Miss Riggs a boat."

Lila attacked from the flank. "One might ask what *you* are doing here, charging around like a rampant Gestapo agent?"

Tom looked even more uncertain than ever. He glanced questionably at Doris. But he was a gentleman. He looked back at Lila. "I—I thought you might—well, I mean I was worried."

"Worried?" she said. "What about?"

"Well, darn it, Lila!" Tom practically pleaded in self-defense, "After all, I've scarcely seen you since we got here. You've been sailing every day with this Williams and then tonight you were going to the dance. When you didn't come in from this sail I couldn't just sit around, could I? I mean what was I supposed to think?"

Lila sniffed daintily. "Suppose you tell me what I was supposed to think when you practically dropped out of circulation the minute Father took you into the firm? People were beginning to say that all you wanted of me was the job."

Tom swallowed and looked still more unhappy. "Hang it, Lila, that isn't fair! I was trying to prove that I was worth the job."

"Whereas I could be taken in stride?" Lila asked.

Tom wilted completely. "Give me another chance, Lila."

Lila's smile said that he would have his chance but that he was going to work at it. She looked at the commodore. "You can make delivery anytime." She smiled at Steve. "And thanks for everything." She reached down and took Tom's hand. "Come on, darling, take me home."

DORIS watched the speedboat head for shore a moment later with wide open engines. "Well, I'll be darned! From man to mouse in nothing flat."

Steve grinned. "A horrible example." He bent over and reached down into a locker under the cockpit seat and brought out a flashlight, a small tool kit and a coil of copper tubing. He held them out to Doris. "I'd much rather you thought of me as a rat. Get busy and put a new pipe in."

Doris shot an indignant glance of understanding at the commodore. "Stool pigeon!" she hissed. But a trace of apprehension came into her eyes when she looked back at Steve. She began to back away from him. Steve followed her.

"Don't you come one step closer!" Doris warned.

Steve took the step.

Doris came in fast. She hooked a foot behind Steve's ankle and thrust her shoulder hard against his chest. The tools and tubing clattered to the deck. But Steve did not lose his balance and go overboard. Instead, his arms wrapped around Doris and held her pinioned to his chest. She squealed and kicked in futile fury. Steve laughed and bent his face down. He kissed her.

When he released her Doris stood there, looking up at him with wide eyes. "Ste-e-eve!" she whispered.

Steve looked down at her. Her eyes were glowing. They were warm with all that she felt for him. Then just the slightest trace of low cunning came back into them and Steve knew that she would always be a beautiful, unprincipled little vixen whom he would love very much just the same.

"Steve?" she said softly. "You mean bygones are bygones?"

Steve nodded solemnly. "Uh-huh. After you put this pipe in."

"Oh! You—you beast!"

"You don't like mice."

Very slowly Doris reached out for the tubing. The commodore began to hum discordantly and happily. Doris looked at him. "Oh, stop it!" she said. "That's awful."

The commodore chuckled. "Oh, it isn't so bad, once you understand it. You should both learn it. It's the way you'll probably always sing that old song together."

"What old song?"

The commodore chuckled again. "Love's Old Sweet Song."

THE END



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

sound and we can send a few cables and have planes converging on the enemy from a hundred different directions with hundreds of bombs. 3. All enemy diplomats and fellow travelers are immediately held as hostages. 4. And last but not least we might lose a few buildings which will only raise the wages of the building trade, and save a lot of people from dying of old age; the enemy will have no building trade to raise wages to! READER, Chicago, Ill.

### SNORE & YOU SNORE ALONE

DEAR SIRS: I cannot understand all The Week's Mail discussion about Jim Dugan's article Go to Sleep. My problem is exactly the opposite: I can't stay awake at night. For years now the minute I relax after dinner on my couch over a paper or a radio show, Morpheus sneaks in and wraps me in his soporific embrace. I have done my best to defeat this—by going to the movies or the theater—but once there the same thing happens. I have often wondered what Bob Hope's 10:30 EST show was like, and Fred Allen at 8:30 ditto. Why not an article directed at me on How to Stay Awake? It would cut into the early evening snores of millions.

JUDSON LANE, Jackson Heights, L. I.

### HOPKINS

GENTLEMEN: The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins, when coupled with the writings of the other courtiers who were passengers aboard that fast-moving train (the Federal Debt Golden Streak Romancer), savors of a stew having been on the fire for a long, long time. The merry-andrew chefs are now acquainting "we the people" with the recipe for the stew.

It will be recalled that President Truman, in a release to the press, made mention of the "floogle bird," a bird which is supposed to fly in reverse. Perhaps President Truman suspicioned that the "forty crates" contained "floogle birds." At any rate the chefs have cooked up a nice stew. A "floogle-bird" stew!

F. B. BELYEA, Philadelphia, Pa.

### SAINT-LÔ, A MIRACLE!

DEAR SIR: I read with great pleasure Saint-Lô Fights Another Battle by Stanley Frank (June 12th). You might be interested to know that the students of Tulane University have just completed a drive in which they collected food and clothing to send to Saint-Lô.

While the amount collected was not gigantic, it was done with a spirit of love, friendship and unselfishness. Saint-Lô was picked for the very reasons that you mentioned in your fine article. If every college and university in the country would take a town such as Saint-Lô to help, it would do a great deal in creating better understanding between the countries of the world. S. ROBERT GUGGENHEIMER, Chairman, Aid to Saint-Lô Committee, Tulane Univ., New Orleans, La.

### U.S.A., CALIFORNIA

DEAR WALTER DAVENPORT: Shocked to learn that California has been kicked out of the United States Senate. Have you notified Governor Warren? Whitman article Chiselers' Holiday, June 26th issue, states: "Actually in 46 states the District of Columbia, Alaska and Hawaii employees do not pay a red cent for unemployment insurance. The money is kicked in by employers through pay-roll taxation. Only in New Jersey and Alabama do employees make a contribution to the fund." Have had one per cent deducted from my pay check since 1936. Should I sue the ex-State of California?

PAUL O'CONNOR, Maywood, Cal.

. . . Your excellent (though blood-pressure raising) article Chiselers' Holiday is all-encompassing except for one type of chiseler: I know of a woman who regularly accepts positions—and then does the *worst* caliber of work that she is capable of, in the hopes of being fired. Having accomplished this objective, she collects unemployment compensation for a half year, and then secures another job. That's what I'd call a really *vicious* circle.

K. M. ANDLER, Chicago, Ill.

### I SMELL DEATH

DEAR SIR: Re your June 26th "correction" of a paragraph in an article about the sense of being able to smell diseases: In 1939, I knew Dr. Geoffrey Carte, a prominent British surgeon. He told me of the extraordinary power of smell which some medical men and women develop—he mentioned a head nurse in one of the London hospitals who could not only tell the patient's malady, but also could tell when a person was dying. I remember very well when he said that many times a doctor would say that a patient could not recover, she would beg him to use every possible treatment, because she did not "smell death"—and at other times she would say that medical treatment was useless.

Unfortunately, Dr. Carte died two years ago, so you cannot check this. . . .

MRS. CHARLES KER REID II, Washington, D. C.

. . . Been nursing for more than 40 years here in Chicago. . . . Fever smells different than rheumatism, another smell for the mumps—and feather beds can get pretty awful if a guy lays long steady among them. . . .

MRS. C. ROCHE, Chicago, Ill.

### OUR F.F. READERS

DEAR SIRS: Like no other magazine in the world is Collier's able to interpret the heartbeat of a nation. It fills the soul of the German people with new hope, giving strength to a people which is hungering for a new true wisdom, and which is honestly striving to be once again accepted among the nations whose true ambitions are freedom of individual rights, freedom of speech and religion and freedom from want and fear . . . and once again take delight in the simple joys of living.

HENRY H. ROHNE, Württemberg, Germany

*We hope.*

### HIGH SWEDISH CHEEKBONES

DEAR EDITOR: As one of Hollywood's "directors of photography" and of Swedish descent I enjoyed Mr. Kyle Crichton's Hunting of the Swede (June 19th).

I do, nevertheless, take exception to Mr. Crichton's last paragraph. Of all the members in the A.S.C., I know not one whose working habits are ever careless in lighting. High cheekbones are not a problem to us and can be ironed out with a single lamp. Swedish cinematographers can "wash out" bumpy cheekbones, even before their stars face our cameras in Hollywood. I enclose a studio shot of another little Swede, Eva Lind. So far as I know she is still there. She appeared in a picture I photographed there last year.

RAY FERNSTROM, A.S.C., Hermosa Beach, Cal.

Take it from One of America's Top Ranking Outboard Motor Racers:

MAN A Martin

FOR ALL-AROUND OUTBOARD MOTORING ENJOYMENT!

OUTBOARD RACING RECORD IN 1947 OF MABRY EDWARDS OF JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA
National Champion, Class "A" 1947
Runner-up Class "F", National Champion 1947
Dixie Racing Circuit (Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, North and South Carolinas)—(Reputed to be the hottest competition in outboard racing)—High Point Champion past two years, 1946-1947.
National High Point Champion for Outboard Hydroplane, 1947

HERE'S WHAT MABRY EDWARDS SAYS:
"MARTIN is my personal choice because it gives me top speed and yet I can troll it down for that "just right" fishing speed."

MARTIN MOTORS . . . *the new standard of performance* . . . are unexcelled for dependability. Sturdily built for long lasting service, they are preferred by those who demand and know the *best*. MAN A MARTIN for pleasure traveling on your favorite waters or for more enjoyment while fishing. Its slow speed makes trolling a greater pleasure. For *outboard motoring at its best* . . . MAN A MARTIN.

3 Great Outboard Motors

Martin "60"
Alternate Firing Twin!
Weighs only 43 pounds.
Develops 7.2 certified brake H.P. at 4,000 R.P.M.

Martin "40"
Alternate Firing Twin!
Weighs only 35½ pounds.
Develops 4½ certified brake H.P. at 4,300 R.P.M.

Martin "20"
Single cylinder!
Weighs only 29½ pounds.
Develops 2½ certified brake H.P. at 4,300 R.P.M.

MARTIN gives you all the time-proved features you'd expect in a fine outboard motor plus these exclusive features:

- MECHANICALLY-CONTROLLED POPPET VALVES (Patented)
- POWER-HEAD SWIVEL, 360° (Patented)
- NEW MARTIN VERTICAL STERN ADJUSTMENT (Pat. pending)

SEE YOUR Martin OUTBOARD MOTOR DEALER AS SOON AS YOU CAN!

MARTIN MOTORS,
EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN
DIVISION OF NATIONAL PRESSURE COOKER COMPANY
Canadian Sales by: MARTIN MOTORS, WALLACEBURG, ONTARIO, DIVISION OF NATIONAL PRESSURE COOKER CO. (CANADA) LTD.

Martin OUTBOARD MOTORS
The NEW Standard of Performance




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Collier's believes...

# ...THE U.S. RECORD ISN'T SO BAD

WINSTON CHURCHILL, still swinging the English language as King Richard the Lionheart swung a mace, recently let fly as follows at the Labor party (Socialist) politicians now trying to govern Britain:

How the ministers can deride the system of free enterprise and capitalism which makes America great and wealthy and then at the same time eagerly seek the aid which has hitherto been so generously granted from across the Atlantic—that is a grimace which baffles the limitations of our language to explain.

We hope we're as nearly free as most Americans are from national sensitiveness and vainglory, but we must admit we think Mr. Churchill made a point that time.

After all, the record of the United States in the last few years has not been too bad. During World War II, we dealt out a matter of some 44 billions' worth of Lend-Lease materials to our allies. Of this, around 25 per cent went to Russia, and thereby saved Stalin's hide from Hitler, and about 66 per cent went to Britain. Our capitalist system was able to perform these prodigies of production and delivery while we fought Japan almost single-handed and put up 61 of the 90 western Allied divisions which freed western Europe from the Nazis.

Since the war, we've passed around approximately 21 billions' worth of foreign aid of all descriptions, and are now embarking on the $17,000,000,000 European Recovery Program.

Meanwhile, we are enjoying a domestic boom which, though it is seriously inflationary, is nevertheless a boom such as the Socialist, Communist and semi-Marxist governments of most of Europe for some reason seem unable to bring to their peoples.

Like Mr. Churchill, we feel that any foreign politician who tries to make mock of the American capitalist system only succeeds in making a fool of himself.

Maybe we're foolish to expend all this effort and real wealth in an attempt to help the rest of the world recover from the war. However, the theory underlying it is a hardheaded one, whether sound or not. The theory is that we can save ourselves the colossal cost of another war, in blood and treasure, by spending considerably smaller sums now for world economic recovery.

We could just conceivably, though, lose our patience and a good deal of our present generosity if enough foreign politicos were to go on hissing and pecking at us for a long enough time.

●

**. . . THE MARKET IS STILL A GAMBLE:** It's pleasantly like old 1926-28 times to see the stock market running along—as of this writing, anyway—at a bullish clip; and far be it from us to do anything knowingly to trip it up. A bull market of sorts surely seems justified, what with civilian consumer demand for goods still strong and the big rearmament and European Recovery programs coming along with heavy demands of their own.

We would like, though, to do what we can to help counteract an impression reported to be widespread among amateurs now playing the market or working up an itch to sit in on the game.

It seems that a lot of people believe the Securities and Exchange Commission, set up in the heyday of the New Deal, will somehow save stock players from taking losses. The notion is ridiculous, of course, but there it is.

The SEC can no more save stock buyers and sellers from losses than a boxing commission or racing commission can keep bettors from having to pay up when they put their money on fighters or horses that don't win.

All that the SEC can do is to try to ride herd on corporations and see to it that they play fair with investors, especially in the matter of publicizing their financial affairs. Neither the SEC nor any other public agency can keep any business concern in the black or any investor making money.

So the market is still a gamble—though, what with 75 per cent margin requirements and the high morality of many present-day exchange managements, it is not the cutthroat game it once was. But you can still lose at it, plenty, especially if you're an amateur riding hunches and playing tips. If you do happen to lose your shirt in this exuberant market, kindly don't come around squawking that Collier's didn't warn you.

●

**. . . PRAISE USUALLY DOES IT:** The other day we ran across what strikes us as possibly the wisest nine-word remark ever yet cracked about handling children: "Nothing has a better effect on children than praise."

Furthermore, the man who said it was none other than Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816), acidulous author of The Rivals, The School for Scandal and other bitingly satirical plays. Mr. Sheridan, too, lived in an era when praise was about the scarcest commodity in the life of the average English or American child.

Many modern parents are wiser; but we wonder whether enough of them are, even now.

Sheridan was so obviously right that it seems strange that this piece of common sense isn't well-nigh universally understood. It is a fact that praise—earned praise, we mean, not freewheeling flattery—makes anybody feel good and inspires him to try to deserve more of the same. Children being direct and highly impressionable individuals, praise reacts even more powerfully on them than on adults. In 99 cases out of 100, the reaction is sure to be good.

Anybody who is worried about not getting along with his or her children as well as might be hoped would be smart, we'd suggest, to try dealing out compliments, applause, etc., for a while, whenever the child does something to merit same. Excellent results can almost be guaranteed—especially if you'll also take to toning down the adverse criticisms, on the theory that a child knows perfectly well when he's done something foolish, and there's no need to rub it in.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**Drinks practically label themselves** . . . when you make them with Paul Jones. Each sip clearly says — "here's smooth-tasting Paul Jones . . . the whiskey that's *first of all for flavor!*"

**Paul Jones**

***FIRST OF ALL . . . FOR FLAVOR!***

*FINE BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 Proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GENUINE
Babe Ruth
LOUISVILLE SLUGGER
Powerized
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD
I smoke Chesterfield
(STATEMENTS BY PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMERS)
I am at the auction sales practically every day and Liggett & Myers buy the best cigarette tobacco grown in this section.
I am a Chesterfield smoker. So put me down for that. It's a good cigarette and I like it.
D. T. McLawhorn
FARMER—WINTERVILLE, N.C.
Always Buy CHESTERFIELD
ALWAYS MILDER
COOLER SMOKING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED